

Marion B. Smith
Bushman 162
WBC

This belongs to
The Rev^d G. F. Nott
Winchester

PR

1205

S66

1800a

REF. & REM.

R16,072

Handwritten: The Library of

Handwritten: J. P. ...

Handwritten: ...



Portrait of Henry Howard

Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey.

From an original picture in the possession of The Right Hon.^{ble} the Dowager Lady de Clifford.

Portrait of Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, March 1540.

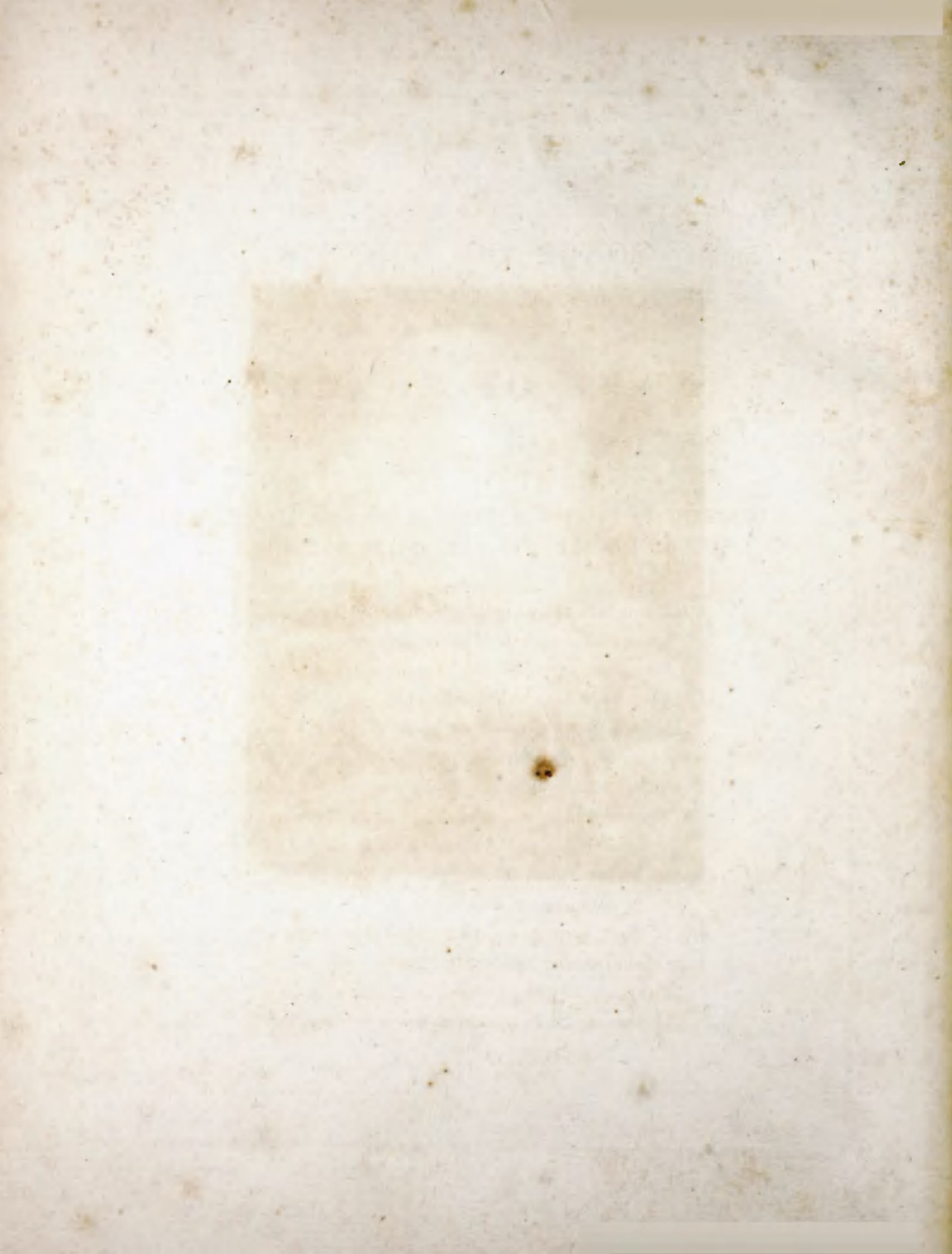


J. G. Kneller sculp.

The fair Geraldine.

From an original Picture in the possession of his Grace the Duke of Bedford.

London: Published for Longman, Hurst, Roe & Co. March 2nd 1849.



SONGS AND SONNETS
OF THE
EARL OF SURREY.

DESCRIPTION OF THE RESTLESS STATE OF A LOVER, WITH
SUIT TO HIS LADY, TO RUE ON HIS DYING HEART.

THE sun hath twice brought forth his tender green,
Twice clad the earth in lively lustiness;
Once have the winds the trees despoiled clean,
And once again begins their cruelty;
Since I have hid under my breast the harm
That never shall recover healthfulness.
The winter's hurt recovers with the warm;
The parched green restored is with shade;
What warmth, alas! may serve for to disarm
The frozen heart, that mine in flame hath made?
What cold again is able to restore
My fresh green years, that wither thus and fade?
Alas! I see nothing hath hurt so sore
But time, in time, reduceth a return:
In time my harm increaseth more and more,

And seems to have my cure always in scorn.
 Strange kinds of death, in life that I do try!
 At hand, to melt; far off, in flame to burn.
 And like as time list to my cure apply,
 So doth each place my comfort clean refuse.
 All thing alive, that seeth the heav'ns with eye,
 With cloke of night may cover and excuse
 Itself from travail of the day's unrest,
 Save I, alas! against all others use,
 That then stir up the torments of my breast;
 And curse each ^astar as causer of my fate.
 And when the sun hath eke the dark opprest,
 And brought the day, it doth nothing abate
 The travails of mine endless smart and pain.
 For then, as one that hath the light in hate,
 I wish for night more covertly to plain;
 And me withdraw from every haunted place,
 Lest by my cheer my chance appear too plain:
 And in my mind I measure pace by pace,
 To seek the place where I myself had lost,
 That day that I was tangled in the lace,
 In seeming slack that knitteth ever most.
 But never yet the travail of my thought
 Of better state, could catch a cause to boast.
 For if I found sometime that I have sought,
 Those ^bstars, by whom I trusted of the port,
 My sails do fall, and I advance right nought,
 As anchored fast: my sprites do all resort
 To stand agazed, and sink in more and more
 The deadly harm, which she doth take in sport.

^a sterre.^b sterres.

Lo! if I seek, how I do find my sore!
And if I flee, I carry with me still
The venom'd shaft which doth his force restore
By haste of flight; and I may plain my fill
Unto myself, unless this careful song
Print in your heart some parcel of my tene.
For I, alas! in silence all too long,
Of mine old hurt yet feel the wound but green.
Rue on my life; or else your cruel wrong
Shall well appear, and by my death be seen.

DESCRIPTION OF SPRING, WHEREIN EACH THING
RENEWS, SAVE ONLY THE LOVER.

THE soote season, that bud and bloom forth brings,
With green bath clad the hill, and eke the vale;
The nightingale with feathers new she sings;
The turtle to her make hath told her tale.
Summer is come, for every spray now springs.
The hart hath hong his old head on the pale;
The buck in brake his winter coat he flings;
The fishes flete with new repaired scale;
The adder all her slough away she flings;
The swift swallow pursueth the flies small;
The busy bee her honey now she mings;
Winter is worn that was the flowers' bale.
And thus I see among these pleasant things
Each care decays, and yet my sorrow springs.

DESCRIPTION OF THE RESTLESS STATE OF A
LOVER.

WHEN Youth had led me half the race
That Cupid's scourge had made me run;
I looked back to mete the place
From whence my weary course begun.

And then I saw how my desire
Misguiding me had led the way:
Mine eyen, too greedy of their hire,
Had made me lose a better prey.

For when in sighs I spent the day,
And could not cloke my grief with game,
The boiling smoke did still bewray
The persant heat of secret flame.

And when salt tears do bain my breast,
Where Love his pleasant trains hath sown;
Her beauty hath the fruits opprest,
Ere that the buds were sprong and blown.

And when mine eyen did still pursue
The flying chase of their request;
Their greedy looks did oft renew
The hidden wound within my breast.

When every look these cheeks might stain,
 From deadly pale to glowing red;
 By outward signs appeared plain,
 To her, for help, my heart was fled.

But all too late Love learneth me
 To paint all kind of colours new;
 To blind their eyes that else should see
 My speckled cheeks with Cupid's hue.

And now the covert breast I claim,
 That worshipt Cupid secretly,
 And nourished his sacred flame:
 From whence no blasyng sparks do fly.

DESCRIPTION OF THE FICKLE AFFECTIONS, PANGS,
 AND SLEIGHTS OF LOVE.

SUCH wayward ways hath Love," that most part in discord
 Our wills do stand, whereby our hearts" but seldom do accord.
 Deceit ^eis his delight," and to beguile and mock
 The simple hearts, whom he doth strike" with froward, ^ddiverse stroke.
 He causeth th' one to rage" with golden burning dart;
 And doth allay with leaden cold" again the other heart.
 Whote gleams of burning fire," and easy sparks of flame,
 In balance of unequal weight" he pondereth by aim.
 From easy ford, where I" might wade and pass full well,
 He me withdraws, and doth me drive" into a dark deep hell;
 And me withholds where I" am call'd, and offer'd place,
 And wills me that my mortal foe" I do ^ebeseech of grace.

^e in; is, 1574.

^d divers.

^e beseke.

He lets me to pursue" a conquest well near won,
To follow where my pains were lost," ere that my suit begun.
So by this means I know," how soon a heart may turn,
From war to peace, from truce to strife," and so again return.
I know how to content" myself in others lust;
Of little stuff unto myself" to weave a web of trust;
And how to hide my harms" with soft dissembling cheer,
When in my face the painted thoughts" would outwardly appear.
I know how that the blood" forsakes the face for dread;
And how by shame it stains again," the cheeks with flaming red.
I know under the green," the serpent how he lurks;
The hammer of the restless forge" I wote eke how it works.
I know, and can by rote," the tale that I would tell,
But oft the words come forth awry" of him that loveth well.
I know in heat and cold" the lover how he shakes;
In singing how he doth complain;" in sleeping how he wakes.
To languish without ach," sickless for to consume,
A thousand things for to devise," resolving all in fume.
And though he list to see" his lady's grace full sore,
Such pleasures as delight his eye," do not his health restore.
I know to seek the track" of my desired foe,
And fear to find that I do seek:" but chiefly this I know,
That lovers must transform" into the thing belov'd,
And live, alas! who would believe?" with sprite from life remov'd.
I know in hearty sighs," and laughters of the spleen,
At once to change my state, my will," and eke my colour clean.
I know how to deceive" myself with others help;
And how the lion chastised is," by beating of the whelp.
In standing near my fire," I know how that I freeze;
Far off I burn, in both I waste," and so my life I lese.

I know how love doth rage" upon a yielding mind;
 How small a net may take, and meash" a heart of gentle kind:
 Or else with seldom sweet" to season heaps of gall;
 Revived with a glimpse of grace," old sorrows to let fall.
 The hidden trains I know," and secret snares of love;
 How soon a look will print a thought," that never may remove.
 The slipper state I know," the sudden turns from wealth,
 The doubtful hope, the certain woe," and sure despair of health.

COMPLAINT OF A LOVER THAT DEFIED LOVE, AND WAS
 BY LOVE AFTER THE MORE TORMENTED.

WHEN Summer took in hand" the winter to assail,
 With force of might, and virtue great," his stormy blasts to quail:
 And when he clothed fair" the earth about with green,
 And every tree new garmented," that pleasure was to seen:
 Mine heart gan new revive," and changed blood did stir,
 Me to withdraw my winter woes," that kept within the 'durre.
 "Abroad," § quoth my desire," " assay to set thy foot,
 "Where thou shalt find the savour sweet," for sprong is every root.
 "And to thy health, if thou" were sick in any case,
 "Nothing more good, than in the spring" the air to feel a space.
 "There shalt thou hear and see" all kinds of birds y-wrought,
 "Well tune their voice with warble small," as nature hath them taught."
 Thus pricked me my lust" the sluggish house to leave,
 And for my health I thought it best" such counsel to receive.
 So on a morrow forth," unwist of any wight,
 I went to prove how well it would" my heavy burden light.
 And when I felt the air" so pleasant round about,
 Lord! to myself how glad I was" that I had gotten out.

f dore; durre, 1567, 1574.

§ quod.

There might I see how Ver^r had every blossom hent,
 And eke the new betrothed birds,^r y-coupled how they went;
 And in their songs, methought,^r they thanked Nature much,
 That by her license all that year^r to love, their hap was such;
 Right as they could devise^r to ^hchoose them feres throughout:
 With much rejoicing to their Lord,^r thus flew they all about.
 Which when I gan resolve,^r and in my head conceive,
 What pleasant life, what heaps of joy,^r these little birds receive;
 And saw in what estate I,^r weary man, was brought,
 By want of that, they had at will,^r and I reject at nought;
 Lord! how I gan in wrath^r unwisely me demean!
 I cursed Love, and him defied;^r I thought to turn the stream.
 But when I well beheld,^r he had me under awe,
 I asked mercy for my fault,^r that so transgress his law:
 "Thou blinded god," ⁱquoth I,^r "forgive me this offence,
 "Unwittingly I went about^r to malice thy pretence."
 Wherewith he gave a beck,^r and thus methought he swore;
 "Thy sorrow ought suffice to purge^r thy fault, if it were more."
 The virtue of which sound^r mine heart did so revive,
 That I, methought, was made as whole^r as any man alive.
 But here I may perceive^r mine errour, all and some,
 For that I thought that so it was;^r yet was it still undone:
 And all that, was no more^r but mine expressed mind,
 That fain would have some good relief,^r of Cupid well assign'd.
 I turned home forthwith,^r and might perceive it well,
 That he aggrieved was right sore^r with me for my rebel.
 My harms have ever since^r increased more and more,
 And I remain without his help,^r undone for evermore.
 A mirror let me be^r unto ye lovers all;
 Strive not with Love, for if ye do,^r it will ye thus befall.

^h chose.ⁱ quod.

COMPLAINT OF A LOVER REBUKED.

Love, that liveth and reigneth in my thought,
That built his seat within my captive breast;
Clad in the arms wherein with me he fought,
Oft in my face he doth his banner rest.
She, that me taught to love, and suffer pain,
My doubtful hope, and eke my hot desire
With shamefast cloak to shadow, and restrain,
Her smiling grace converteth straight to ire.
And coward Love then to the heart apace
Taketh his flight, whereas he lurks, and plains
His purpose lost, and dare not shew his face:
For my Lord's guilt, thus faultless bide I pains.
Yet from my Lord shall not my foot remove:
Sweet is his death that takes his end by love.

COMPLAINT OF THE LOVER DISDAINED.

In Cyprus springs, whereas dame Venus dwelt,
A well so hot is, that who tastes the same,
Were he of stone, as thawed ice should melt,
And kindled find his breast with fired flame;
Whose moist poison dissolved hath my heart.
With creeping fire my cold limbs are supprest;
Feeleth the heart that harbour'd freedom, smart:
Endless despair long thraldom hath imprest.

Another well of frozen ice is found,
 Whose chilling venom of repugnant kind,
 The fervent heat doth quench of Cupid's wound,
 And with the spot of change infects the mind:
 Whereof my dear hath tasted to my pain;
 Whereby my service grows into disdain.

DESCRIPTION AND PRAISE OF HIS LOVE GERALDINE.

FROM Tuscan came my Lady's worthy race;
 Fair Florence was sometime * their ancient seat;
 The western isle whose pleasant shore doth face
 Wild Camber's cliffs, first gave her lively heat.
 Foster'd she was with milk of Irish breast:
 Her sire, an Earl; her dame, of Princes blood.
 From tender years, in Britain did she rest,
 With a King's child, who tasteth ghostly food.
 Honsdon did first present her to mine eyen:
 Bright is her hue, and Geraldine she hight.
 Hampton me taught to wish her first for mine;
 And Windsor, alas! doth chase me from her sight.
 Her beauty of kind, her virtues from above:
 Happy is he that can obtain her love.

THE FRAILTY AND HURTFULNESS OF BEAUTY.

BRITTLE beauty, that nature made so frail,
 Whereof the gift is small, and short the season;
 Flow'ring to-day, to-morrow apt to fail;
 Tickle treasure, abhorred of reason:

* her.

Dangerous to deal with, vain, of none avail;
Costly in keeping, past not worth two peason;
Slipper in sliding, as is an eel's tail;
Hard to attain, once gotten not geason :
Jewel of jeopardy, that peril doth assail;
False and untrue, enticed oft to treason;
En'my to youth, that most may I bewail;
Ah ! bitter sweet, infecting as the poison,
Thou farest as fruit that with the frost is taken,
To day ready ripe, to-morrow all to shaken.

A COMPLAINT BY NIGHT OF THE LOVER NOT
BELOVED.

ALAS ! so all things now do hold their peace !
Heaven and earth disturbed in nothing ;
The beasts, the air, the birds their song do cease,
The nightè¹ car the stars about doth bring.
Calm is the sea ; the waves work less and less :
So am not I, whom love, alas ! doth wring,
Bringing before my face the great increase
Of my desires, whereat I weep and sing,
In joy and wo, as in a doubtful ease ;
For my sweet thoughts sometime do pleasure bring ;
But by and by, the cause of my disease
Gives me a pang, that inwardly doth sting ;
When that I think what grief it is again,
To live and lack the thing should rid my pain.

¹ chare.

HOW EACH THING, SAVE THE LOVER, IN SPRING
REVIVETH TO PLEASURE.

WHEN Windsor walls sustain'd my wearied arm,
My hand, my chin, to ease my restless head;
Set pleasant plots revested green with warm;
The blossom'd boughs, with lusty Ver y-spread;
The flower'd meads, the wedded birds so late,
Mine eyes discover; and to my mind resort
The jolly woes, the hateless, short debate,
The rakehell life, that longs to love's disport.
Wherewith, alas! the heavy charge of care
Heapt in my breast, breaks forth against my will,
In smoky sighs that overcast the air.
My vapour'd eyes such dreary tears distil,
The tender spring which quicken, where they fall;
And I half bent to throw me down withal.

VOW TO LOVE FAITHFULLY HOWSOEVER HE BE
REWARDED.

SET me whereas the sun do parch the green,
Or where his beams do not dissolve the ice;
In temperate heat, where he is felt, and seen;
In presence prest of people, mad, or wise;
Set me in high, or yet in low degree;
In longest night, or in the shortest day;
In clearest sky, or where clouds thickest be;
In lusty youth, or when my hairs are gray:

Set me in heav'n, in earth, or else in hell,
 In hill, or dale, or in the foaming flood;
 Thrall, or at large, alive where so I dwell,
 Sick, or in health, in evil fame or good,
 Hers will I be; and only with this thought
 Content myself, although my chance be nought.

COMPLAINT THAT HIS LADY, AFTER SHE KNEW OF
 HIS LOVE, KEPT HER FACE ALWAY HIDDEN
 FROM HIM.

I NEVER saw my Lady lay apart
 Her cornet black, in cold nor yet in heat,
 Sith first she knew my grief was grown so great,
 Which other fancies driveth from my heart;
 That to myself I do the thought reserve,
 The which unwares did wound my woful breast:
 For on her face mine eyes ^m might never rest,
 Since that she knew I did her love, and serve:
 Her golden tress is clad alway with black,
 Her smiling looks to hide thus evermore,
 And that restrains which I desire so sore.
 So doth this cornet govern ⁿ me, alack!
 In summer sun, in winter's breath of frost,
 Whereby the light of her fair looks I lost.

^m mought.

ⁿ my; me, 1574.

REQUEST TO HIS LOVE TO JOIN BOUNTY WITH
BEAUTY.

THE golden gift that Nature did thee give,
 To fasten friends, and feed them at thy will;
 With form and favour taught me to believe,
 How thou art made to shew her greatest skill.
 Whose hidden virtues are not so unknown,
 But lively domes might gather at the first;
 Where beauty so her perfect seed hath sown,
 Of other graces follow needs there must.
 Now certes, Garret, since all this is true,
 That from above thy gifts are thus elect,
 Do not deface them then with fancies new;
 Nor change of minds, let not thy mind infect:
 But mercy him thy friend, that doth thee serve,
 Who seeks alway thine honour to preserve.

PRISONED IN WINDSOR, HE RECOUNTETH HIS PLEASURE
THERE PASSED.

So cruel prison how could betide, alas !
 As proud Windsor? where I in lust and joy,
 With a King's son, my childish years did pass,
 In greater feasts than Priam's sons of Troy;
 Where each sweet place returns a taste full sour:
 The large green courts, where we were wont to hove,
 With eyes cast up into the Maidens' tower,
 And easy sighs, such as folk draw in love:

The stately seats, the ladies bright of hue;
The dances short, long tales of great delight;
With words, and looks, that tigers could but rue,
Where each of us did plead the other's right:
The palme-play, where, dispoiled for the game,
With dazed eyes oft we by gleams of love,
Have miss'd the ball, and got sight of our dame,
To bait her eyes, which kept the leads above:
The gravel ground, with sleeves tied on the helm,
On foaming horse, with swords and friendly hearts;
With cheer, as though one should another overwhelm,
Where we have fought, and chased oft with darts:
With silver drops the mead yet spread for ruth;
In active games of nimbleness and strength,
Where we did strain, trained with swarms of youth,
Our tender limbs, that yet shot up in length:
The secret groves, which oft we made resound
Of pleasant plaint, and of our ladies' praise;
Recording oft what grace each one had found,
What hope of speed, what dread of long delays:
The wild forest, the clothed holts with green;
With reins availed, and swift y-breathed horse,
With cry of hounds, and merry blasts between,
Where we did chase the fearful hart of force:
The wide vales eke, that harbour'd us each night:
Wherewith, alas! reviveth in my breast
The sweet accord, such sleeps as yet delight;
The pleasant dreams, the quiet bed of rest;
The secret thoughts, imparted with such trust;
The wanton talk, the divers change of play;

The friendship sworn, each promise kept so just,
 Wherewith we past the winter nights away.
 And with this thought the blood forsakes the face;
 The tears berain my cheeks of deadly hue:
 The which, as soon as sobbing sighs, alas!
 Up-supped have, thus I my plaint renew:
 "O place of bliss! renewer of my woes!
 "Give me account, where is my noble fere?
 "Whom in thy walls thou dost each night enclose;
 "To other lief, but unto me most dear."
 Echo, alas! that doth my sorrow rue,
 Returns thereto a hollow sound of plaint.
 Thus I alone, where all my freedom grew,
 In prison pine, with bondage and restraint:
 And with remembrance of the greater grief,
 To banish the less, I find my chief relief.

THE LOVER COMFORTETH HIMSELF WITH THE
 WORTHINESS OF HIS LOVE.

WHEN raging love with extreme pain
 Most cruelly distrains my heart;
 When that my tears, as floods of rain,
 Bear witness of my woful smart;
 When sighs have wasted so my breath
 That I lie at the point of death:

I call to mind the navy great
 That the Greeks brought to Troyè town,
 And how the boisterous winds did beat
 Their ships, and rent their sails adown;

Till Agamemnon's daughter's blood
Appeas'd the gods that them withstood.

And how that in those ten years war
Full many a bloody deed was done;
And many a lord that came full far,
There caught his bane, alas! too soon;
And many a good knight overrun,
Before the Greeks had Helen won.

Then think I thus; "Sith such repair,
" So long time war of valiant men,
" Was all to win a lady fair,
" Shall I not learn to suffer then?
" And think my life well spent to be,
" Serving a worthier wight than she?"

Therefore I never will repent,
But pains contented still endure;
For like as when, rough winter spent,
The pleasant spring straight draweth in ure;
So after raging storms of care,
Joyful at length may be my fare.

COMPLAINT, OF THE ABSENCE OF HER LOVER, BEING
UPON THE SEA.

O HAPPY dames! that may embrace
The fruit of your delight;
Help to bewail the woful case,
And eke the heavy plight,
Of me, that wonted to rejoice,
The fortune of my pleasant choice:
Good ladies, help to fill my mourning voice.

In ship freight with remembrance
Of thoughts, and pleasures past,
He sails that hath in governance
My life while it will last;
With scalding sighs, for lack of gale,
Furthering his hope, that is his sail,
Toward me, the sweet port of his avail.

Alas! how oft in dreams I see
Those eyes that were my food;
Which sometime so delighted me,
That yet they do me good:
Wherewith I wake with his return,
Whose absent flame did make me burn,
But when I find the lack, Lord! how I mourn.

When other lovers in arms across,
Rejoice their chief delight;

Drowned in tears, to mourn my loss,
I stand the bitter night
In my window, where I may see
Before the winds how the clouds flee:
Lo! what a mariner love hath made me.

And in green waves when the salt flood
Doth rise by rage of wind;
A thousand fancies in that mood,
Assail my restless mind.
Alas! now drencheth my sweet foe,
That with the spoil of my heart did go,
And left me; but, alas! why did he so?

And when the seas wax calm again,
To chase fro me annoy,
My doubtful hope doth cause me plain
So dread cuts off my joy.
Thus is my wealth mingled with woe,
And of each thought a doubt doth grow;
Now he comes! will he come? alas! no, no!

COMPLAINT OF A DYING LOVER REFUSED UPON HIS
LADY'S UNJUST MISTAKING OF HIS WRITING.

IN winter's just return," when Boreas gan his reign,
And every tree unclothed fast," as nature taught them plain:
In misty morning dark," as sheep are then in hold,
I hied me fast, it sat me on," my sheep for to unfold.

And as it is a thing," that lovers have by fits,
Under a palm I heard one cry" as he had lost his wits.

Whose voice did ring so shrill" in uttering of his plaint,
That I amazed was to hear" how love could him attain.

"Ah! wretched man," ° quoth he," "come, death, and rid this wo;
"A just reward, a happy end," if it may chance thee so.

"Thy pleasures past have wrought" thy woe without redress;
"If thou hadst never felt no joy," thy smart had been the less."

And reckless of his life," he gan both sigh and groan,
A rueful thing methought it was," to hear him make such moan.

"Thou cursed pen," said he," "woe-worth the bird thee bare;
"The man, the knife, and all that made" thee, woe be to their share:

"Woe-worth the time and place" where I so could indite,
"And woe be it yet once again," the pen that so can write.

"Unhappy hand! it had" been happy time for me,
"If when to write thou learned first," unjointed hadst thou be."

Thus cursed he himself," and every other wight,
Save her alone whom love him bound" to serve both day and night.

Which when I heard, and saw" how he himself fore did,
Against the ground with bloody strokes," himself even there to rid;

Had been my heart of flint," it must have melted tho;
For in my life I never saw" a man so full of wo.

With tears for his redress," I rashly to him ran,
And in my arms I caught him fast," and thus I spake him than:

"What woful wight art thou," that in such heavy case
"Torments thyself with such despite," here in this desert place?"

Wherewith as all aghast," fulfil'd with ire, and dread,
He cast on me a staring look," with colour pale and dead:

"Nay, what art thou," p quoth he," "that in this heavy plight
"Dost find me here, most woful wretch," that life hath in despite?"

"I am," quoth I, "but poor," and simple in degree;
"A shepherd's charge I have in hand," unworthy though I be."
With that he gave a sigh," as though the sky ^ashould fall,
And loud, alas! he shrieked oft," and, "Shepherd," gan he call,
"Come, hie thee fast at once," and print it in thy heart,
"So thou shalt know, and I shall tell" thee, guiltless how I smart."

His back against the tree" sore feebled all with faint,
With weary sprite, he strecht him up," and thus he told his plaint:
"Once in my heart," quoth he," "it chanced me to love
"Such one, in whom hath Nature wrought," her cunning for to prove.
"And sure I cannot say," but many years were spent,
"With such good will so recompens'd," as both we were content.
"Whereto then I me bound," and she likewise also,
"The sun should run his course awry," ere we this faith forego.
"Who joyed then but I?" who had this world's bliss?
"Who might compare a life to mine," that never thought on this?
"But dwelling in this truth," amid my greatest joy,
"Is me befallen a greater loss" than Priam had of Troy.
"She is reversed clean," and beareth me in hand,
"That my deserts have given her cause" to break this faithful band:
"And for my just excuse" availeth no defence.
"Now knowest thou all; I can no more;" but, Shepherd, hie thee hence,
"And give him leave to die," that may no lenger live:
"Whose record, lo! I claim to have," my death I do forgive.
"And eke when I am gone," be bold to speak it plain,
"Thou hast seen die the truest man," that ever love did pain."
Wherewith he turned him round," and gasping oft for breath,
Into his arms a tree he raught," and said, "Welcome my death;
"Welcome a thousand fold," now dearer unto me
"Than should, without her love to live," an emperor to be."

Thus in this woful state" he yielded up the ghost,
And little knoweth his lady," what a lover she hath lost.

Whose death when I beheld," no marvel was it, right
For pity though my heart did bleed," to see so piteous sight.

My blood from heat to cold" oft changed wonders sore;
A thousand troubles there I found" I never knew before :

'Tween dread and dolour so" my sprites were brought in fear,
That long it was ere I could call" to mind, what I did there.

But as each thing hath end," so had these pains of mine :
The furies past, and I my wits" restor'd by length of time.

Then as I could devise," to seek I thought it best,
Where I might find some worthy place" for such a corpse to rest.

And in my mind it came," from thence not far away,
Where Cressid's love, king Priam's son," the worthy Troilus lay.

By him I made his tomb," in token he was true;
And as to him belongeth well," I covered it with blue.

Whose soul by angels' power" departed not so soon,
But to the heavens, lo! it fled," for to receive his doom.

COMPLAINT OF THE ABSENCE OF HER LOVER BEING UPON THE SEA.

Good ladies, ye that have" your pleasures in exile,
Step in your foot, come, take a place," and mourn with me awhile :

And such as by their lords" do set but little price,
Let them sit still, it skills them not" what chance come on the dice.

But ye whom love hath bound," by order of desire,
To love your lords, whose good deserts" none other would require;

Come ye yet once again," and set your foot by mine,
Whose woful plight, and sorrows great," no tongue may well define.

My love and lord, alas!" in whom consists my wealth,
Hath fortune sent to pass the seas," in hazard of his health:

Whom I was wont t' embrace" with well contented mind,
Is now amid the foaming floods" at pleasure of the wind:

Where God well him preserve," and soon him home me send;
Without which hope my life, alas!" were shortly at an end.

Whose absence yet, although" my hope doth tell me plain,
With short return he comes anon," yet ceaseth not my pain.

The fearful dreams I have," oft-times do grieve me so,
That when I wake, I lie in doubt," wh'er they be true, or no.

Sometime the roaring seas," me seems, do grow so high,
That my dear lord, ay me, alas!" methinks I see him die.

Another time the same," doth tell me he is come,
And playing, where I shall him find," with his fair little son.

So forth I go apace" to see that lifesome sight,
And with a kiss, methinks I say;" "Welcome, my lord, my knight;

"Welcome, my sweet; alas!" the stay of my welfare;
"Thy presence bringeth forth a truce" atwixt me, and my care."

Then lively doth he look," and salueth me again,
And saith; "My dear, how is it now" that you have all this pain?"

Wherewith the heavy cares," that heap'd are in my breast,
Break forth and me dischargen clean," of all my huge unrest.

But when I me awake," and find it but a dream,
The anguish of my former woe" beginneth more extreme;

And me tormenteth so" that uneath may I find
Some hidden place, wherein to slake" the gnawing of my mind.

Thus every way you see," with absence how I burn;
And for my wound no cure I find," but hope of good return:

Save when I think by sour" how sweet is felt the more,
It doth abate some of my pains," that I abode before.

And then unto myself" I say; "When we shall meet,
 "But little while shall seem this pain," the joy shall be so sweet."

Ye winds, I you conjure," in chieftest of your rage,
 That ye my lord me safely send," my sorrows to assuage.

And that I may not long" abide in this excess,
 Do your good will to cure a wight," that liveth in distress.

A PRAISE OF HIS LOVE, WHEREIN HE REPROVETH THEM
 THAT COMPARE THEIR LADIES WITH HIS.

GIVE place ye lovers, here before
 That spent your boasts and brags in vain;
 My lady's beauty passeth more
 The best of yours, I dare well sayen,
 Than doth the sun the candle light,
 Or brightest day the darkest night.

And thereto hath a troth as just
 As had Penelope the fair;
 For what she saith ye may it trust,
 As it by writing sealed were:
 And virtues hath she many mo,
 Than I with pen have skill to show.

I could rehearse, if that I^r would,
 The whole effect of Nature's plaint,
 When she had lost the perfit mould,
 The like to whom she could not paint:
 With wringing hands, how she did cry,
 And what she said, I know it, I.

I know she swore with raging mind,
Her kingdom only set apart,
There was no loss by law of kind
That could have gone so near her heart;
And this was chiefly all her pain;
“She could not make the like again.”

Sith Nature thus gave her the praise,
To be the chiefest work she wrought;
In faith, methink some better ways
On your behalf might well be sought,
Than to compare, as ye have done,
To match the candle with the sun.

TO THE LADY THAT SCORNE HER LOVER.

ALTHOUGH I had a check,
To give the mate is hard;
For I have found a neck,
To keep my men in guard.
And you that hardy are,
To give so great assay
Unto a man of war,
To drive his men away;

I rede you take good heed,
And mark this foolish verse;
For I will so provide,
That I will have your ferse.

SONGS AND SONNETS.

And when your fersè is had,
 And all your war is done,
 Then shall yourself be glad
 To end that you begun.

For if by chance I win
 Your person in the field;
 Too late then come you in,
 Yourself to me to yield.
 For I will use my power,
 As captain full of might;
 And such I will devour
 As use to shew me spite.

And for because you gave
 Me check in such degree;
 This vantage, lo! I have,
 Now check, and guard to thee.
 Defend it if thou may;
 Stand stiff in thine estate:
 For sure I will assay,
 If I can give thee mate.

A WARNING TO THE LOVER, HOW HE IS ABUSED
 BY HIS LOVE.

Too dearly had I bought," my green and youthful years,
 If in mine age I could not find," when craft, for love appears.
 And seldom though I come" in court among the rest,
 Yet can I judge in colours dim," as deep as can the best.

Where grief torments the man" that suff'reth secret smart,
To break it forth unto some friend," it easeth well the heart.

So stands it now with me," for, my well beloved friend,
This case is thine, for whom I feel" such torment of my mind.

And for thy sake I burn" so in my secret breast,
That till thou know *thy whole disease," my heart can have no rest.

I see how thine abuse," hath wrested so thy wits,
That all it yields to thy desire," and follows thee by fits.

Where thou hast loved so long," with heart, and all thy power,
I see thee fed with feigned words," thy freedom to devour;

I know, though she say nay," and would it well withstand,
When in her grace, thou held thee most," she bare thee but in hand;

I see her pleasant cheer," in chiefest of thy suit;
When thou art gone, I see him come," that gathers up the fruit;

And eke in thy respect," I see the base degree,
Of him to whom she gave the heart," that promised was to thee.

I see, what would you more," stood never man so sure
On woman's word, but wisdom would" mistrust it to endure.

THE FORSAKEN LOVER DESCRIBETH, AND FORSAKETH LOVE.

O LOATHSOME place! where I
Have seen, and heard my dear;
When in my heart her eye
Hath made her thought appear,
By † glimsing with such grace,
As fortune it ne would
That lasten any space,
Between us lenger should.

* my; *thy*.

† glimsing; first 4^o glimsing.

SONGS AND SONNETS.

As fortune did advance
 To further my desire;
 Even so hath fortune's chance
 Thrown all "amidst the mire:
 And that I have deserved,
 With true and faithful heart;
 Is to his hands reserved,
 That never felt the smart.

But happy is that man
 That scaped hath the grief,
 That love well teach him can,
 By wanting his relief.
 A scourge to quiet minds
 It is, who taketh heed;
 A common plague that binds,
 A *travail without meed.

This gift it hath also,
 Whoso enjoys it most,
 A thousand troubles grow,
 To vex his wearied ghost:
 And last it may not long,
 The truest thing of all,
 And sure the greatest wrong,
 That is within this thrall.

But since thou, desert place,
 Canst give me no account
 Of my desired grace,
 That I to have was wont;

" ammides.

* travell.

Farewell! thou hast me taught,
To think me not the first
That love hath set aloft,
And casten in the dust.

THE LOVER DESCRIBES HIS RESTLESS STATE.

As oft as I behold, and see
The sovereign beauty that me bound;
The nigher my comfort is to me,
Alas! the fresher is my wound.

As flame doth quench by rage of fire,
And running streams consume by rain;
So doth the sight, that I desire,
Appease my grief and deadly pain.

First when I saw those crystal streams,
Whose beauty made my mortal wound;
I little thought within y^e their beams,
So sweet a venom to have found.

But wilful will did prick me forth,
And blind Cupid did whip and guide;
Force made me take my grief in worth;
My fruitless hope my harm did hide.

As cruel waves full oft be found
Against the rocks to roar and cry;
So doth my heart full oft rebound
Against my breast, full bitterly.

I fall, and see mine own decay,
 As one that bears flame in his breast,
 Forgets in pain to put away
 The thing that breedeth ^z his unrest.

THE LOVER EXCUSETH HIMSELF OF SUSPECTED
 CHANGE.

THOUGH I regarded not
 The promise made by me;
 Or passed not to spot
 My faith and honesty:
 Yet were my fancy strange,
 And wilful will to wite,
 If I sought now to change
 A falcon for a kite.

All men might well dispraise
 My wit and enterprise,
 If I esteemed a pese
 Above a pearl in price:
 Or judged the owl in sight
 The sparhawk to excel;
 Which flieth but in the night,
 As all men know right well.

Or if I sought to sail
 Into the brittle port,
 Where anchor hold doth fail
 To such as do resort;

^z mine; *his*.

And leave the haven sure,
Where blows no blustering wind;
Nor fickleness in ure,
So far-forth as I find.

No, think me not so light,
Nor of so churlish kind,
(Though it lay in my might
My bondage to unbind)
That I would leave the hind
To hunt the gander's foe.
No, no, I have no mind
To make exchanges so.

Nor yet to change at all;
For think it may not be,
That I should seek to fall
From my felicity.
Desirous for to win,
And loth for to forego,
Or new change to begin;
How may all this be so?

The fire it cannot freeze,
For it is not his kind;
Nor true love cannot lese
The constance of the mind.
Yet as soon shall the fire
Want heat to blaze, and burn,
As I, in such desire,
Have once a thought to turn.

A CARELESS MAN SCORNING AND DESCRIBING THE SUBTLE
USAGE OF WOMEN TOWARD THEIR LOVERS.

WRAPT in my careless cloak," as I ^a walk to and fro,
I see how Love can shew what force" there reigneth in his bow;
And how he shooteth eke," a hardy heart to wound;
And where he glanceth by again," that little hurt is found.
For seldom is it seen" he woundeth hearts alike;
The t'one may rage, when t'other's love" is often far to seek.
All this I see, with more," and wonder thinketh me,
How he can strike the one so sore," and leave the other free.
I see that wounded wight," that suff'reth all this wrong,
How he is fed with yeas and nays," and liveth all too long.
In silence, though I keep" such secrets to myself,
Yet do I see how she sometime" doth yield a look by stealth,
As though it seem'd; "Ywis," I will not lose thee so:"
When in her heart so sweet a thought" did never truly grow.
Then say I thus; "Alas!" that man is far from bliss,
"That doth receive for his relief," none other gain but this."
And she that feeds him so," I feel and find it plain,
Is but to glory in her power," that over such can reign.
Nor are such graces spent," but when she thinks that he,
A wearied man, is fully bent" such fancies to let flee.
Then to retain him still," she wrasteth new her grace,
And smileth, lo! as though she would" forthwith the man embrace.
But when the proof is made," to try such looks withal,
He findeth then the place all void," and freighted full of gall:
Lord! what abuse is this;" who can such women praise?
That for their glory do devise" to use such crafty ways.

^a walkt; walk, first 4^o 1565, 1567, 1574.

I that among the rest" do sit, and mark the row,
Find that in her is greater craft," than is in twenty mo:
Whose tender years, alas!" with wiles so well are sped,
What will she do when hoary hairs" are powder'd in her head?

AN ANSWER IN THE BEHALF OF A WOMAN: OF AN
UNCERTAIN AUTHOR.

GIRT in my guiltless gown," as I sit here and sow,
I see that things are not in deed," as to the outward show.
And who so list to look," and note things somewhat near,
Shall find where plainness seems to haunt," nothing but craft appear.
For with indifferent eyes," myself can well discern,
How some to guide a ship in storms" seek for to take the stern;
Whose practice if were proved" in calm to steer a barge,
Assuredly believe it well," it were too great a charge.
And some I see again" sit still and say but small,
That could do ten times more than they," that say they can do all;
Whose goodly gifts are such," the more they understand,
The more they seek to learn and know," and take less charge in hand.
And to declare more plain," the time fleets not so fast,
But I can bear full well in mind" the song now sung, and past;
The author whereof came," wrapt in a crafty cloak,
With will to force a flaming fire," where he could raise no smoke.
If power and will had join'd," as it appeareth plain,
Then truth nor right had tane no place;" their virtues had been vain.
So that you may perceive," and I may safely see,
The innocent that guiltless is," condemned should have be.

THE CONSTANT LOVER LAMENTETH.

SINCE fortune's wrath envieth the wealth
Wherein I reigned, by the sight
Of that, that fed mine eyes by stealth,
With sour, sweet, dread and delight;
Let not my grief move you to moan,
For I will weep and wail alone.

Spite drave me into Boreas' reign,
Where hoary frosts the fruits do bite,
When hills were spread, and every plain,
With stormy winter's mantle white;
And yet, my dear, such was my heat,
When others freze, then did I sweat.

And now, though on the sun I drive,
Whose fervent flame all things decays,
His beams in brightness may not strive
With light of your sweet golden rays;
Nor from my breast, this heat remove
The frozen thoughts, graven by love.

Ne may the waves of the salt flood
Quench that, your beauty set on fire;
For though mine eyes forbear the food,
That did relieve the hot desire;
Such as I was, such will I be;
Your own; what would ye more of me?

A SONG WRITTEN BY THE EARL OF SURREY ^bTO A LADY
THAT REFUSED TO DANCE WITH HIM.

EACH beast can ^cchoose his fere" according to his mind,
And eke can shew a friendly cheer," like to their beastly kind.

A Lion saw I late," as white as any snow,
Which seemed well to lead the race," his port the same did show.

Upon the gentle beast" to gaze it pleased me,
For still methought he seemed well," of noble blood to be.

And as he pranced before," still seeking for a make,
As who would say; "There is none here," I trow will me forsake;"

I might perceive a Wolf" as white as whales-bone;
A fairer beast, of fresher hue," beheld I never none;

Save that her looks were coy," and froward eke her grace:
Unto the which, this gentle beast" gan him advance apace.

And with a beck full low" he bowed at her feet,
In humble wise, as who would say;" "I am too far unmeet."

But such a scornful cheer," wherewith she him rewarded,
Was never seen, I trow, the like," to such as well deserved.

With that she start aside" well near a foot or twain,
And unto him thus gan she say," with spite and great disdain:

"Lion," she said, "if thou" hadst known my mind before,
"Thou hadst not spent thy travail thus," nor all thy pain for lore.

"Do way, I let thee wete," thou shalt not play with me:
"Go, range about, where thou mayst find" some meeter fere for thee."

With that he ^dbeat his tail," his eyes began to flame;
I might perceive his noble heart" much moved by the same.

Yet saw I him refrain," and eke his wrath assuage,
And unto her thus gan he say," when he was past his rage:

^b by; to.

^c chose.

^d bet.

"Cruel, you do me wrong," to set me thus so light,
 "Without desert for my good will," to shew me such despite;
 "How can ye thus intreat" a Lion of the race,
 "That with his paws a crowned king" devoured in the place.
 "Whose nature is to prey" upon no simple food,
 "As long as he may suck the flesh," and drink of noble blood.
 "If you be fair and fresh," am I not of your hue?
 "And for my vaunt I dare well say," my blood is not untrue.
 "For you yourself have heard," it is not long ago,
 "Sith that for love one of the race" did end his life in woe,
 "In tower strong and high," for his assured truth,
 "Whereas in tears he spent his breath," alas! the more the ruth.
 "This gentle beast so died," whom nothing could remove,
 "But willingly to 'lose his life" for loss of his true love.
 "Other there be whose lives," do linger still in pain,
 "Against their wills preserved are," that would have died fain.
 "But now I do perceive" that nought it moveth you,
 "My good intent, my gentle heart," nor yet my kind so true.
 "But that your will is such," to lure me to the trade,
 "As other some full many years" to trace by craft ye made.
 "And thus behold our kinds" how that we differ far;
 "I seek my foes, and you your friends" do threaten still with war.
 "I fawn where I am fled;" you slay, that seeks to you;
 "I can devour no yielding prey;" you kill where you subdue.
 "My kind is to desire" the honour of the field;
 "And you with blood to slake your thirst" on such as to you yield.
 "Wherefore I would you wist," that for your coyed looks,
 "I am no man that will be trapt," nor tangled with such hooks.
 "And though some lust to love," where blame full well they might,
 "And to such beasts of ^fcurrent sort," that would have travail bright;

e lese.

f currant.

"I will observe the law" that Nature gave to me,
 "To conquer such as will resist," and let the rest go free.
 "And as a falcon free," that soareth in the air,
 "Which never fed on hand nor lure," nor for no stale doth care;
 "While that I live and breathe," such shall my custom be;
 "In wildness of the woods to seek" my prey, where pleaseth me:
 "Where many one shall rue," that never made offence;
 "Thus your refuse against my power" shall ^gboot them no defence.
 "And for revenge thereof," I vow and swear thereto,
 "A thousand spoils I shall commit," I never thought to do.
 "And if to light on you" my luck so good shall be,
 "I shall be glad to feed on that," that would have fed on me.
 "And thus farewell unkind," to whom I bent and bow;
 "I would you wist, the ship is safe," that bare his sails so low.
 "Sith that a Lion's heart" is for a Wolf no prey,
 "With bloody mouth go slake your thirst" on simple sheep, I say,
 "With more despite and ire" than I can now express;
 "Which to my pain, though I refrain," the cause you may well guess.
 "As for because myself" was author of the game,
 "It boots me not that for my wrath," I should disturb the same."

THE FAITHFUL LOVER DECLARETH HIS PAINS AND HIS
 UNCERTAIN JOYS, AND WITH ONLY HOPE RECOM-
 FORTETH SOMEWHAT HIS WOFUL HEART.

If care do cause men cry," why do not I complain?
 If each man do bewail his woe," why shew not I my pain?
 Since that amongst them all," I dare well say is none
 So far from weal, so full of woe," or hath more cause to moan.

For all things having life," sometime hath quiet rest;
The bearing ass, the drawing ox," and every other beast.

The peasant, and the post," that serves at all assays,
The ship boy, and the galley slave," have time to take their ease;

Save I, alas! whom care," of force doth so constrain,
To wail the day, and wake the night," continually in pain.

From pensiveness to plaint," from plaint to bitter tears,
From tears to painful plaint again," and thus my life it wears.

Nothing under the sun," that I can hear or see,
But moveth me for to bewail" my cruel destiny.

For where men do rejoice," since that I cannot so,
I take no pleasure in that place," it doubleth but my woe.

And when I hear the sound" of song or instrument,
Methink each tune there doleful is," and helps me to lament.

And if I see some have" their most desired sight,
"Alas!" think I, "each man hath weal" save I, most woful wight."

Then as the stricken deer" withdraws himself alone,
So do I seek some secret place," where I may make my moan.

There do my flowing eyes" shew forth my melting heart;
So that the streams of those two wells," right well declare my smart.

And in those cares so cold," I force myself a heat,
(As sick men, in their shaking fits," procure themselves to sweat)

With thoughts that for the time" do much appease my pain:
But yet they cause a farther fear," and breed my woe again.

Methink within my thought" I see right plain appear,
My heart's delight, my sorrow's leche," mine earthly goddess here,

With every sundry grace," that I have seen her have:
Thus I within my woful breast" her picture paint and grave.

And in my thought I roll" her beauties to and fro;
Her laughing cheer, her lively look," my heart that pierced so.

Her strangeness when I sued" her servant for to be,
And what she said, and how she smiled," when that she pitied me.

Then comes a sudden fear," that riveth all my rest,
Lest absence cause forgetfulness" to sink within her breast.

For when I think how far" this earth doth us divide,
Alas! meseems love throws me down," I feel how that I slide.

But then I think again;" " Why should I thus mistrust
" So sweet a wight, so sad and wise," that is so true and just?

" For loath she was to love," and wavering is she not;
" The farther off the more desir'd:" " thus lovers tie their knot.

So in despair and hope" plung'd am I both up and down;
As is the ship with wind and wave," when Neptune list to frown.

But as the watery showers" delay the raging wind,
So doth good hope clean put away" despair out of my mind;

And bids me for to serve," and suffer patiently,
For what wot I the after weal," that fortune wills to me.

For those that care do know," and tasted have of trouble,
When passed is their woful pain," each joy shall seem them double:

And bitter sends she now," to make me taste the better
The pleasant sweet, when that it comes," to make it seem the sweeter.

And so determine I" to serve until my breath,
Yea, rather die a thousand times," than once to false my faith.

And if my feeble corpse," through weight of woful smart,
Do fail, or faint, my will it is" that still she keep my heart.

And when this carcase here" to earth shall be refar'd,
I do bequeath my wearied ghost" to serve her afterward.

THE MEANS TO ATTAIN HAPPY LIFE.

MARTIAL, the things that do attain

The happy life, be these, I find:

The riches left, not got with pain;

The fruitful ground, the quiet mind;

The equal friend, no grudge, no strife;

No charge of rule, nor governance;

Without disease, the healthful life;

The household of continuance:

The mean diet, no delicate fare;

True wisdom join'd with simpleness;

The night discharged of all care,

Where wine the wit may not oppress:

The faithful wife, without debate;

Such sleeps as may beguile the night;

Contented with thine own estate,

Ne wish for death, ne fear his might.

PRAISE OF MEAN AND CONSTANT ESTATE.

Of thy life, Thomas, this compass well mark:

Not aye with full sails the high seas to beat;

Ne by coward dread, in shunning storms dark,

On shallow shores thy keel in peril freat.

Whoso gladly halseth the golden mean,
Void of dangers advis'dly hath his home;
Not with loathsome muck as a den unclean,
Nor palace like, whereat disdain may glome.

The lofty pine the great wind often rives;
With violenter sway fall'n turrets steep;
Lightnings assault the high mountains and clives.
A heart well stay'd, in overthwartès deep,

Hopeth amends; in sweet, doth fear the sour.
God that sendeth, withdraweth winter sharp.
Now ill, not aye thus: once Phœbus to low'r,
With bow unbent, shall ^b cease, and frame to harp

His voice. In strait estate appear thou stout.
And so wisely, when lucky gale of wind
All thy puft sails shall fill, look well about;
Take in a rift: haste is waste, proof doth find.

PRAISE OF CERTAIN PSALMS OF DAVID, TRANSLATED
BY SIR THOMAS WYATT THE ELDER.

THE great Macedon, that out of Persia chased
Darius, of whose huge power all Asia rong,
In the rich ark Dan Homer's rhymes he placed,
Who feigned gests of heathen princes song.

^b cesse.

What holy grave, what worthy sepulture,
 To Wyatt's Psalms should Christians then purchase?
 Where he doth paint the lively faith, and pure,
 The stedfast hope, the sweet return to grace,
 Of just David, by ⁱ perfect penitence;
 Where rulers may see in a mirror clear,
 The bitter fruit of false concupiscence,
 How Jewry bought Urias' death full dear.
 In princes' hearts God's scourge imprinted deep,
 Ought them awake out of their sinful sleep.

OF THE DEATH OF THE SAME SIR THOMAS WYATT.

DIVERS thy death do diversly bemoan:
 Some, that in presence of thy livelihood
 Lurked, whose breasts envy with hate had swoln,
 Yield Cæsar's tears upon Pompeius' head.
 Some, that watched with the murd'rer's knife,
 With eager thirst to drink thy guiltless blood,
 Whose practice brake by happy end of life,
 Weep^k envious tears to hear thy fame so good.
 But I, that knew what harbour'd in that head;
 What virtues rare were temper'd in that breast;
 Honour the place that such a jewel bred,
 And kiss the ground whereas thy corpse doth rest,
 With vapour'd eyes; from whence such streams avail,
 As Pyramus did on Thisbe's breast bewail.

ⁱ perfit.

^k with; first 4^o wepe.

OF THE SAME.

WYATT resteth here, that quick could never rest:

Whose heavenly gifts increased by disdain;

And virtue sank the deeper in his breast:

Such profit he by envy could obtain.

A head, where wisdom mysteries did frame;

Whose hammers ¹beat still in that lively brain,

As on a stythe, where that some work of fame

Was daily wrought, to turn to Britain's gain.

A visage stern, and mild; where both did grow

Vice to contemn, in virtue to rejoice:

Amid great storms, whom grace assured so,

To live upright, and smile at fortune's choice.

A hand, that taught what might be said in rhyme;

That reft Chaucer the glory of his wit.

A mark, the which (ⁿ unperfected for time)

Some may approach, but never none shall hit.

A tongue, that served in foreign realms his King;

Whose courteous talk to virtue did inflame

Each noble heart; a worthy guide to bring

Our English youth, by travail unto fame.

An eye, whose judgment none affect could blind,

Friends to allure, and foes to reconcile;

Whose piercing look did represent a mind

With virtue fraught, reposed, void of guile.

A heart, where dread was never so imprest

To hide the thought that might the truth advance;

¹ bet.

ⁿ unperfited.

In neither fortune loft, nor yet repress,
 To swell in wealth, or yield unto mischance.
 A valiant corpse, where force and beauty met:
 Happy, alas! too happy, but for foes,
 Lived, and ran the race, that Nature set;
 Of manhood's shape, where she the mould did lose.
 But to the heavens that simple soul is fled,
 Which left, with such as covet Christ to know,
 Witness of faith, that never shall be dead;
 Sent for our health, but not received so.
 Thus for our guilt, this jewel have we lost,
 The earth his bones, the heavens possess his ghost.

OF THE SAME.

IN the rude age, when knowledge was not rife,
 If Jove in Crete, and other were that taught
 Arts, to convert to profit of our life,
 Wend after death to have their temples sought:
 If Virtue yet no void unthankful time,
 Failed of some to blast her endless fame;
 (A goodly mean both to deter from crime,
 And to her steps our sequel to inflame)
 In days of truth °let Wyatt's friends then wail,
 (The only debt that dead of quick may claim)
 That rare wit spent, employ'd to our avail,
 Where Christ is taught, we led to Virtue's train.
 His lively face their breasts how did it treat,
 Whose cinders yet with envy they do eat.

OF SARDANAPALUS'S DISHONOURABLE LIFE, AND
MISERABLE DEATH.

TH' Assyrian king, in peace, with foul desire,
And filthy lusts, that stain'd his regal heart;
In war, that should set princely hearts on fire,
Did yield, vanquisht for want of martial art.
The dint of swords from kisses seemed strange,
And harder than his lady's side, his targe;
From glutton feasts to soldier's fare, a change;
His helmet, far above a garland's charge.
Who scarce the name of manhood did retain,
Drenched in sloth and womanish delight:
Feeble of spirit, impatient of pain,
When he had lost his honour, and his right;
Proud time of wealth, in storms appalled with dread,
Murdered himself, to shew some manful deed.

HOW NO AGE IS CONTENT WITH HIS OWN ESTATE, AND
HOW THE AGE OF CHILDREN IS THE HAPPIEST,
IF THEY HAD SKILL TO UNDERSTAND IT.

Laid in my quiet bed," in study as I were,
I saw within my troubled head" a heap of thoughts appear.
And every thought did shew" so lively in mine eyes,
That now I sighed, and then I smil'd," as cause of thought did rise.
I saw the little boy," in thought how oft that he,
Did wish of God, to scape the rod," a tall young man to be.

The young man eke that feels" his bones with pain opprest,
How he would be a rich old man," to live and lie at rest.

The rich old man that sees" his end draw on so sore,
How he would be a boy again," to live so much the more.

Whereat full oft I smil'd," to see how all these three,
From boy to man, from man to boy," would chop and change degree.

And musing thus I think," the case is very strange,
That man from wealth, to live in woe," doth ever seek to change.

Thus thoughtful as I lay," I saw my wither'd skin,
How it doth shew my dented chews," the flesh was worn so thin;

And eke my toothless chaps," the gates of my right way,
That opes and shuts, as I do speak," do thus unto me say;

"Thy white and hoarish hairs," the messengers of age,
"That shew, like lines of true belief," that this life doth assuage;

"Bids thee lay hand, and feel" them hanging on thy chin;
"The which do write two ages past," the third now coming in.

"Hang up therefore the bit" of thy young wanton time:
"And thou that therein beaten art," the happiest life define."

Whereat I sighed, and said;" "Farewell! my wonted joy;
"Truss up thy pack, and trudge from me" to every little boy;

"And tell them thus from me;" their time most happy is,
"If, to their time, they reason had," to know the truth of this."

BONUM EST MIHI QUOD HUMILIASTI ME.

THE storms are past, these clouds are overblown;

And humble cheer great rigour hath repress.

For the default is set a pain foreknown;

And patience graft in a determed breast.

And in the heart, where heaps of griefs were grown,
 The sweet revenge hath planted mirth and rest.
 No company so pleasant as mine own

* * * * *

Thralldom at large, hath made this prison free.
 Danger well past, remembered, works delight.
 Of ling'ring doubts such hope is sprong, pardie,
 That nought I find displeasing in my sight.
 But when my glass ^ppresenteth unto me
 The cureless wound, that bleedeth day and night —
 To think, alas! such hap should granted be
 Unto a wretch, that hath no heart to fight,
 To spill that blood, that hath so oft been shed,
 For Britain's sake, alas! and now is dead.

EXHORTATION TO LEARN BY OTHERS' TROUBLES.

My Ratclif, when thy reckless youth offends,
 Receive thy scourge by others' chastisement;
 For such calling, when it works none amends,
 Then plagues are sent without advertisement.
 Yet Solomon said, the wronged shall recure:
 But Wyatt said true; "The scar doth aye endure."

THE FANCY OF A WEARIED LOVER.

THE fancy, which that I have served long,
 That hath alway been en'my to mine ease,
 Seemed of late to rue upon my wrong,
 And bade me fly the cause of my misease.

And I forthwith did ^a press out of the throng,
That thought by flight my painful heart to please
Some other way, till I saw faith more strong ;
And to myself I said; " Alas ! those days
" In vain were spent, to run the race so long."
And with that thought I met my guide, that plain,
Out of the way wherein I wander'd wrong,
Brought me ^r amidst the hills in base Bullayne:
Where I am now, as restless to remain,
Against my will, full pleased with my pain.

^a prease.^r amiddes.

SIR THOMAS WYATT

THE ELDER.

SONGS AND SONNETS
OF
SIR THOMAS WYATT
THE ELDER.

THE LOVER FOR SHAMEFASTNESS HIDETH HIS DESIRE
WITHIN HIS FAITHFUL HEART.

THE long love, that in my thought I harbèr,
And in my heart doth keep his residence,
Into my face presseth with bold pretence,
And there campeth, displaying his bannèr.
She, that me learns to love, and to suffèr,
And wills that my trust, and lust's negligence,
Be reined by reason, shame, and reverence,
With his hardiness takes displeasùre.
Wherewith Love to th' ^s heart's forest he fleeth,
Leaving his enterprise with pain and cry;
And there him hideth, and not appeareth.
What may I do, when my master feareth?
But in the field with him to live and die:
For good is the life, ending faithfully.

THE LOVER WAXETH WISER, AND WILL NOT DIE
FOR AFFECTION.

YET was I never of your love aggrieved,
Nor never shall, while that my life doth last;
But of hating myself, that date is past,
And tears continual, sore hath me wearied.
I will not yet in my grave be buried,
Nor on my tomb your name have fixed fast,
As cruel cause, that did my sprite soon haste,
From th' unhappy bones, by great sighs stirred.
Then if an heart of amorous faith and will,
Content your mind, withouten doing grief,
Please it you so to this to do relief:
If otherwise you seek for to fulfil
Your wrath, you err, and shall not as you ween;
And you yourself the cause thereof have been.

THE ABUSED LOVER SEETH HIS FOLLY, AND INTENDETH
TO TRUST NO MORE.

WAS never file yet half so well y-filed,
To file a file for any smith's intent;
As I was made a filing instrument,
To frame other, while that I was beguiled.
But reason, lo! hath at my folly smiled,
And pardoned me, since that I me repent,
Of my last years, and of my time mispent;
For youth led me, and falsehood me misguided.

Yet this trust I have of great apparence :
 Since that deceit is aye returnable,
 Of very force it is agreeable,
 That therewithal be done the recompense.
 Then guile beguiled, plain'd should be never ;
 And the reward is little trust for ever.

THE LOVER DESCRIBETH HIS BEING STRICKEN WITH
 SIGHT OF HIS LOVE.

THE lively sparks, that issue from those eyes,
 Against the which there vailleth no defence,
 Have pierc'd my heart, and done it none offence,
 With quaking pleasure, more than once or twice.
 Was never man could any thing devise,
 Sun-beams to turn with so great vehemence
 To daze man's sight, as by their bright presence
 Dazed am I; much like unto the guise
 Of one, stricken with dint of lightening,
 Blind with the stroke, and crying here and there :
 So call I for help, I not when nor where,
 The pain of my fall patiently bearing.
 For straight after the blaze, as is no wonder,
 Of deadly noise, hear I the fearful thunder.

THE WAVERING LOVER WILLETH AND DREADETH TO
 †MOAN HIS DESIRE.

SUCH vain thought, as wonted to mislead me
 In desart hope, by well assured moan,
 Makes me from company to live alone,
 In following her, whom reason bids me flee.

So fleeth she by gentle cruelty;
 And after her my heart would fain be gone:
 But armed sighs my way do stop anon,
 'Twixt hope and dread, locking my liberty.
 Yet as I guess, under disdainful brow,
 One beam of ruth is in her cloudy look,
 Which comfortèd the mind, that erst for fear shook:
 That bolded straight, the way then seek I how
 To utter forth the smart I bide within;
 But such it is, I not how to begin.

THE LOVER HAVING DREAMED ENJOYING OF HIS LOVE,
 COMPLAINETH THAT THE DREAM IS NOT EITHER
 LONGER, OR TRUER.

UNSTABLE dream! according to the place,
 Be stedfast once, or else at least be true:
 By tasted sweetness, make me not to rue
 The sudden loss of thy false, feigned grace.
 By good respect, in such a dangerous case
 Thou broughtest not her into these tossing seas;
 But madest my sprite to live, my care t' increase,
 My body, in tempest, her delight t' embrace.
 The body dead, the sprite had his desire;
 Painless was th' one, the other in delight.
 Why then, alas! did it not keep it right,
 But thus return to leap into the fire;
 And where it was at wish, could not remain?
 Such mocks of dreams, do turn to deadly pain.

THE LOVER UNHAPPY, BIDDETH HAPPY LOVERS REJOICE
IN MAY, WHILE HE WAILETH THAT MONTH,
TO HIM MOST UNLUCKY.

YE! that in love find luck and sweet abundance,
And live in lust of joyful jollity,
Arise! for shame, do way your sluggardy;
Arise, I say! do May some observance.
Let me in bed lie dreaming of mischance;
Let me remember my mishaps unhappy,
That me betide in May most commonly;
As one, whom love list little to advance.
Stephen said true, that my nativity
Mischanced was, with the ruler of May.
He guess'd, I prove of that the verity;
In May my wealth, and eke my wits, I say,
Have stood so oft in such perplexity.
Joy! let me dream of your felicity.

THE LOVER CONFESSETH HIM IN LOVE WITH PHYLLIS.

IF waker care; if sudden pale colour;
If many sighs, with little speech to plain;
Now joy, now woe, if they my cheer distain;
For hope of small, if much to fear therefore;
To haste, or slack my pace to less, or more,
Be sign of love, then do I love again.
If thou ask whom; sure, since I did refrain
Brunet, that set my wealth in such a roar,

Th' unfeigned cheer of Phyllis hath the place
 That Brunet had; she hath, and ever shall.
 She from myself now hath me in her grace;
 She hath in hand my wit, my will, and all.
 My heart alone well worthy she doth stay;
 Without whose help scant do I live a day.

OF OTHERS' FEIGNED SORROW, AND THE LOVER'S
 FEIGNED MIRTH.

CÆSAR, when that the traitor of Egypt,
 With th' honourable head did him present;
 Covering his heart's gladness, did represent
 Plaint with his tears outward, as it is writ.
 Eke Hannibal, when fortune him out-shit
 Clean from his reign, and from all his intent,
 Laugh'd to his folk, whom sorrow did torment:
 His cruel despite for to disgorge, and quit.
 So chanceth me, that every passion
 The mind hideth, by colour contrary;
 With feigned visage, now sad, now merry.
 Whereby if that I laugh at any season,
 It is because I have none other way
 To cloke my care, but under sport and play.

OF CHANGE IN MIND.

EACH man me tell'th, I change ^u must my device.
 And, on my faith, methink it good reason
 To change purpose, like after the season;
 For in each case to keep still one guise,

^u most; *must*.

Is meet for them that would be taken wise ;
And I am not of such manner condition;
But treated after a diverse fashion;
And thereupon my diverseness doth rise.
But you this diverseness that blamen most,
Change you no more, but still after one rate,
Treat you me well, and keep you in that state;
And while with me doth dwell this wearied ghost,
My word, nor I, shall not be variable,
But always one; your own both firm and stable.

HOW THE LOVER PERISHETH IN HIS DELIGHT, AS
THE FLY IN THE FIRE.

SOME fowls there be that have so perfect sight,
Against the sun their eyes for to defend:
And some because the light doth them offend,
Never appear, but in the dark, or night.
Other rejoyce, to see the fire so bright,
And ween to play in it, as they pretend,
But find contrary of it, that they intend.
Alas! of that sort, may I be by right,
For to withstand her look I am not able;
Yet can I not hide me in no dark place.
So followeth me remembrance of that face,
That with my teary eyen, swoln, and unstable,
My destiny to behold her doth me lead;
And yet I know I run into the glead.

AGAINST HIS TONGUE, THAT FAILED TO UTTER
HIS SUITS.

BECAUSE I still kept thee *from lies, and blame,
And to my pow'r always thee honoured,
Unkind tongue, too ill hast thou me rendered,
For such desert to do me wreke and shame.
In need of succour most when that I am,
To ask reward, thou standes like one afraid,
Always most cold; and if one word be said,
As in a dream, y unperfect is the same.
And ye salt tears, against my will each night
That are with me, when I would be alone,
Then are ye gone, when I should make my moan.
And ye so ready sighs, to make me shrigh, t
Then are ye slack when that ye should outstart;
And only doth my look declare my heart.

DESCRIPTION OF THE CONTRARIOUS PASSIONS IN
A LOVER.

I FIND no peace, and all my war is done;
I fear and hope, I burn, and freeze like ice;
I fly aloft, yet can I not arise;
And nought I have, and all the world I seize on.
That locks nor looseth, holdeth me in prison;
And holds me not, yet can I scape no wise:
Nor lets me live, nor die, at my devise,
And yet of death it giveth me occasion.

* fro.

y unperfit.

Without eye I see, without tongue I plain;
I wish to perish, yet I ask for health;
I love another, and I hate myself;
I feed me in sorrow, and laugh in all my pain.
Lo! thus displeaseth me both death, and life;
And my delight is causer of this strife.

THE LOVER COMPARETH HIS STATE TO A SHIP IN
PERILOUS STORM TOSSED ON THE SEA.

My galley, charged with forgetfulness,
Through sharp seas, in winter nights doth pass
'Tween rock and rock; and eke my foe, alas!
That is my lord, steereth with cruelty:
At every oar, a thought in readiness;
As though that death were light in such a case.
An endless wind doth tear the sail apace
Of forced sighs, and trusty fearfulness.
A rain of tears, a cloud of dark disdain,
Have done the wearied cords great hinderance,
Wreathed with error, and with ignorance.
The stars be hid, that led me to this pain;
Drown'd is reason that should be my comfort,
And I remain, despairing of the port.

OF DOUBTFUL LOVE.

AVISING the bright beams of those fair eyes,
Where he abides that mine oft moists and washeth;
The wearied mind straight from the heart departeth,
To rest within his worldly paradise,

And bitter finds the sweet, under his guise.
What webs there he hath wrought, well he perceiveth:
Whereby then with himself on love he plaineth,
That spurs with fire, and bridleth eke with ice.
In such extremity thus is he brought,
Frozen now cold, and now he stands in flame,
'Twixt woe and wealth, betwixt earnest and game,
With seldom glad, and many a diverse thought,
In sore repentance of his hardness:
Of such a root, lo! cometh fruit fruitless.

THE LOVER SHEWETH HOW HE IS FORSAKEN OF SUCH
AS HE SOMETIME ENJOYED.

THEY flee from me, that sometime did me seek,
With naked foot stalking within my chamber.
Once have I seen them gentle, tame, and meek,
That now are wild, and do not once remember,
That sometime they have put themselves in danger
To take bread at my hand; and now they range,
Busily seeking in continual change.

Thanked be fortune, it hath been otherwise,
Twenty times better; but once especial,
In thin array, after a pleasant guise,
When her loose gown did from her shoulders fall;
And she me caught in her arms long and small,
And therewithal so sweetly did me kiss,
And softly said; "Dear heart, how like you this?"

It was no dream, for I lay broad awaking —
But all is turn'd now, through my gentleness,
Into a bitter fashion of forsaking;
And I have leave to go of her goodness,
And she also to use new fangleness:
But, since that I unkindly so am served,
How like you this? what hath she now deserved?

TO A LADY, TO ANSWER DIRECTLY WITH YEA OR NAY.

MADAM, withouten many words,
Once I am sure you will, or no:
And if you will, then leave your bourds,
And use your wit, and shew it so.

For with a beck you shall me call,
And if of one, that burns alway,
Ye have pity, or ruth at all,
Answer him fair with yea, or nay.

If it be yea, I shall be fain;
If it be nay, friends as before;
You shall another man obtain,
And I mine own, and yours no more.

TO HIS LOVE, WHOM HE HAD KISSED AGAINST HER WILL.

ALAS! Madam, for stealing of a kiss,
Have I so much your mind therein offended?
Or have I done so grievously amiss,
That by no means it may not be amended?

Revenge you then: the readiest way is this;
Another kiss my life it shall have ended.
For, to my mouth the first my heart did suck;
The next shall clean out of my breast it pluck.

OF THE JEALOUS MAN THAT LOVED THE SAME WOMAN,
AND ESPIED THIS OTHER SITTING WITH HER.

THE wandering gadling in the summer tide,
That finds the adder with his reckless foot,
Starts not dismay'd so suddenly aside,
As jealous despite did, though there were no boot:
When that he saw me sitting by her side,
That of my health is very crop, and root.
It pleased me then to have so fair a grace,
To sting the heart, that would have had my place.

TO HIS LOVE, FROM WHOM HE HAD HER GLOVES.

WHAT needs these threat'ning words, and wasted wind?
All this cannot make me restore my prey.
To rob your good, y-wis is not my mind,
Nor causeless your fair hand did I display.
Let Love be judge, or else whom next we find,
That may both hear what you and I can say.
She reft my heart, and I a glove from her
Let us see then, if one be worth the other.

OF THE FEIGNED FRIEND.

RIGHT true it is, and said full yore ago;

“Take heed of him that by the back thee claweth:”

For none is worse than is a friendly foe.

Though thee seem good, all thing that thee delighteth,

Yet know it well, that * * * *

* * * * in thy bosom creepeth:

For many a man such fire oft-times he kindleth,

That with the blaze his beard himself he singeth.

THE LOVER TAUGHT, MISTRUSTETH ALLUREMENTS.

It may be good, like it who list,

But I do doubt; who can me blame?

For oft assured, yet have I mist,

And now again I fear the same:

The words that from your mouth last came,

Of sudden change make me aghast:

For dread to fall, I stand not fast.

Alas! I tread an endless maze,

That seek t' accord two contraries;

And hope thus still, and nothing hase,

Imprisoned in liberties;

As one unheard, and still that cries;

Always thirsty, and nought doth taste:

For dread to fall I stand not fast.

Assured, I doubt I be not sure;
 Should I then trust unto such surety?
 That oft have put the proof in ure,
 And never yet have found it trusty.
 Nay, sir, in faith, it were great folly;
 And yet my life thus do I waste:
 For dread to fall I stand not fast.

THE LOVER COMPLAINETH THAT HIS LOVE DOTH NOT
 PITY HIM.

RESOUND my voice, ye woods, that hear me plain,
 Both hills and vales, causing reflection;
 And rivers eke, record ye of my pain,
 Which have oft forced ye by compassion,
 As judges, lo! to hear my exclamation,
 Among whom ruth, I find, doth yet remain;
 Where I it seek, alas! there is disdain.

Oft, ye rivers, to hear my woful sound,
 Have stopt your course; and, plainly to express,
 Many a tear by moisture of the ground,
 The earth hath wept to hear my heaviness,
 Which causeless I endure without redress:
 The hugy oaks have roared in the wind;
 Each thing, methought, complaining in their kind.

Why then, alas! doth not she on me rue?
 Or is her heart so hard that no pity
 May in it sink, my joy for to renew?
 O stony heart! who hath thus framed thee

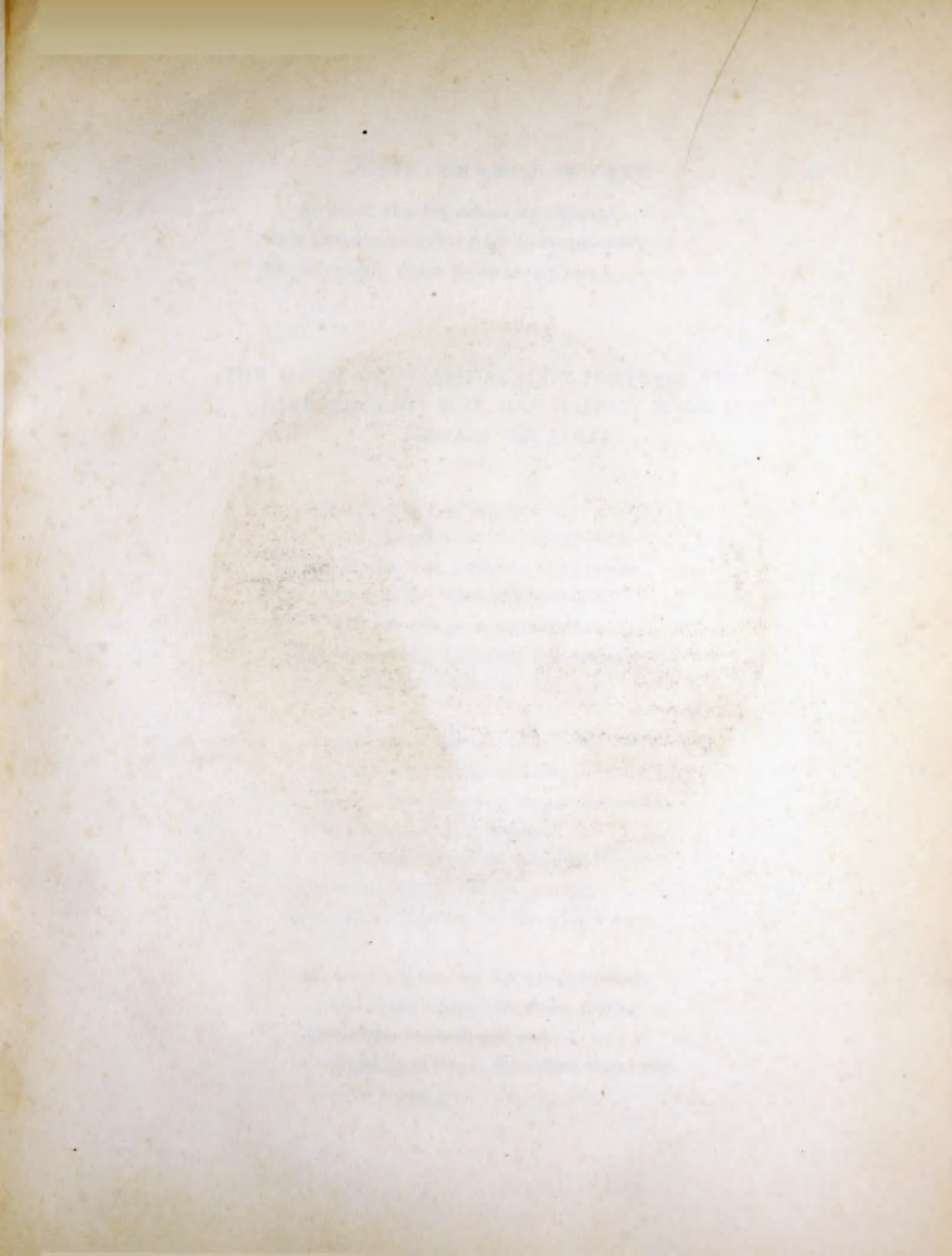


J. Smith sculp.

Sir Thomas Wyatt, Knight.

From an original Picture in the possession of the Earl of Romney.

London, Published for Longman, Hurst, Rees & Co. Mar 25 1789



So cruel, that art cloked with beauty,
That from thee may no grace to me proceed;
But as reward, death for to be my meed.

THE LOVER REJOICETH AGAINST FORTUNE, THAT, BY
HINDERING HIS SUIT, HAD HAPPILY MADE HIM
FORSAKE HIS FOLLY.

IN faith I wot not what to say,
Thy chances ^z been so wonderous;
Thou, Fortune, with thy ^a diverse play,
That mak'st the joyful dolorous,
And eke the same right joyous:
Yet, though thy chain hath me enwrapt,
Spite of thy hap, hap hath well hapt.

Though thou hast set me for a wonder,
And seekest by change to do me pain,
Men's minds yet mayst thou not so order:
For honesty, if it remain,
Shall shine for all thy cloudy rain.
In vain thou seekest to have me trapt:
Spite of thy hap, hap hath well hapt.

In hind'ring me, me didst thou further,
And made a gap, where was a stile.
Cruel wills been oft put under;
Weening to lower, then didst thou smile.

^z ben.

^a divers.

Lord! how thyself thou didst beguile,
That in thy cares wouldst me have wrapt:
But spite of hap, hap hath well hapt.

A RENOUNCING OF HARDLY ESCAPED LOVE.

FAREWELL the heart of cruelty!
Though that with pain my liberty
Dear have I bought, and wofully
Finish'd my fearful tragedy.
Of force I must forsake such pleasure;
A good cause just, since I endure
Thereby my woe, which be ye sure,
Shall therewith go me to recure.

I fare as one escap'd that fleeth,
Glad he is gone, and yet still feareth,
Spied, to be caught, and so dreadeth,
That he for nought his pain leseth.
In joyful pain, rejoice my heart,
Thus to sustain of each a part.
Let not this song from thee astart;
Welcome among my pleasant smart.

THE LOVER TO HIS BED, WITH DESCRIBING OF HIS
UNQUIET STATE.

THE restful place, renewer of my smart,
The labours' salve, increasing my sorrow;
The body's ease, and troubler of my heart;
Quieter of mind, mine unquiet foe,

Forgetter of pain, rememb'rer of my woe;
The place of sleep, wherein I do but wake,
Besprent with tears, my bed, I thee forsake.

The frosty snows may not redress my heat,
Nor heat of sun abate my fervent cold.
I know nothing to ease my pain so great;
Each cure causeth increase by twenty fold,
Renewing cares upon my sorrows old.
Such overthwart effects, in me they make,
Besprent with tears, my bed for to forsake.

But all for nought; I find no better ease
In bed, or out. This most causeth my pain;
Where I do seek how best that I may please,
My lost labour, alas! is all in vain.
My heart once set, I cannot it refrain:
No place from me my grief away can take,
Wherefore with tears, my bed, I thee forsake.

COMPARISON OF LOVE TO A STREAM FALLING FROM
THE ALPS.

From these high hills, as when a spring doth fall,
It trilleth down with still and subtle course;
Of this and that it gathers aye, and shall,
Till it have just down flowed to stream and force;
Then at the foot it rageth over all.
So fareth love; when he hath ta'en a source,
Rage is his rain; resistance 'vaileth none:
The first eschew, is remedy alone.

WYATT'S COMPLAINT UPON LOVE TO REASON,
WITH LOVE'S ANSWER.

MINE old dear en'my, my froward master,
Afore that Queen I caus'd to be accited,
Which holdeth the divine part of our nature;
That like as gold, in fire he ^b might be tried.
Charged with dolour, there I me presented
With horrible fear, as one that greatly dreadeth
A wrongful death, and justice alway seeketh.

And thus I said: "Once my left foot, Madàme,
"When I was young, I set within his reign;
"Whereby, other than ^cfiery burning flame
"I never felt, but many a grievous pain.
"Torment I suff'red, anger and disdain,
"That mine oppressed patience was past,
"And I mine own life hated at the last.

"Thus hitherto have I my time passed
"In pain and smart; what ways profitable?
"How many pleasant days have me escaped?
"In serving this false liar, so deceivable.
"What wit have words so prest and forcible,
"That may contain my great mishappiness,
"And just complaints of his ungentleness!

^b mought.

^c fyrely.

“ So small honey, much aloes, and gall,
“ In bitterness, my blind life hath y-tasted.
“ His false semblance, that turneth as a ball,
“ With fair and amorous dance, made me be traced;
“ And where I had my thought, and mind arased,
“ From earthly frailness, and from vain pleasure,
“ Me from my rest he took, and set in errour.

“ God made he me regard less than I ought,
“ And to myself to take right little heed.
“ And for a woman have I set at nought
“ All other thoughts, in this only to speed;
“ And he was only counsellor of this deed:
“ Whetting always my youthly frail desire,
“ On cruel whetstone, tempered with fire.

“ But, oh! alas, where had I ever wit,
“ Or other gift, given to me of nature?
“ That sooner shall be changed my wearied sprite,
“ Than the obstinate will, that is my ruler.
“ So robbeth he my freedom with displeasure,
“ This wicked traitor, whom I thus accuse;
“ That bitter, life hath turn'd in pleasant use.

“ He hath me hasted through divers regions,
“ Through desert woods, and sharp high mountains,
“ Through froward people, and through bitter passions,
“ Through rocky seas, and over hills and plains,
“ With weary travel, and with laborious pains;
“ Always in trouble and in tediousness,
“ All in errour, and dangerous distress.

" But ^d neither he, nor she, my tother foe,
 " For all my flight did ever me forsake;
 " That though my timely death hath been too slow,
 " That me as yet it hath not overtake,
 " The heavenly gods of pity do it slake;
 " And note they this his cruel tyranny,
 " That feeds him with my care and misery.

" Since I was his, hour rested I never,
 " Nor look to do; and eke the wakey nights,
 " The banished sleep may in no wise recover:
 " By guile and force, over my thrall'd sprites
 " He is ruler; since which, bell never strikes,
 " That I hear not as sounding to renew
 " My plaints. Himself he knoweth that I say true.

" For never worms old rotten stock have eaten,
 " As he my heart, where he is resident;
 " And doth the same with death daily threaten:
 " Thence come the tears, and thence the bitter torment,
 " The sighs, the words, and eke the languishment,
 " That 'noy both me, and peradventure other;
 " Judge thou, that knowest the one, and eke the tother."

Mine adversair, with such grievous reproof,
 Thus he began; " Hear, Lady, th' other part:
 " That the plain truth, from which he draweth aloof,
 " This unkind man may shew, ere that I part.
 " In his young age I took him from that art,
 " That selleth words, and makes a clattering knight,
 " And of my wealth I gave him the delight.

“ Now shames he not on me for to complain,
“ That held him evermore, in pleasant ^e game,
“ From his desire, that might have been his pain:
“ Yet thereby alone I brought him to some frame,
“ Which now as wretchedness he doth so blame.
“ And toward honour quick’ned I his wit,
“ Whereas a daskard else he ^f might have sit.

“ He knoweth how great Atride, that made Troy freat;
“ And Hannibal, to Rome so troubelous;
“ Whom Homer honoured, Achilles that great;
“ And th’ African Scipion the famous;
“ And many other, by much honour glorious,
“ Whose fame and acts did lift them up above,
“ I did let fall in base dishonest love.

“ And unto him, though he unworthy were,
“ I chose the best of many a million;
“ That under sun yet never was her peer,
“ Of wisdom, womanhood, and of discretion;
“ And of my grace I gave her such a fashion,
“ And eke such way I taught her for to teach,
“ That never base thought his heart so high might reach.

“ Evermore thus to content his mistress,
“ That was his only frame of honesty,
“ I stirred him still toward gentleness,
“ And caus’d him to regard fidelity;
“ Patience I taught him in adversity:
“ Such virtues learned he in my great school,
“ Whereof repenteth now the ignorant fool.

^e gaine; *game*.^f mought.

- “ These were the same deceits, and bitter gall,
“ That I have used, the torment and the anger,
“ Sweeter than ever did to other fall.
“ Of right good seed, ill fruit, lo! thus I gather;
“ And so shall he that the unkind doth further.
“ A serpent nourish I under my wing,
“ And now of nature ginneth he to sting.
- “ And for to tell at last my great service;
“ From thousand dishonesties have I him drawn,
“ That, by my means, him in no manner wise
“ Never vile pleasure once hath overthrown:
“ Where, in his deed, shame hath him always gnawn,
“ Doubting report that should come to her ear:
“ Whom now he blames, her wonted he to fear.
- “ Whatever he hath of any honest custòm,
“ Of her and me, that holds he every whit.
“ But, lo! yet never was there nightly phantom
“ So far in errour, as he is from his wit,
“ To plain on us: he striveth with the bit,
“ Which may rule him, and do him ease, and pain;
“ And in one hour make all his grief his gain.
- “ But one thing yet there is above all other;
“ I gave him wings, wherewith he might up-fly
“ To honour and fame, and if he would, to higher
“ Than mortal things, above the starry sky;
“ Considering the pleasure, that an eye
“ Might give in earth, by reason of the love,
“ What should that be, that lasteth still above?

"And he the same himself hath said ere this;
 "But now, forgotten is both that, and I
 "That gave her him, his only wealth and bliss."
 And at this word, with deadly shriek and cry;
 "Thou gave her once," ^gquoth I, "but by and by
 "Thou took her ^hagain from me, that woe-worth thee."
 "Not I, but price, more worth than thou," ⁱquoth he.

At last, each other for himself concluded;
 I trembling still; but he, with small reverence;
 "Lo! thus, as we each other have accused,
 "Dear lady, now we wait thine only sentence."
 She, smiling at the whisted audience;
 "It liketh me," ^kquoth she, "to have heard your question,
 "But ^llonger time doth ask a resolution."

THE LOVER'S SORROWFUL STATE MAKETH HIM WRITE
 SORROWFUL SONGS, BUT SOUCH, HIS LOVE, MAY
 CHANGE THE SAME.

MARVEL no more although
 The songs I sing do moan;
 For other life than woe,
 I never proved none.
 And in my heart also
 Is graven, with letters deep,
 A thousand sighs and mo,
 A flood of tears to weep.

^g quod.^h ayen.ⁱ quod.^k quod.^l lenger.

SONGS AND SONNETS.

How may a man in smart
Find matter to rejoice?
How may a mourning heart
Set forth a pleasant voice?
Play who so can that part,
Needs must in me appear,
How fortune overthwart,
Doth cause my mourning cheer.

Perdie! there is no man,
If he saw never sight,
That ⁿ perfectly tell can
The nature of the light.
Alas! how should I than,
That never taste but sour,
But do as I began;
Continually to low'r.

But yet perchance some chance
May chance to change my tune;
And when, Souch, chance doth chance,
Then shall I thank fortune.
And if I have, Souch, chance,
Perchance ere it be long,
For, Souch, a pleasant chance,
To sing some pleasant song.

ⁿ perfily.

THE LOVER COMPLAINETH HIMSELF
FORSAKEN.

WHERE shall I have, at mine own will,
Tears to complain? where shall I fet
Such sighs, that I may sigh my fill,
And then again my plaints repeat?

For though my plaint shall have none end,
My tears cannot suffice my woe:
To moan my harm, have I no friend;
For fortune's friend, is mishap's foe.

Comfort, God wot, else have I none,
But in the wind to waste my words;
Nought moveth you my deadly moan,
But still you turn it into bourds.

I speak not now to move your heart,
That you should rue upon my pain;
The sentence given may not revert:
I know such labour were but vain.

But since that I for you, my dear,
Have lost that thing, that was my best;
A right small loss it must appear,
To °lose these words, and all the rest.

But though they sparkle in the wind,
Yet shall they shew your falsed faith,
Which is returned to his kind;
For like to like, the proverb saith.

Fortune and you did me advance;
Methought I swam, and could not drown:
Happiest of all, but my mischance
Did lift me up, to throw me down.

And you with her, of cruelty,
Did set your foot upon my neck,
Me, and my welfare, to oppress;
Without offence your heart to wreke.

Where are your pleasant words, alas!
Where is your faith! your stedfastness?
There is no more, but all doth pass;
And I am left all comfortless.

But since so much it doth you grieve,
And also me, my wretched life;
Have here my troth: nought shall relieve,
But death alone, my wretched strife.

Therefore farewell, my life, my death,
My gain, my loss, my salve, my sore;
Farewell also, with you, my breath!
For I am gone for evermore.

OF HIS LOVE, THAT PRICKED HER FINGER WITH
A NEEDLE.

SHE sat and sewed, that hath done me the wrong
Whereof I plain, and have done many a day;
And whilst she heard my plaint in piteous song,
She wish'd my heart the sampler, that it lay.
The blind master, whom I have served so long,
Grudging to hear, that he did hear her say,
Made her own weapon do her finger bleed,
To feel if pricking were so good in deed.

OF THE SAME.

WHAT man hath heard such cruelty before!
That, when my plaint remember'd her my woe
That caused it, she, cruel more and more,
Wished each stitch, as she did sit and sew,
Had prick'd my heart, for to increase my sore;
And, as I think, she thought it had been so;
For as she thought; "This is his heart indeed,"
She pricked hard, and made herself to bleed.

REQUEST TO CUPID FOR REVENGE OF HIS UNKIND LOVE.

BEHOLD, Love! thy power how she despiseth;
My grievous pain, how little she regardeth:
The solemn oath, whereof she takes no cure,
Broken she hath, and yet she bideth sure,

Right at her ease, and little thee she dreadeth.

Weaponed thou art, and she unarmed sitteth;

To thee disdainful, all her life she leadeth;

To me spiteful, without just cause or measure.

Behold, Love! how proudly she triumpheth.

I am in hold, but if thee pity ^p moveth,

Go! bend thy bow, that stony hearts breaketh,

And with some stroke revenge the great displeasure

Of thee, and him that sorrow doth endure,

And, as his lord, thee lowly here intreateth.

COMPLAINT FOR TRUE LOVE UNREQUITED.

WHAT 'vaileth truth? or by it to take pain?

To strive by stedfastness for to attain

How to be just, and flee from doubleness?

Since all alike, where ruleth craftiness,

Rewarded is both crafty, false, and plain.

Soonest he speeds, that most can lie and feign.

True meaning heart is had in high disdain.

Against deceit and cloked doubleness,

What 'vaileth truth, or ^a perfect stedfastness?

Deceived is he, by false and crafty train,

That means no guile, and faithful doth remain,

Within thee trapt, without help or redress:

But for to love, lo! such a stern mistress,

Where cruelty dwells, alas! it were in vain.

THE LOVER THAT FLED LOVE, NOW FOLLOWS IT
WITH HIS HARM.

SOMETIME I fled the fire, that me so brent,
By sea, by land, by water, and by wind;
And now the coals I follow, that be quent,
From Dover to Calais, with willing mind.
Lo! how desire is both forth sprong, and spent!
And he may see, that whilom was so blind;
And all his labour laughs he now to scorn:
Meshed in the briers, that erst was only torn.

THE LOVER HOPETH OF BETTER CHANCE.

HE is not dead, that sometime had a fall!
The sun returns, that hid was under cloud;
And when Fortune hath spit out all her gall,
I trust, good luck to me shall be allow'd.
For I have seen a ship in haven fall,
After that storm hath broke both mast and shroud.
The willow eke, that stoopeth with the wind,
Doth rise again, and greater wood doth bind.

THE LOVER COMPARETH HIS HEART TO THE
OVER-CHARGED GUN.

THE furious gun, in his most raging ire,
When that the ^r ball is rammed in too sore,
And that the flame cannot part from the fire,
Cracks in sunder, and in the air do roar

The shivered pieces : so doth my desire,
 Whose flame increaseth aye from more, to more;
 Which to let out, I dare not look, nor speak:
 So inward force my heart doth all-to-break.

THE LOVER SUSPECTED OF CHANGE, PRAYETH THAT IT
 BE NOT BELIEVED AGAINST HIM.

ACCUSED though I be, without desert,
 Sith none can prove, believe it not for true;
 For never yet, since that you had my heart,
 Intended I to false, or be untrue.
 Sooner I would of death sustain the smart,
 Than break one word of that I promised you:
 Accept therefore my service in good part.
 None is alive, that can ill tongues eschew;
 Hold them as false; and let not us depart
 Our friendship old, in hope of any new.
 Put not thy trust in such as use to feign,
 Except thou mind to put thy friend to pain.

THE LOVER ABUSED, RENOUNCETH LOVE.

My love to scorn, my service to retain,
 Therein, methought, you used cruelty,
 Since with good will I lost my liberty,

* * * * *

Might never woe yet cause me to refrain,
 But only this, which is extremity,
 To give me nought, alas! nor to agree,
 That as I was your man, I might remain.

But since that thus ye list to order me,
That would have been your servant true and fast,
Displease you not, my doting time is past;
And, with my loss, to leave I must agree.
For as there is a certain time to rage,
So is there time such madness to assuage.

THE LOVER PROFESSETH HIMSELF CONSTANT.

WITHIN my breast I never thought it gain,
Of gentle minds the freedom for to lose;
Nor in my heart sank never such disdain,
To be a forger, faults for to disclose.
Nor I cannot endure the truth to glose,
To set a gloss upon an earnest pain;
Nor I am not in number one of those
That list to blow, retreat to every train.

THE LOVER SENDETH HIS COMPLAINTS AND TEARS
TO SUE FOR GRACE.

PASS forth, my wonted cries,
Those cruel ears to perse,
Which in most hateful wise
Do still my complaints reverse.
Do you, my tears, also
So wet her barren heart,
That pity there may grow,
And cruelty depart.

SONGS AND SONNETS.

For though hard rocks among
 She seems to have been bred;
And of the tiger long
 Been nourished and fed;
Yet shall that nature change,
 If pity once win place;
Whom, as unknown and strange,
 She now away doth chase.

And as the water soft,
 Without forcing or strength,
Where that it falleth oft,
 Hard stones doth ^spierce at length;
So in her stony heart,
 My plaints at last shall grave;
And, rigour set apart,
 Win grant of that I crave.

Wherefore, my plaints, present
 Still so to her my suit,
As ye, through her assent,
 May bring to me some fruit.
And as she shall me prove,
 So bid her me regard;
And render love for love,
 Which is a just reward.

THE LOVER'S CASE CANNOT BE HIDDEN, HOWEVER
HE DISSEMBLE.

Your looks so often cast;
Your eyes so friendly roll'd;
Your sight fixed so fast,
Always one to behold:
Though hide it fain ye would,
It plainly doth declare,
Who hath your heart in hold,
And where good will ye bear.

Fain would ye find a cloak
Your brenning fire to hide,
Yet both the flame and smoke
Breaks out on every side.
Ye cannot love so guide,
That it no issue win;
Abroad needs must it glide,
That brennes so hot within.

For cause yourself do wink,
Ye judge all other blind,
And secret it you think,
Which every man doth find.
In waste oft spend ye wind,
Yourself in love to quit;
For agues of that kind
Will shew who hath the fit.

SONGS AND SONNETS.

Your sighs you fet from far,
 And all to wry your woe:
 Yet are ye ne'er the narre;
 Men are not blinded so.
 Deeply oft swear ye, no;
 But all those oaths are vain:
 So well your eye doth shew,
 Who puts your heart to pain.

Think not therefore to hide,
 That still itself betrays;
 Nor seek means to provide,
 To dark the sunny days.
 Forget those wonted ways,
 Leave off such frowning cheer;
 There will be found no stays,
 To stop a thing so clear.

THE LOVER PRAYETH 'NOT TO BE DISDAINED, REFUSED,
 MISTRUSTED, NOR FORSAKEN.

DISDAIN me not without desert,
 Nor leave me not so suddenly;
 Since well ye wot that in my heart
 I mean ye not but honestly.

Refuse me not without cause why,
 Nor^u think me not to be unjust;
 Since that by lot of fantasy,
 This careful knot needs knit I must.

^t not be; *not to be.*

^u for; *nor.*

Mistrust me not, though some there be,
That fain would spot my stedfastness;
Believe them not, since that ye see
The proof is not as they express.

Forsake me not, till I deserve,
Nor hate me not, till I offend;
Destroy me not, till that I swerve;
But since ye know what I intend.

Disdain me not, that am your own;
Refuse me not, that am so true;
Mistrust me not, till all be known;
Forsake me not now for no new.

THE LOVER LAMENTETH HIS ESTATE, WITH SUIT
FOR GRACE.

For want of will in woe I plain,
Under colour of soberness;
Renewing with my suit my pain,
My wan-hope with your stedfastness.
Awake! therefore of gentleness;
Regard at length, I you require,
My swelting pains of my desire.

Betimes who giveth willingly,
Redoubled thanks aye doth deserve;
And I that sue unfeignedly,
In fruitless hope, alas! do sterve.

How great my cause is for to swerve,
 And yet how stedfast is my suit:
 Lo! here ye see, where is the fruit.

As hound that hath his keeper lost,
 Seek I your presence to obtain;
 In which my heart delighteth most,
 And shall delight, though I be slain.
 You may release my band of pain;
 Loose then the care that makes me cry,
 For want of help, or else I die.

I die, though not incontinent,
 By process, yet consumingly,
 As wast of fire which doth relent,
 If you as wilful will deny.
 Wherefore cease of such cruelty,
 And take me wholly in your grace,
 Which lacketh will to change his place.

THE LOVER WAILETH HIS CHANGED JOYS.

I^x ever man might him ^yavant,
 Of fortune's friendly cheer,
 It was myself, I must it grant,
 For I have bought it dear.
 And dearly have I held also
 The glory of her name,
 In yielding her such tribute, lo!
 As did set forth her fame.

^x every; first 4^o ever.

^y avaunt.

Sometime I stood so in her grace,
That, as I would require,
Each joy I thought did me embrace,
That furthered my desire.
And all those pleasures, lo! had I
That fancy might support;
And nothing she did me deny
That was unto my comfort.

I had, what would you more, perdie!
Each grace that I did crave;
Thus Fortune's will was unto me
All thing that I would have.
But all too rathe, alas, the while!
She built on such a ground;
In little space too great a guile,
In her now have I found.

For she hath turned so her wheel,
That I, unhappy man,
May wail the time that I did feel,
Wherewith she fed me than.
For broken now are her behests,
And pleasant looks she gave;
And therefore now all my requests,
From peril cannot save.

Yet would I well it might appear
To her, my chief regard;
Though my deserts have been too dear
To merit such reward.

Since Fortune's will is now so bent
To plague me thus, poor man;
I must myself therewith content,
And bear it as I can.

TO HIS LOVE, THAT HAD GIVEN HIM ANSWER OF
REFUSAL.

THE answer that ye made to me, my dear,
When I did sue for my poor heart's redress,
Hath so appall'd my count'nance, and my cheer,
That in this case I am all comfortless;
Since I of blame no cause can well express.

I have no wrong, where I can claim no right;
Nought ta'en me fro, where I have nothing had:
Yet of my woe, I cannot so be quite,
Namely, since that another may be glad
With that, that thus in sorrow makes me sad.

Yet none can claim, I say, by former grant,
That knoweth not of any grant at all:
And by desert, I dare well make ^zavant,
Of faithful will, there is nowhere that shall
Bear you more truth, more ready at your call.

Now good then, call again that bitter word,
That touch'd your friend so near with pangs of pain;
And say, my dear, that it was said in bourd.
Late, or too soon, let it not rule the gain,
Wherewith free will doth true desert retain.

TO HIS LADY, CRUEL OVER HER YIELDEN LOVER.

SUCH is the course that nature's kind hath wrought,
 That snakes have time to cast away their stings :
 Against chain'd prisoners what need defence be sought!
 The fierce lion will hurt no yelden things.
 Why should such spite be nursed then by thy thought?
 Sith all these powers are prest under thy wings;
 And eke thou seest, and reason thee hath taught,
 What mischief malice many ways it brings.
 Consider eke, that spite availeth nought;
 Therefore this song thy fault to thee it sings.
 Displease thee not, for saying thus ^a my thought,
 Nor hate thou him from whom no hate forth springs :
 For furies that in hell be execrable,
 For that they hate, are made most miserable.

THE LOVER COMPLAINETH THAT DEADLY SICKNESS
CANNOT HELP HIS AFFECTION.

THE enemy of life, decayer of all kind,
 That with his cold withers away the green,
 This other night me in my bed did find,
 And offer'd me to rid my fever clean;
 And I did grant, so did despair me blind.
 He drew his bow, with arrows sharp and keen,
 And strake the place where Love had hit before,
 And drave the first dart deeper, more and more.

^a methought; *my thought*.

THE LOVER REJOICETH THE ENJOYING OF
HIS LOVE.

ONCE, as methought, Fortune me kiss'd,
And bade me ask what I thought best,
And I should have it as me list,
Therewith to set my heart in rest.

I asked but my lady's heart,
To have for evermore mine own;
Then at an end were all my smart,
Then should I need no more to moan.

Yet for all that a stormy blast
Had overturn'd this goodly day;
And Fortune seemed at the last,
That to her promise she said nay.

But like as one out of despair,
To sudden hope revived I:
Now Fortune sheweth herself so fair,
That I content me wondersly.

My most desire my hand may reach;
My will is alway at my hand;
Me need not long for to beseech
Her, that hath power me to command.

What earthly thing more can I crave?
What would I wish more at my will?
Nothing on earth more would I have,
Save that I have, to have it still.

For Fortune now hath kept her promess,
In granting me my most desire:
Of my sovereign I have redress;
And I content me with my hire.

THE LOVER COMPLAINETH THE UNKINDNESS OF
HIS LOVE.

My lute, awake! perform the last
Labour, that thou and I shall waste,
And end that I have now begun;
And when this song is sung and past,
My lute! be still, for I have done.

As to be heard where ear is none;
As lead, to grave in marble stone;
My song may pierce her heart as soon:
Should we then sigh, or sing, or moan?
No, no, my lute! for I have done.

The rocks do not so cruelly
Repulse the waves continually,
As she my suit and affection;
So that I am past remedy:
Whereby my lute and I have done.

SONGS AND SONNETS.

Proud of the spoil that thou hast got
Of simple hearts, through Lovè's shot,
By whom, unkind, thou hast them won;
Think not he hath his bow forgot,
Although my lute and I have done.

Vengeance shall fall on thy disdain,
That makest but game on earnest pain.
Think not alone under the sun,
Unquit to cause thy lovers plain,
Although my lute and I have done.

May chance thee lie wither'd, and old,
In winter nights that are so cold,
Plaining in vain unto the moon:
Thy wishes then dare not be told;
Care then who list! for I have done.

And then may chance thee to repent
The time that thou hast lost and spent,
To cause thy lovers sigh, and swoon:
Then shalt thou know beauty but lent,
And wish, and want, as I have done.

Now cease, my lute! this is the last
Labour, that thou and I shall waste,
And ended is that we begun;
Now is this song both sung and past:
My lute! be still, for I have done.

HOW BY A KISS HE FOUND BOTH HIS LIFE AND DEATH.

NATURE, that gave the bee so feat a grace,
To find honey of so wondrous fashion,
Hath taught the spider, out of the same place
To fetch poison, by strange alteration.
Though this be strange, it is a stranger case,
With one kiss, by secret operation,
Both these at once, in those your lips to find;
In change whereof, I leave my heart behind.

THE LOVER DESCRIBETH HIS BEING TAKEN WITH
SIGHT OF HIS LOVE.

UNWARILY so was never no man caught,
With stedfast look upon a goodly face,
As I of late; for suddenly, methought,
My heart was torn out of his place.

Thorough mine eye the stroke from hers did slide,
And down directly to my heart it ran;
In help whereof the blood thereto did glide,
And left my face both pale and wan.

Then was I like a man for woe amazed;
Or like the fowl that fleeth into the fire;
For while that I upon her beauty gazed,
The more I burn'd in my desire.

SONGS AND SONNETS.

Anon the blood start in my face again,
Inflam'd with heat, that it had at my heart;
And brought therewith, throughout in every vein,
A quaking heat with pleasant smart.

Then was I like the straw, when that the flame
Is driven therein, by force and rage of wind.
I cannot tell, alas! what I shall blame,
Nor what to seek, nor what to find.

But well I wot the grief doth hold me sore,
In heat and cold, betwixt both hope and dread;
That, but her help to health do me restore,
This restless life I may not lead.

TO HIS LOVER, TO LOOK UPON HIM.

ALL in thy look my life doth whole depend;
Thou hidest thyself, and I must die therefore.
But since thou mayst so easily help thy friend,
Why dost thou stick to salve that thou madest sore?
Why do I die, since thou mayst me defend?
And if I die, thy life may last no more;
For each by other doth live and have relief;
I in thy look, and thou most in my grief.

THE LOVER EXCUSETH HIM OF WORDS, WHEREWITH
HE WAS UNJUSTLY CHARGED.

PERDIE! I said it not,
Nor never thought to do :
As well as I, ye wot
I have no power thereto.
And if I did, the lot
That first did me enchain,
May never slake the knot,
But straight it to my pain.

And if I did, each thing
That may do harm or woe,
Continually may wring,
My heart where so I go.
Report may always ring
Of shame on me for aye,
If in my heart did spring
The words that you do say.

And if I did, each star
That is in heaven above
May frown on me, to mar
The hope I have in love.
And if I did, such war
As they brought unto Troy,
Bring all my life as far
From all his lust, and joy.

SONGS AND SONNETS.

And if I did so say,
The beauty that me bound,
Increase from day to day,
More cruel to my wound.
With all the moan that may,
To plaint may turn my song;
My life may soon decay,
Without redress by wrong.

If I be clear from thought,
Why do you then complain?
Then is this thing but sought
To turn my heart to pain.
Then this that you have wrought,
You must it now redress;
Of right therefore you ought
Such rigour to repress.

And as I have deserved,
So grant me now my hire;
You know I never swerved,
You never found me liar.
For Rachel have I served,
For Leah car'd I never;
And her I have reserved
Within my heart for ever.

OF SUCH AS HAD FORSAKEN HIM.

Lux, my fair falcon, and thy fellows all,
 How well pleasant it were your liberty!
 Ye not forsake me, that fair ^a might you fall:
 But they, that sometime liked my company,
 Like lice away from dead bodies they crawl;
 Lo! what a proof in light adversity.
 But ye, my birds, I swear by all your bells,
 Ye be my friendès, and very few ^b else.

A DESCRIPTION OF SUCH A ONE AS HE WOULD LOVE.

A FACE that should content me wonderous well,
 Should not be fair, but lovely to behold;
 Of lively look, all grief for to repel.
 With right good grace so would I that it should
 Speak without word, such words as none can tell:
 Her tress also, should be of crisped gold.
 With wit, and these, perchance I might be try'd;
 And knit again with knot, that should not slide.

HOW ^cIMPOSSIBLE IT IS TO FIND QUIET
IN LOVE.

EVER my hap is slack, and slow in coming;
 Desire increasing aye, my hope uncertaìn,
 With doubtful love, that but increaseth pain;
 For, tiger like, so swift it is in parting.

^a mought.^b elles.^c impossible.

Alas! the snow black shall it be, and scalding,
 The sea waterless, and fish upon the mountain,
 The ^dThames shall back return into his fountain,
 And where he rose, the sun shall take his lodging,
 Ere I in this find peace or quietness;
 Or that Love, or my Lady, right-wisely,
 Leave to conspire against me wrongfully.
 And if I have, after such bitterness,
 One drop of sweet, my mouth is out of taste;
 That all my trust and travail is but waste.

OF LOVE, FORTUNE, AND THE LOVER'S MIND.

Love, Fortune, and my Mind, which do remember
 Eke that is now, and that, that once hath ben,
 Torment my heart so sore, that very often
 I hate and envy them beyond all measure.
 Love ^eslay'th my heart, while Fortune ^fis depriver
 Of all my comfort; the foolish mind than
 Burneth and plain'th, as one that very sildam
 Liveth in rest: so still in displeasure
 My pleasant days they fleet away, and pass;
 And daily doth mine ill change to the worse,
 While more than half is run now of my course.
 Alas! not of steel, but of brittle glass,
 I see that from my hand falleth my trust;
 And all my thoughts are dashed into dust.

^d Temis.^e sleeth.^f his; *is*.

THE LOVER PRAYETH HIS OFF'RED HEART TO BE
RECEIVED.

How oft have I, my dear and cruel foe,
With my great pain to get some peace or truce,
Given you my heart; but you do not use,
In so high things, to cast your mind so low.
If any other look for it, as you trow,
Their vain weak hope doth greatly them abuse;
And that thus I disdain, that you refuse.
It was once mine, it can no more be so.
If you it chase, that it in you can find,
In this exile, no manner of comfort,
Nor live alone, nor where he is call'd resort;
He may wander from his natural kind.
So shall it be great hurt unto us twain,
And yours the loss, and mine the deadly pain.

THE LOVER'S LIFE COMPARED TO THE ALPS.

LIKE unto these unmeasurable mountains,
So is my painful life, the burden of ire;
For high be they, and high is my desire;
And I of tears, and they be full of fountains.
Under craggy rocks they have barren plains;
Hard thoughts in me my woful mind doth tire.
Small fruit and many leaves their tops do attire;
With small effect great trust in me remains.

The boistous winds oft their high boughs do blast;
 Hot sighs in me continually be shed.
 Wild beasts in them, fierce love in me is fed;
 Unmovable am I, and they stedfast.
 Of singing birds, they have the tune and note;
 And I always plaints passing through my throat.

CHARGING OF HIS LOVE AS UNPITEOUS, AND LOVING OTHER.

If amorous faith, or if an heart unfeigned;
 A sweet languor, a great lovely desire;
 If honest will kindled in gentle fire;
 If long error, in a blind maze chained:
 If in my visage each thought distained;
 Or if my sparkling voice, lower or higher,
 Which fear and shame so woefully doth tire;
 If pale colour, which love, alas! hath stained:
 If to have another, than myself more dear;
 If wailing or sighing continually,
 With sorrowful anger feeding busily:
 If burning far off, and if freezing near,
 Are cause that I by love myself destroy,
 Yours is the fault, and mine the great annoy.

A RENOUNCING OF LOVE.

FAREWELL Love! and all thy laws, for ever;
 Thy baited hooks shall tangle me no more:
 Senec, and Plato, call me from thy lore,
 To ^ε perfect wealth my wit for to endeavour.

In blind errour when I did persever,
Thy sharp repulse, that pricketh aye so sore,
Taught me in trifles that I set no store,
But scape forth thence, since liberty is lever.
Therefore farewell! go, trouble younger hearts,
And in me claim no more authority.
With idle youth go, use thy property,
And thereon spend thy many brittle darts;
For, hitherto though I have lost my time,
Me list no ^h longer rotten boughs to clime.

THE LOVER FORSAKETH HIS UNKIND LOVE.

My heart I gave thee, not to do it pain,
But to preserve, lo! it to thee was taken.
I served thee, not that I should be forsaken,
But that I should receive reward again.
I was content thy servant to remain,
And not to be repayed on this fashion.
Now since in thee there is none other reason,
Displease thee not if that I do refrain;
Unsatiated of my woe, and thy desire!
Assured by craft for to excuse thy fault!
But since it pleaseth thee to feign default,
Farewell! I say, departing from the fire.
For he that doth believe, bearing in hand,
Plougheth in the water, and soweth in the sand.

THE LOVER DESCRIBETH HIS RESTLESS STATE.

THE flaming sighs that boil within my breast,
Sometime break forth, and they can well declare
The heart's unrest, and how that it doth fare,
The pain thereof, the grief, and all the rest.
The water'd eyen from whence the tears do fall,
Do feel some force, or else they would be dry:
The wasted flesh of colour dead can try,
And sometime tell what sweetness is in gall.
And he that lust to see, and to discern,
How care can force within a wearied mind,
Come he to me; I am that place assign'd.
But for all this no force, it doth no harm;
The wound, alas! hap in some other place,
From whence no tool away the scar can raze.
But you, that of such like have had your part,
Can best be judge; wherefore, my friend so dear,
I thought it good my state should now appear
To you, and that there is no great desart.
And whereas you, in weighty matters great,
Of fortune saw the shadow, that you know,
For trifling things I now am stricken so,
That though I feel my heart doth wound and beat:
I sit alone, save on the second day
My fever comes, with whom I spend my time
In burning heat, while that she list assign.
And who hath health and liberty alway,
Let him thank God, and let him not provoke,
To have the like of this my painful stroke.

THE LOVER LAMENTS THE DEATH OF HIS LOVE.

THE pillar perish'd is whereto I leant;
The strongest stay of mine unquiet mind:
The like of it, no man again can find,
From east to west still seeking though he went.
To mine unhap, for, hap away hath rent,
Of all my joy the very bark and rind;
And I, alas! by chance am thus assign'd,
Daily to mourn, till death do it relent.
But since that thus it is by destiny,
What can I more but have a woful heart;
My pen in plaint, my voice in careful cry,
My mind in woe, my body full of smart,
And I myself, myself always to hate;
Till dreadful death do ease my doleful state.

THE LOVER SENDETH SIGHS TO MOAN HIS SUIT.

Go, burning sighs! unto the frozen heart;
Go! break the ice, ⁱ which pity's painful dart
Might never pierce; and if that mortal prayer
In heaven be heard, at least, yet I desire,
That death, or mercy, end my woful smart.
Take with thee pain, whereof I have my part,
And eke the flame, from which I cannot start,
And leave me then in rest, I you require.
Go, burning sighs! fulfil that I desire.
I must go work, I see, by craft and art,
For truth and faith in her is laid apart;

ⁱ with; which, 1574.

Alas ! I cannot therefore now assail her
With pitiful complaint and scalding fièr,
That from my breast deceivably doth start.

COMPLAINT OF THE ABSENCE OF HIS LOVE.

So feeble is the thread" that doth the burden stay
Of my poor life, in heavy plight," that falleth in decay;
That but it have elsewhere" some aid or some succours,
The running spindle of my fate" anon shall end his course.
For since th' unhappy hour" that did me to depart
From my sweet weal, one only hope" hath stayed my life apart;
Which doth persuade such words" unto my sored mind;
"Maintain thyself, O woful wight," some better luck to find.
"For though thou be deprived" from thy desired sight,
"Who can thee tell, if thy return" be for thy more delight:
"Or, who can tell, thy loss" if thou mayst once recover
"Some pleasant hour thy woe may wrap," and thee defend and cover."
Thus in this trust as yet," it hath my life sustained;
But now, alas ! I see it faint," and I by trust am trained.

The time doth fleet, and I" see how the hours do bend,
So fast, that I have scant the space" to mark my coming end.
Westward the sun from out" the east scant shews his light,
When in the west he hies him straight," within the dark of night;
And comes as fast, where he" began his path awry,
From east to west, from west to east," so doth his journey lie.
The life so short, so frail," that mortal men live here,
So great a weight, so heavy charge," the bodies that we bear;
That when I think upon" the distance and the space,
That doth so far divide me from" my dear desired face;

I know not how t' attain" the wings that I require,
 To lift me up that I might fly," to follow my desire.
 Thus of that hope that doth" my life something sustain,
 Alas! I fear, and partly feel," full little doth remain.

Each place doth bring me grief," where I do not behold
 Those lively eyes, which of my thoughts" were wont the keys to hold.
 Those thoughts were pleasant sweet," whilst I enjoy'd that grace;
 My pleasure past, my present pain," when I might well embrace.
 And for because my want" should more my woe increase,
 In watch and sleep, both day and night," my will doth never cease
 That thing to wish, whereof," since I did ^klose the sight,
 Was never thing that ^lmight in ought" my woful heart delight.
 Th' uneasy life I lead" doth teach me for to mete
 The floods, the seas, the land, the hills," that doth them entermete
 'Tween me, and those shene lights," that wonted for to clear
 My darked pangs of cloudy thoughts," as bright as Phœbus' sphere.
 It teacheth me also" what was my pleasant state;
 The more to feel by such record" how that my wealth doth bate.

If such record, alas!" provoke th' inflamed mind,
 Which sprong that day that I did leave" the best of me behind;
 If Love forget himself," by length of absence let,
 Who doth me guide, O woful wretch!" unto this baited net,
 Where doth increase my care;" much better were for me
 As dumb as stone, all thing forgot," still absent for to be.
 Alas! the clear crystal," the bright transplendent glass,
 Doth not bewray the colours hid" which underneath it has,
 As doth th' accumbred sprite" the thoughtful throes discover,
 Of ⁿ fierce delight, of fervent love," that in our hearts we cover.

^k lese.^l mought.ⁿ feares; fierce.

Out by these eyes it sheweth," that evermore delight,
In plaint and tears to seek redress," and eke both day and night.

Those kinds of pleasures most" wherein men so rejoice,
To me they do redouble still" of stormy sighs the voice.

For I am one of them" whom plaint doth well content,
It fits me well, mine absent wealth," meseems, for to lament.

And with my tears t' assay" to charge mine eyes twain,
Like as my heart above the brink," is fraughted full of pain.

And for because, thereto," that those fair eyes to treat
Do me provoke, I will return," my plaint thus to repeat.

For there is nothing else" so toucheth me within;
Where they rule all, and I alone," nought but the case, or skin.

Wherefore I shall return" to them, as well, or spring,
From whom descends my mortal woe," above all other thing.

So shall mine eyes in pain" accompany my heart,
That were the guides that did it lead," of love to feel the smart.

The crisped gold that doth" surmount Apollo's pride;
The lively streams of pleasant stars," that under it doth glide;

Wherein the beams of love" do still increase their heat,
Which yet so far, touch me so near," in cold to make me sweat;

The wise and pleasant talk," so rare, or else alone,
That gave to me the ° courteous gift," that erst had never none,

Be far from me, alas!" and every other thing
I might forbear with better will" than this, that did me bring,

With pleasant word and cheer," redress of lingered pain,
And wonted oft, in kindled will," to virtue me to train.

Thus am I forc'd to hear," and hearken after news;
My comfort scant, my large desire" in doubtful trust renews.

And yet with more delight" to moan my woful case,
 I must complain those hands, those arms," that firmly do embrace
 Me from myself, and rule" the stern of my poor life;
 The sweet disdains, the pleasant wraths," and eke the lovely strife,
 That wonted well to tune" in temper just and meet
 The rage, that oft did make me err," by furor ^p indiscreet.
 All this is hid fro me" with sharp and ragged hills;
 At others' will my long abode," my deep despair fulfils.
 And if my hope sometime" rise up by some redress,
 It stumbleth straight for feeble faint," my fear hath such excess.
 Such is the sort of hope," the less for more desire;
 And yet I trust, ere that I die," to see that I require,
 The resting-place of love," where virtue dwells and grows:
 There I desire my weary life" sometime may take repose.

My Song! thou shalt attain" to find that pleasant place,
 Where she doth live, by whom I live:" may chance to have this grace,
 When she hath read and seen" the grief wherein I serve,
 Between her breasts she shall thee put," there shall she thee reserve.
 Then tell her that I come;" she shall me shortly see;
 And if for weight the body fail," the soul shall to her flee.

THE LOVER BLAMETH HIS LOVE FOR RENTING OF THE
 LETTER HE SENT HER.

SUFFICED not, Madàme, that you did tear
 My woful heart, but thus also to rent
 The weeping paper that to you I sent,
 Whereof each letter was written with a tear?

Could not my present pains, alas! suffice
Your greedy heart? and that my heart doth feel
Torments, that prick more sharper than the steel,
But new and new must to my lot arise?

Use then my death: so shall your cruelty,
Spite of your spite, rid me from all my smart;
And I no more, such torments of the heart
Feel, as I do: this shall you gain thereby.

THE LOVER CURSETH THE TIME WHEN FIRST HE FELL
IN LOVE.

WHEN first mine eyes did view and mark
Thy fair beauty to behold;
And when my ears listned to hark
The pleasant words that thou me told;
I would as then I had been free
From ears to hear, and eyes to see.

And when my lips gan first to move,
Whereby my heart to thee was known;
And when my tongue did talk of love
To thee, that hast true love down thrown;
I would my lips, and tongue also,
Had then been dumb, no deal to go.

And when my hands have handled ought
That thee hath kept in memory;
And when my feet have gone, and sought
To find, and get thy company;

I would each hand a foot had been,
And I each foot, a hand had seen.

And when in mind I did consent
To follow this my fancy's will;
And when my heart did first relent
To taste such bait, my life to spill;
I would my heart had been as thine;
Or else thy heart, had been as mine.

THE LOVER DETERMINETH TO SERVE FAITHFULLY.

SINCE Love will needs that I shall love,
Of very force I must agree;
And since no chance may it remove,
In wealth and in adversity;
I shall alway myself apply,
To serve, and suffer patiently.

Though for good will I find but hate,
And cruelty, my life to waste;
And though that still a wretched state
Should pine my days unto the last;
Yet I profess it, willingly,
To serve, and suffer patiently.

For since my heart is bound to serve,
And I not ruler of mine own;
Whatso befall, till that I sterve,
By proof full well it shall be known,

That I shall still myself apply,
To serve, and suffer patiently.

Yea! though my grief find no redress,
But still increase before mine eyes;
Though my reward be cruelty,
With all the harm, hap can devise;
Yet I profess it, willingly,
To serve, and suffer patiently.

Yea! though Fortune her pleasant face
Should shew, to set me up aloft;
And straight my wealth for to deface,
Should writhe away, as she doth oft;
Yet would I still myself apply,
To serve, and suffer patiently.

There is no grief, no smart, no woe,
That yet I feel, or after shall,
That from this mind may make me go;
And whatsoever me befall,
I do profess it, willingly,
To serve, and suffer patiently.

THE LOVER SUSPECTED, BLAMETH ILL TONGUES.

MISTRUSTFUL minds be moved
To have me in suspect;
The truth it shall be proved,
Which time shall once detect.

Though falsehood go about,
Of crime me to accuse;
At length I do not doubt,
But truth shall me excuse.

Such sauce, as they have served
To me without desart;
Even as they have deserved,
Thereof, God send them part.

THE LOVER COMPLAINETH, AND HIS LADY
COMFORTETH.

LOVER. It burneth yet, alas! my heart's desire.

LADY. What is the thing that hath inflam'd thy heart?

LOVER. A certain point, as fervent as the fire.

LADY. The heat shall cease, if that thou wilt convert.

LOVER. I cannot stop the fervent raging ire.

LADY. What may I do, if thyself cause thy smart?

LOVER. Hear my request, and rue my weeping cheer.

LADY. With right good will; say on, lo! I thee hear.

LOVER. That thing would I, that maketh two content.

LADY. Thou seekest, perchance, of me, that I may not.

LOVER. Would God! thou wouldst, as thou mayst well, assent.

LADY. That I may not, the grief is mine, God wot.

LOVER. But I it feel, whatso thy words have meant.

LADY. Suspect me not, my words be not forgot.

LOVER. Then say, alas! shall I have help or no?

LADY. I see no time to answer yea, but no.

LOVER. Say yea, dear heart, and stand no more in doubt.
LADY. I may not grant a thing that is so dear.
LOVER. Lo! with delays thou drives me still about.
LADY. Thou wouldest my death, it plainly doth appear.
LOVER. First may my heart his blood and life bleed out.
LADY. Then for my sake, alas! thy will forbear.
LOVER. From day to day thus wastes my life away.
LADY. Yet for the best, suffer some small delay.

LOVER. Now good, say yea; do once so good a deed.
LADY. If I said yea, what should thereof ensue?
LOVER. An heart in pain, of succour so should speed:
'Twixt yea and nay, my doubt shall still renew.
My sweet! say yea, and do away this dread.
LADY. Thou wilt needs so, be it so; but then be true.
LOVER. Nought would I else, nor other treasure none.
Thus hearts be won by love, request, and moan.

WHY LOVE IS BLIND.

OF purpose, Love chose first for to be blind;
For he with sight of that, that I behold,
Vanquish'd had been, against all godly kind.
His bow, your hand, and truss should have unfold,
And he with me to serve had been assign'd.
But, for he blind, and reckless would him hold,
And still, by chance, his deadly strokes bestow,
With such as see I serve, and suffer woe.

TO HIS UNKIND LOVE.

WHAT rage is this? what furor? of what kind?
What power, what plague, doth weary thus my mind?
Within my bones to rankle is assign'd,
What poison, pleasant, sweet?

Lo! see mine eyes flow with continual tears;
The body still away sleepless it wears;
My food nothing my fainting strength repairs,
Nor doth my limbs sustain.

In deep wide wound, the deadly stroke doth turn
To cureless scar, that never shall return.
Go to! triumph! rejoice thy goodly turn;
Thy friend thou dost oppress.

Oppress thou dost, and hast of him no cure,
Nor yet my plaint no pity can procure,
Fierce tiger fell! hard rock without recure!
Cruel rebel to love!

Once may thou love, never beloved again:
So love thou still, and not thy love obtain;
So wrathful love, with spites of just disdain,
May freat thy cruel heart.

THE LOVER BLAMETH HIS INSTANT DESIRE.

DESIRE, alas! my master, and my foe,
So sore altered thyself, how mayst thou see?
Sometime thou seekest, that drives me to and fro;
Sometime thou ledest, that leadeth thee and me.
What reason is to rule thy subjects so,
By forced law, and mutability?
For where by thee I doubted to have blame,
Even now, by hate, again I doubt the same.

THE LOVER COMPLAINETH HIS ESTATE.

I SEE that chance hath chosen me
Thus secretly to live in pain;
And to another given the fee,
Of all my loss to have the gain:
By chance assign'd, thus do I serve,
And other have that I deserve.

Unto myself sometime, alone,
I do lament my woful case;
But what availeth me to moan,
Since truth and pity hath no place
In them, to whom I sue and serve,
And other have that I deserve.

To seek by mean, to change this mind,
Alas! I prove it will not be;
For in my heart I cannot find
Once to refrain, but still agree;
As bound by force alway to serve,
And other have that I deserve.

Such is the fortune that I have,
To love them most, that love me lest;
And to my pain to seek, and crave
The thing, that other have possest:
So thus in vain alway I serve,
And other have that I deserve.

And till I may appease the heat,
If that my hap will hap so well,
To wail my woe my heart shall freat;
Whose pensive pain my tongue can tell:
Yet thus unhappy must I serve,
And other have that I deserve.

OF HIS LOVE, CALLED ANNA.

WHAT word is that, that changeth not,
Though it be turn'd and made in twain?
It is mine Anna, God it wot,
The only causer of my pain,
My love that meedeth with disdain;
Yet is it lov'd: what will you more?
It is my salve, and eke my sore.

THAT PLEASURE IS MIXED WITH EVERY PAIN.

VENEMOUS thorns, that are so sharp and keen,
Bear flowers, we see, full fresh and fair of hue.
Poison is also put in medicine,
And unto man his health doth oft renew.
The fire that all things eke consumeth clean,
May hurt and heal: then if that this be true,
I trust sometime my harm may be my health;
Since every woe is joined with some wealth.

A RIDDLE OF A GIFT GIVEN BY A LADY.

A LADY gave me a gift she had not;
And I received her gift which I took not;
She gave it me willingly, and yet she would not;
And I received it, albeit I could not.
If she give it me, I force not;
And if she take it again, she cares not;
Construe what this is, and tell not;
For I am fast sworn, I may not.

THAT SPEAKING OR PROFFERING BRINGS ALWAY SPEEDING.

SPEAK thou and speed, where will or power ought help'th;
Where power doth want, will must be won by wealth:
For need will speed, where will works not his kind;
And gain, thy foes thy friends shall cause thee find.
For, suit and gold, what do not they obtain?
Of good and bad the tryers are these twain.

HE RULETH NOT, THOUGH HE REIGN OVER REALMS,
THAT IS SUBJECT TO HIS OWN LUSTS.

If thou wilt mighty be, flee from the rage
Of cruel will; and see thou keep thee free
From the foul yoke of sensual bondage.
For though thine empire stretch to Indian sea,
And for thy fear trembleth the fard'st Thulè,
If thy desire have over thee the power,
Subjèct then art thou, and no governor.

If to be noble and high, thy mind be ⁹ moved,
Consider well thy ground, and thy beginning:
For he that hath each star in heaven fixed,
And gives the moon her horns, and her eclipsing,
Alike hath made thee noble in his working;
So that wretched no way may thou be,
Except foul lust and vice do conquer thee.

All were it so thou had a flood of gold,
Unto thy thirst yet should it not suffice;
And though with Indian stones, a thousand fold
More pre-ci-ous than can thyself devise,
Y-charged were thy back, thy covetise
And busy biting yet should never let
Thy wretched life, ne do thy death profet.

WHETHER LIBERTY BY LOSS OF LIFE, OR LIFE IN PRISON
AND THRALDOM, BE TO BE PREFERRED.

LIKE as the bird within the cage inclosed,
The door unsparred, her foe the hawk without,
'Twixt death and prison piteously oppressed,
Whether for to choose, standeth in doubt;
Lo! so do I, which seek to bring about,
Which should be best by determination;
By loss of life, liberty; or life by prison.

O mischief, by mischief to be redressed!
Where pain is best, there lieth but little pleasure.
By short death better to be delivered,
Than bide in painful life, thraldom, and dolour:
Small is the pleasure where much pain we suffer.
Rather therefore to choose me thinketh wisdom,
By loss of life liberty, than life by prison.

And yet, methinks, although I live and suffer,
I do but wait a time, and fortune's chance.
Oft many things do happen in one howèr:
That which opprest me now may me advance.
In time is trust, which by death's grievance
Is wholly lost. Then were it not reason
By death to choose liberty, and not life by prison.

But death were deliverance where life lengths pain.
Of these two ills, let see, now choose the best.
This bird to deliver, that here doth plain;
What say ye, lovers, which shall be the best?
In cage thralldom, or by the hawk opprest:
And which to choose, make plain conclusion;
By loss of life liberty, or life by prison.

AGAINST HOARDERS OF MONEY.

For shamefast harm of great and hateful need,
In deep despair, as did a wretch go,
With ready cord out of his life to speed,
His stumbling foot did find an hoard, lo!
Of gold, I say, where he prepar'd this deed,
And in exchange he left the cord tho.
He that had hid the gold, and found it not,
Of that he found, he shap'd his neck a knot.

DESCRIPTION OF A GUN.

VULCAN begat me; Minerva me taught;
Nature my mother; craft nourish'd me year by year.
Three bodies are my food; my strength is in nought:
Anger, wrath, waste, and noise, are my children dear.
Guess, friend, what I am, and how I am wrought;
Monster of sea or of land, or of elsewhere?
Know me, and use me, and I may thee defend;
And if I be thine en'my, I may thy life end.

WYATT BEING IN PRISON, TO BRYAN.

SIGHS are my food; my drink are my tears;
Clinking of fetters would such music crave:
Stink, and close air, away my life it wears;
Poor innocence is all the hope I have.
Rain, wind, or weather, judge I by mine ears;
Malice assaults that righteousness should have.
Sure am I, Bryan, this wound shall heal again;
But yet, alas! the scar shall still remain.

OF DISSEMBLING WORDS.

THROUGHOUT the world, if it were sought,
Fair words enough a man shall find;
They be good cheap; they cost right nought;
Their substance is but only wind:
But well to say, and so to mean,
That sweet accord is seldom seen.

OF THE MEAN AND SURE ESTATE.

STAND whoso list, upon the slipper wheel
Of high estate; and let me here rejoice,
And use my life in quietness each deal,
Unknown in court, that hath the wanton toys.
In hidden place my time shall slowly pass;
And when my years be past withouten noise,

Let me die old, after the common trace :

For gripes of death do he too hardly pass,

That known is to all, but to himself, alas !

He dieth unknown, dased with dreadful face.

THE COURTIER'S LIFE.

IN Court to serve, decked with fresh array,

Of sugred meats feeling the sweet repast ;

The life in banquets, and sundry kinds of play ;

Amid the ^rpress of worldly looks to waste,

Hath with it join'd oft-times such bitter taste,

That whoso joys such kind of life to hold,

In prison joys, fetter'd with chains of gold.

OF DISAPPOINTED PURPOSE BY NEGLIGENCE.

OF Carthage, he that worthy warrior,

Could overcome, but could not use his chance :

And I likewise, of all my long endeavour,

The sharp conquest, though fortune did advance,

Ne could I use ; the hold that is given over

I unpossess ; so hangeth now in balance

Of war, my peace ; reward of all my pain.

At Mountzon thus, I restless rest in Spain.

OF HIS RETURN FROM SPAIN.

TAGUS, farewell ! that westward with thy streams

Turns up the grains of gold already tried ;

^r prease.

R

SONGS AND SONNETS.

For I with spur and sail go seek the ^s Thames,
 Gainward the sun that sheweth her wealthy pride;
 And to the town that Brutus sought by dreams,
 Like bended moon that leans her lusty side.
 My King, my Country, I seek, for whom I live:
 O mighty Jove! the winds for this me give.

OF SUDDEN TRUSTING.

DRIVEN by desire, I did this deed,
 To danger myself without cause why;
 To trust th' untrue, not like to speed;
 To speak and promise faithfully.
 But now the proof doth verify,
 That, "whoso trusteth ere he know,
 "Doth hurt himself, and please his foe."

OF THE MOTHER THAT EAT HER CHILD AT THE SIEGE
OF JERUSALEM.

IN doubtful breast whiles motherly pity,
 With furious famine standeth at debate,
 The mother saith; "O child unhappy!
 "Return thy blood, where thou hadst milk of late.
 "Yield me those limbs that I made unto thee,
 "And enter there where thou wert generate;
 "For of one body, against all nature,
 "To another must I make sepulture."

^s Temmes.

OF THE MEAN AND SURE ESTATE, WRITTEN TO
JOHN POYNES.

My mother's maids, when they do sow and spin,
They sing a song made of the fieldish mouse;
That, for because her livelod was but thin,
Would needs go see her townish sister's house.
She thought herself endur'd to grievous pain;
The stormy blasts her cave so sore did souse,
That when the furrows swimm'd with the rain,
She must lie cold, and wet, in sorry plight;
And, worse than that, bare meat there did remain
To comfort her, when she her house had dight.
Sometime a barley corn, sometime a bean,
For which she laboured hard, both day and night,
In harvest time, while she might go and glean:
And when her store was 'stroyed with the flood,
Then well-away! for she undone was clean.
Then was she fain to take, instead of food,
Sleep if she might, her hunger to beguile.
"My sister,"^t quoth she, "hath a living good;
"And hence from me she dwelleth not a mile.
"In cold and storm, she lieth warm and dry,
"In bed of down; the dirt doth not defile
"Her tender foot; she labours not as I.
"Richly she feeds, and at the rich man's cost;
"And for her meat she needs not crave nor cry.
"By sea, by land, of delicates the most
"Her cater seeks, and spareth for no perel:
"She feeds on boil meat, bake meat, and on roast,

"And hath therefore no whit of charge nor travel.

"And, when she list, the liquor of the grape

"Doth glad her heart, till that her belly swell."

And at this journey makes she but a jape;

So forth she goes, trusting of all this wealth,

With her sister her part so for to shape,

That if she might there keep herself in health,

To live a lady while her life do last.

And to the door now is she come by stealth,

And with her foot anon she scrapes full fast.

Th' other, for fear, durst not well scarce appear,

Of every noise so was the wretch aghast.

At last, she asked softly, who was there,

And in her language, as well as she could.

"Peep," ^uquoth the other, "sister, I am here."

"Peace," ^xquoth the town-mouse, "why speakest thou so loud?"

And by the hand she took her fair, and well:

"Welcome," ^yquoth she, "my sister, by the rood."

She feasted her, that joy it was to tell

The fare they had; they drank the wine so clear,

And, as to purpose now and then it fell,

She cheer'd her with, "How, sister! what cheer!"

Amid this joy befel a sorry chance,

That, well-away! the stranger bought full dear

The fare she had; for, as she look'd askance,

Under a ^zstool she spied two steaming eyes

In a round head with sharp ears: in France

Was never mouse so fear'd, for the unwise

Had not y-seen such a beast before;

Yet had nature taught her after her guise

^u quod.

^x quod.

^y quod

^z stole.

To know her foe, and dread him evermore.

The town-mouse fled, she knew whither to go ;

The other had no shift, but wonders sore

Fear'd of her life, at home she wish'd her tho ;

And to the door, alas ! as she did skip,

The heaven it would, lo ! and eke her chance was so,

At the threshold her silly foot did trip,

And ere she might recover it again,

The traitor cat had caught her by the hip,

And made her there against her will remain,

That had forgot her poor surety, and rest,

For seeking wealth, wherein she thought to reign.

Alas ! my Poynes, how men do seek the best,

And find the worse, by errour as they stray !

And no marvel, when sight is so opprest,

And blinds the guide, anon out of the way

Goeth guide, and all, in seeking quiet life.

O wretched minds ! there is no gold that may

Grant that you seek, no war, no peace, no strife ;

No, no ! although thy head were hoop'd with gold.

Serjeant with mace, with halbert, sword, nor knife,

Cannot repulse the care that follow should.

Each kind of life hath with him his disease.

Live in delights, even as thy lust would,

And thou shalt find, when lust doth most thee please,

It irketh straight, and by itself doth fade.

A small thing is it, that may thy mind appease.

None of you all there is, that is so mad

To seek for grapes on brambles, or on briers :

Nor none I trow, that hath a wit so bad

To set his haye for conies over rivers;
 Nor ye set not a drag-net for an hare:
 And yet the thing that most is your desire,
 You do mis-seek, with more travail and care.
 Make plain thine heart, that it be not knotted
 With hope or dread; and see thy will be bare
 From all affects, whom vice hath never spotted.
 Thyself content with that is thee assign'd,
 And use it well that is to thee allotted.
 Then seek no more out of thyself to find
 The thing, that thou hast sought so long before;
 For thou shalt feel it sticking in thy mind,
 Mad,^a if ye list to continue your sore.
 Let present pass, and gape on time to come,
 And deep thyself in travail more and more.
 Henceforth, my Poynes, this shall be all and sum,
 These wretched fools shall have nought else of me:
 But to the great God, and to his doom,
 None other pain pray I for them to be,
 But, when the rage doth lead them from the right,
 That looking backward, Virtue they may see,
 Even as she is, so goodly, fair, and bright;
 And whilst they clasp their lusts in arms across,
 Grant them, good Lord, as thou mayst of thy might,
 To freat inward, for losing such a loss.

OF THE COURTIER'S LIFE, WRITTEN TO JOHN POYNES.

MINE own John Poynes, since ye delight to know
 The causes why that homeward I me draw,
 And flee the ^bpress of courts, where so they go,

^a made; first 4^o madde.

^b prease.

Rather than to live thrall under the awe
Of lordly looks, wrapped within my cloak,
To will, and lust, learning to set a law;
It is not, that because I scorn, or mock
The power of them, whom fortune here hath lent
Charge over us, of right to strike the stroke.
But true it is, that I have always meant
Less to esteem them than the common sort;
Of outward things that judge in their intent,
Without regard what inward doth resort.
I grant, sometime of glory that the fire
Doth touch my heart: me list not to report
Blame by honour, and honour to desire.
But how may I this honour now attain,
That cannot dye the colour black a liar?
My Poynes, I cannot frame my tune to feign;
To cloke the truth for praise, without desart,
Of them, that list all vice for to retain.
I cannot honour them that set their part
With Venus, and Bacchus, all their life long;
Nor hold my peace of them, although I smart.
I cannot crouch nor kneel to such a wrong,
To worship them, like God on earth alone,
That are as wolves these silly lambs among.
I cannot with my words complain, and moan,
And suffer nought; nor smart without complaint;
Nor turn the word that from my mouth is gone.
I cannot speak and look like as a saint;
Use wiles for wit, and make deceit a pleasure;
Call craft, counsel; for lucre still to paint.

I cannot wrest the law to fill the coffer,
 With innocent blood to feed myself fat,
 And do most hurt, where that most help I offer.

I am not he, that can allow the state
 Of high Cæsar, and damn Cato to die,
 That with his death did scape out of the gate,
From Cæsar's hands, if Livy doth not lie,
 And would not live where liberty was lost:
 So did his heart the common-wealth apply.

I am not he, such eloquence to boast,
 To make the crow in singing, as the swan;
 Nor call the lion of coward beasts the most,
That cannot take a mouse as the cat can:
 And he that dieth for hunger of the gold,
 Call him Alexander; and say that Pan
Passeth Apollo in music many fold:
 Praise Sir Topas for a noble tale,
 And scorn the story that the knight told:
Praise him for counsel that is drunk of ale;
 Grin when he laughs, that beareth all the sway;
 Frown when he frowns, and groan when he is pale;
On others' lust to hang both night and day.
 None of these points would ever frame in me:
 My wit is nought, I cannot learn the way.

And much the less of things that greater be,
 That asken help of colours, to devise
 To join the mean, with each extremity;
With nearest virtue aye to cloke the vice,
 And, as to purpose likewise it shall fall,
 To press the virtue that it may not rise.

As, drunkenness good fellowship to call;
The friendly foe, with his fair double face,
Say he s gentle, and courteous therewithal;
Affirm that favel hath a goodly grace
In eloquence; and cruelty to name
Zeal of justice, and change in time and place;
And he that suffereth offence without blame,
Call him pitiful; and him true and plain,
That railleth reckless unto each man's shame;
Say he is rude, that cannot lie and feign;
The lecher a lover; and tyranny
To be the right of a prince's reign.
I cannot, I, no, no! it will not be.
This is the cause that I could never yet
Hang on their sleeves that weigh, as thou mayst see,
A chip of chance, more than a pound of wit.
This maketh me at home to hunt, and hawk;
And in foul weather at my book to sit,
In frost and snow; then with my bow to stalk:
No man doth mark whereso I ride, or go.
In lusty leas at liberty I walk;
And of these news I feel nor weal, nor woe,
Save that a clog doth hang yet at my heel.
No force for that; for it is order'd so,
That I may leap both hedge and dyke full well.
I am not now in France to judge the wine;
With savoury sauce those delicacies to feel:
Nor yet in Spain, where one must him incline,
Rather than to be, outwardly to seem:
I meddle not with wits that be so fine.

Nor Flanders cheer lets not my sight to deem
Of black and white, nor takes my wits away
With beastliness; such do those beasts esteem.
Nor I am not, where truth is given in prey
For money, poison, and treason, of some
A common practice, used night and day;
But I am here in Kent and Christendom,
Among the Muses, where I read and rhyme:
Where if thou list, mine own John Poynes, to come,
Thou shalt be judge how I do spend my time.

HOW TO USE THE COURT, AND HIMSELF THEREIN:
WRITTEN TO SIR FRANCIS BRYAN.

A SPENDING hand, that alway poureth out,
Had need to have a bringer-in as fast:
And on the stone that still doth turn about,
There groweth no moss: these proverbs yet do last:
Reason hath set them in so sure a place,
That length of years their force can never waste.
When I remember this, and eke the case
Wherein thou stand'st, I thought forthwith to write,
Bryan, to thee, who knows how great a grace,
In writing is, to counsel man the right.
To thee therefore, that trots still up and down,
And never rests, but running day and night,
From realm to realm, from city, street, and town;
Why dost thou wear thy body to the bones?
And mightest at home sleep in thy bed of down,

And drink good ale so nappy, for the nones.
Feed thyself fat, and heap up pound by pound.
Likest thou not this? "No." Why? "For swine so groins
" In sty, and chaw dung moulded on the ground,
" And drivel on pearls, with head still in the mangèr.
" So of the harp the ass doth hear the sound;
" So sacks of dirt be fil'd. The neat courtier
" So serves for less, than do these fatted swine.
" Though I seem lean and dry withouten moisture,
" Yet will I serve my Prince, my Lord, and thine;
" And let them live to feed the paunch that list;
" So I may live to feed both me and mine."
By God! well said. But what and if thou wist
How to bring in, as fast as thou dost spend?
" That would I learn." And it shall not be miss'd
To tell thee how. Now hark what I intend.
Thou knowest well first, whoso can seek to please,
Shall purchase friends, where truth shall but offend;
Flee therefore truth; it is both wealth and ease:
For though that truth of every man hath praise,
Full near that wind goeth truth in great misease.
Use Virtue, as it goeth now-a-days,
In word alone, to make thy language sweet,
And of thy deed yet do not as thou says;
Else be thou sure, thou shalt be far unmeet
To get thy bread; each thing is now so scant.
Seek still thy profit upon thy bare feet;
Lend in no wise, for fear that thou do want,
Unless it be, as to a calf a cheese.
But, if thou can be sure to win a cant

Of half at least — it is not good to leese.

Learn at the lad, that in a long white coat,
From under the stall, withouten land or fees,

Hath leapt into the shop; who knows by rote
This rule, that I have told thee here before.

Sometime also rich age begins to dote;

See thou, when there thy gain may be the more,
Stay him by the arm whereso he walk, or go;
Be near alway, and if he cough too sore,

What he hath spit tread out, and please him so.

A diligent knave that pikes his master's purse
May please him so, that he, withouten mo,

Executor is; and what is he the worse?

But if so chance, thou get nought of the man,
The widow may for all thy pain disburse.

A riveled skin! a stinking breath! what then?

A toothless mouth shall do thy lips no harm.

The gold is good; and though she curse, or ban,
Yet where thee list, thou mayst lie good and warm:

Let the old mule bite upon the bridle,
Whilst there do lie a sweeter in thy arm.

In this also see that thou be not idle:

Thy niece, thy cousin, sister, or thy daughter,
If she be fair, if handsome be her middle,

If thy better hath her love besought her,
Advance his cause, and he shall help thy need:

It is but love; turn thou it to a laughter.

But ware, I say, so gold thee help and speed,
That in this case thou be not so unwise
As Pandar was in such a like deed.

For he, the fool of conscience, was so nice,
 That he no gain would have for all his pain.
 Be next thyself; for friendship bears no price —
 Laughest thou at me? why? do I speak in vain?
 “No, not at thee, but at thy thrifty jest.
 “Wouldest thou I should, for any loss or gain,
 “Change that for gold, that I have ta’en for best?
 “Next godly things, to have an honest name:
 “Should I leave that! then take me for a beast.”
 Nay then, farewell! and if thou care for shame,
 Content thee then with honest poverty,
 With free tongue, what thee mislikes, to blame;
 And, for thy truth, sometime adversity.
 And therewithal this gift I shall thee give;
 In this world now, little prosperity,
 And coin to keep, as water in a sieve.

THE SONG OF JOPAS, UNFINISHED.

WHEN Dido feasted first, the wand’ring Trojan knight,
 Whom Juno’s wrath with storms did force, in Libic sands to light;
 That mighty Atlas taught, the supper lasting long,
 With crisped locks, on golden harp, Jopas sang in song:
 “That same,” ^cquoth he, “that we,” the world do call and name,
 “Of heav’n and earth, with all contents,” it is the very frame:
 “Or thus, of heavenly powers,” by more pow’r kept in one,
 “Repugnant kinds, in ^dmidst of whom” the earth hath place alone.
 “Firm, round, of living things” the mother, place, and nurse,
 “Without the which, in ^eequal weight,” this heaven doth hold his course.

^c quod.^d middes.^e egall.

"And it is call'd by name," the first and moving heaven :
 "The firmament is placed next," containing other seven.
 "Of heavenly powers that same" is planted full, and thick;
 "As shining lights which we call stars," that therein cleave and stick.
 "With great swift sway the first," and with his restless source,
 "Carrieth itself, and all those eight," in even continual course.
 "And of this world so round," within that rolling case,
 "Two points there be that never move," but firmly keep their place.
 "The tone we see alway," the tother stands object ;
 "Against the same dividing just," the ground by line direct.
 "Which by imagination," drawn from the one to th' other,
 "Toucheth the centre of the earth," for way there is none other.
 "And these be call'd the poles," descry'd by stars not bright;
 "Arctic the one, northward we see," Antarctic th' other height.
 "The line that we devise" from th' one to th' other so,
 "As axle is, upon the which" the heavens about do go ;
 "Which of water, nor earth," of air, nor fire, have kind ;
 "Therefore the substance of those same," were hard for man to find.
 "But they ^f be uncorrupt," simple and pure, unmixt ;
 "And so we say ^g be all those stars," that in those same be fixt.
 "And eke those erring seven," in circle as they stray,
 "So call'd, because against that first" they have repugnant way ;
 "And smaller by-ways too," scant sensible to man,
 "Too busy work for my poor harp ;" let sing them he that can.
 "The widest save the first," of all these nine above,
 "One hundred years doth ask of space," for one degree to move :
 "Of which degrees we make," in the first moving heaven,
 "Three hundred and threescore in parts," justly divided even.
 "And yet there is another" between those heavens two,
 "Whose moving is so sly, so slack," I name it not for now.

"The seventh heav'n, or the shell," next to the starry sky,
"All those degrees that gather'th up" with aged pace, so sly,
"And doth perform the same," as elders' count hath been,
"In nine-and-twenty years complete," and days almost sixteen,
"Doth carry in his bowt" the star of Saturn old;
"A threatner of all living things" with drought, and with his cold.
"The sixth, whom this contains," doth stalk with younger pace,
"And in twelve years doth somewhat more" than th' others' voyage was.
"And this in it doth bear," the star of Jove benign,
"Tween Saturn's malice and us men," friendly defending sign.
"The fifth bears bloody Mars," that in three hundred days,
"And twice elev'n, with one full year," hath finish'd all those ways.
"A year doth ask the fourth," and hours thereto six,
"And in the same the dayè eye," the sun, therein he sticks.
"The third that govern'd is" by that, that governs me,
"And love for love, and for no love" provokes, as oft we see,
"In like space doth perform" that course, that did the tother:
"So doth the next unto the same," that second is in order.
"But it doth bear the star," that call'd is Mercury,
"That many a crafty secret step" doth tread, as calcars try.
"That sky is last, and fixt" next us, those ways hath gone
"In seven-and-twenty common days," and eke the third of one;
"And beareth with his sway" the diverse moon about,
"Now bright, now brown, now bent, now full," and now her light is out.
"Thus have they of their own" two movings all these seven,
"One, wherein they be carried still," each in his several heaven;
"Another of themselves," where their bodies be laid,
"In by-ways, and in lesser rounds," as I afore have said;
"Save of them all the sun" doth stray least from the straight:
"The starry sky hath but one course," that we have call'd the eight.

"And all these movings eight" are meant from west to east,
"Although they seem to climb aloft," I say, from east to west;
"But that is but by force" of the first moving sky,
"In twice twelve hours from east to west," that carrieth them by and by.
"But mark we well also" these movings of these seven,
"Be not about the axletree" of the first moving heaven;
"For they have their two poles" directly tone to the tother," &c.

UNCERTAIN AUTHORS.

SONGS AND SONNETS
OF
UNCERTAIN AUTHORS.

THE COMPLAINT OF A LOVER, WITH SUIT TO HIS LOVE
FOR PITY.

IF ever woful man" might move your hearts to ruth,
Good ladies, hear his woful plaint," whose death shall try his truth;
And rightful judges be" on this his true report,
If he deserve a lover's name" among the faithful sort.
Five hundred times the sun" hath lodged him in the west,
Since in my heart I harbour'd first" of all the goodliest guest.
Whose worthiness to shew," my wits are all too faint,
And I lack cunning of the schools," in colours her to paint.
But this I briefly say," in words of ^h equal weight,
So void of vice was never none," nor with such virtues freight.
And for her beauties praise," no wight that with her wars;
For where she comes, she shews herself," as sun among the stars.
But, Lord! thou wast to blame," to frame such ⁱ perfectness,
And puts no pity in her heart," my sorrows to redress.
For if ye knew the pains" and pangs that I have past,
A wonder would it be to you," how that my life hath last.
When all the Gods agreed" that Cupid with his bow,
Should shoot his arrows from her eyes," on me his might to show,

^h egall.

ⁱ parfitness.

I knew it was in vain" my force to trust upon,
And well I wist it was no shame" to yield to such a one.

Then did I me submit," with humble heart and mind,
To be her man for evermore," as by the Gods assign'd.

And since that day no woe," wherewith Love might torment,
Could move me from this faithful band," or make me once repent.

Yet have I felt full oft" the hottest of his fire,
The bitter tears, the scalding sighs," the burning hot desire;

And, with a sudden sight," the trembling of the heart;
And how the blood doth come and go," to succour every part.

When that a pleasant look" hath lift me in the air,
A frown hath made me fall as fast" into a deep despair.

And when that I ere this" my tale could well by heart,
And that my tongue had learned it," so that no word might start;

The sight of her hath set" my wits in such a stay,
That to be lord of all the world," one word I could not say.

And many a sudden cramp" my heart hath pinched so,
That for the time my senses all" felt neither weal nor woe.

Yet saw I never thing" that might my mind content,
But wish'd it hers, and at her will," if she could so consent.

Nor never heard of woe" that did her will displease,
But wish'd the same unto myself," so it might do her ease.

Nor never thought that fair," nor never liked face,
Unless it did resemble her," or some part of her grace.

No distance yet of place" could us so far divide,
But that my heart, and my good will," did still with her abide.

Nor yet it never lay" in any fortune's pow'r
To put that sweet out of my thought" one minute of an hour.

No rage of drenching sea," nor woodness of the wind,
Nor cannons with their thundring cracks," could put her from my mind.

For when both sea and land" asunder had us set,
 My whole delight was only then" myself alone to get,
 And thitherward to look," as near as I could guess,
 Where as I thought that she was then" that might my woe redress,
 Full oft it did me good" that ways to take my wind;
 So pleasant air in no place else" methought I could not find:
 I saying to myself;" " My life is yonder way;"
 And by the wind I have her sent" a thousand sighs a day:
 And said unto the sun;" " Great gifts are given thee,
 " For thou mayst see mine earthly bliss," wherever that she be.
 " Thou seest in every place:" would God! I had thy might,
 " And I the ruler of myself," then should she know no night."
 And thus from wish to wish," my wits have been at strife,
 And wanting all that I have wish'd," thus have I led my life.
 But long it cannot last," that in such woe remains.
 No force for that; for death is sweet," to him that feels such pains.
 Yet most of all me grieves," when I am in my grave,
 That she shall purchase by my death" a cruel name to have.
 Wherefore all you that hear" this plaint, or shall it see,
 Wish that it may so pierce her heart," that she may pity me:
 For, and it were her will," for both it were the best,
 To save my life, to keep her name," and set my heart at rest.

OF THE DEATH OF MASTER DEVOROX, THE LORD FERRES' SON.

Who justly may rejoice" in ought under the sky,
 As life, or lands, as friends, or fruits," which only live to die?
 Or who doth not well know" all worldly works are vain,
 And giveth nought, but to thee lends," to take the same again?

For though it lift some up," as we long upward all,
Such is the sort of slipper wealth," all things do rise to fall.

Th' uncertainty is such," experience teacheth so,
That what things men do covet most," them soonest they forego.

Lo! Devorox, where he lieth," whose life men held so dear,
That now his death is sorrowed so," that pity it is to hear.

His birth of ancient blood," his parents of great fame;
And yet in virtue far before" the foremost of the same.

His King and Country both" he served to so great gain,
That with the Brutes record doth rest," and ever shall remain.

No man in war so meet" an enterprise to take;
No man in peace that pleasur'd more" of en'mies friends to make.

A Cato for his counsel," his head was surely such;
Ne Theseus' friendship was so great," but Devorox was as much.

A graff of so small growth," so much good fruit to bring,
Is seldom heard, or never seen," it is so rare a thing.

A man sent us from God," his life did well declare;
And now sent for by God again," to teach us what we are.

Death and the grave, that shall" accompany all that live,
Hath brought him heaven, tho' somewhat soon," which life could never give.

God grant well all that shall" profess as he profest,
To live so well, to die no worse," and send his soul good rest.

THEY OF THE MEAN ESTATE ARE HAPPIEST.

If right be rackt and overrun,
And power take part with open wrong;
If fear by force do yield too soon,
The lack is like to last too long.

If God for goods shall be unplaced;
If right for riches lose his shape;
If world for wisdom be embraced;
The guess is great, much hurt may hap.

Among good things I prove and find,
The quiet life doth most abound;
And sure, to the contented mind
There is no riches may be found.

For riches hates to be content;
Rule is en'my to quietness;
Power is most part impatient,
And seldom likes to live in peace.

I heard a herd-man once compare,
That quiet nights he had mo slept,
And had mo merry days to spare,
Than he which ought the beasts he kept.

I would not have it thought hereby,
The dolphin swim I mean to teach;
Nor yet to learn the falcon fly;
I row not so far past my reach.

But as my part above the rest
Is well to wish, and well to will;
So, till my breath shall fail my breast,
I will not cease to wish you still.

COMPARISON OF LIFE AND DEATH.

THE life is long, that loathsomely doth last;
The doleful days draw slowly to their date;
The present pangs, and painful plagues forepast,
Yield grief aye green to stablish this estate:
So that I feel in this great storm and strife,
That death is sweet that endeth such a life.

Yet by the stroke of this strange overthrow,
At which conflict in thraldom I was thrust,
The Lord be praised, I am well taught to know
From whence man came, and eke whereto he must;
And by the way, upon how feeble force
His term doth stand, till death doth end his course.

The pleasant years that some so swiftly run;
The merry days to end so fast that fleet;
The joyful nights, of which day daweth so soon;
The happy hours which mo do miss than meet,
Do all consume, as snow against the sun,
And death makes end of all that life begun.

Since death shall dure till all the world be waste,
What meaneth man to dread death then so sore?
As man might make that life should alway last:
Without regard the Lord hath led before
The dance of death, which all must run on row;
Though how, or when, the Lord alone doth know.

If man would mind what burdens life doth bring;
What grievous crimes to God he doth commit;
What plagues, what pangs, what perils, thereby spring,
With no sure hour in all his days to sit;
He would sure think, as with great cause I do,
The day of death were better of the two.

Death is a port, whereby we pass to joy;
Life is a lake, that drowneth all in pain:
Death is so dear, it ceaseth all annoy;
Life is so lewd, that all it yields is vain:
And as by life to bondage man is brought,
Even so likewise by death was freedom wrought.

Wherefore with Paul let all men wish and pray
To be dissolv'd, of this foul fleshly mass:
Or, at the least, be arm'd against the day;
That they be found good soldiers, prest to pass
From life to death, from death to life again;
To such a life, as ever shall remain.

THE TALE OF PIGMALION, WITH CONCLUSION UPON
THE BEAUTY OF HIS LOVE.

IN Greece, sometime there dwelt a man of worthy fame;
To grave in stone his cunning was; Pigmalion was his name.
To make his fame endure, when death had him bereft,
He thought it good, of his own hand some filed work were left.

In secret study then" such work he gan devise,
 As might his cunning best commend," and please the looker's eyes.
 A courser fair he thought" to grave, barb'd for the field,
 And on his back a seemly knight," well arm'd with spear and shield.
 Or else some fowl or fish" to grave he did devise;
 And still within his wandring thoughts" new fancies did arise.
 Thus varied he in mind" what enterprise to take,
 Till fancy moved his learned hand" a woman fair to make.
 Whereon he staid; and thought" such ^k perfect form to frame,
 Whereby he might amaze all Greece," and win immortal name.
 Of ivory white he made" so fair a woman than,
 That Nature scorn'd her ^l perfectness" so taught by craft of man.
 Well shaped were her limbs," full comely was her face;
 Each little vein most lively couch'd;" each part had seemly grace.
 'Twixt Nature and Pigmalion" there might appear great strife;
 So seemly was this image wrought," it lack'd nothing but life.
 His curious eye beheld" his own devised work,
 And gazing oft thereon, he found" much venom there to lurk:
 For all the featur'd shape" so did his fancy move,
 That with his idol whom he made" Pigmalion fell in love:
 To whom he honour gave," and deck'd with garlands sweet,
 And did adorn with jewels rich," as is for lovers meet.
 Sometimes on it he fawn'd," sometime in rage would cry;
 It was a wonder to behold" how fancy blear'd his eye.
 Since that this image dumb" inflam'd so wise a man,
 My dear, alas! since I you love," what wonder is it than?
 In whom hath Nature set" the glory of her name,
 And brake her mould in great despair," your like she could not frame.

^k parfitte.^l perfitnesse.

THE LOVER SHEWETH HIS WOFUL STATE, AND PRAYETH
PITY.

LIKE as the lark within the ⁿ merlin's foot
 With piteous tunes doth chirp her yelden lay;
 So sing I now, seeing none other boot,
 My rendering song, and to your will obey.
 Your virtue mounts above my force so high,
 And with your beauty seiz'd I am so sure;
 That there avails resistance none in me,
 But patiently your pleasure to endure.
 For on your will my fancy shall attend;
 My life, my death, I put both in your choice;
 And rather had this life by you to end,
 Than live by other, always to rejoice:
 And if your cruelty do thirst my blood,
 Then let it forth, if it may do you good.

UPON CONSIDERATION OF THE STATE OF THIS LIFE,
HE WISHETH DEATH.

THE ^o longer life, the more offence;
 The more offence, the greater pain;
 The greater pain, the less defence;
 The less defence, the lesser gain;
 The loss of gain long ill doth try;
 Wherefore come death, and let me die.

ⁿ marlian's.

^o lenger.

The shorter life, less count I find;
The less account, the sooner made;
The count soon made, the merrier mind;
The merry mind doth thought evade:
Short life, in truth, this thing doth try;
Wherefore come death, and let me die.

Come, gentle death, the ebb of care;
The ebb of care, the flood of life;
The flood of life, the joyful fare;
The joyful fare, the end of strife;
The end of strife, that thing wish I;
Wherefore come death, and let me die.

THE LOVER THAT ONCE DISDAINED LOVE, IS NOW BECOME
SUBJECT, BEING CAUGHT IN HIS SNARE.

To this my song give ear who list!
And mine intent judge as ye will;
The time is come that I have miss'd
The thing, whereon I hoped still;
And from the top of all my trust,
Mishap hath thrown me in the dust.

The time hath been, and that of late,
My heart and I might leap at large;
And was not shut within the gate
Of love's desire, nor took no charge
Of any thing that did pertain,
As touching love, in any pain.

My thought was free, my heart was light;
I marked not who lost, who sought;
I play'd by day, I slept by night;
I forced not who wept, who laught;
My thought from all such things was free,
And I myself at liberty.

I took no heed to taunts nor toys,
As lief to see them frown as smile;
Where fortune laugh'd, I scorn'd their joys,
I found their frauds, and every wile;
And to myself oft-times I smiled,
To see how love had them beguiled.

Thus in the net of my conceit
I masked still, among the sort
Of such, as fed upon the bait,
That Cupid laid for his disport;
And ever as I saw them caught,
I them beheld, and thereat laught.

Till at the length when Cupid spied
My scornful will, and spiteful use;
And how I past not who was tied,
So that myself might still live lose;
He set himself to lie in wait,
And in my way he threw a bait.

Such one as Nature never made,
I dare well say, save she alone;

SONGS AND SONNETS.

Such one she was, as would invade
A heart more hard than marble stone;
Such one she is, I know it right;
Her Nature made, to shew her might.

Then as a man even in a maze,
When use of reason is away,
So I began to stare and gaze;
And suddenly, without delay,
Or ever I had the wit to look,
I swallowed up both bait and hook.

Which daily grieves me more and more,
By sundry sorts of careful woe;
And none alive may salve the sore,
But only she that hurt me so;
In whom my life doth now consist,
To save, or slay me as she list.

But seeing now that I am caught,
And bound so fast I cannot flee;
Be ye by mine ensample taught,
That in your fansies feel you free;
Despise not them that lovers are,
Lest you be caught within his snare.

OF FORTUNE AND FAME.

THE plague is great where Fortune frowns;
One mischief brings a thousand woes:

Where trumpets give their warlike souns,
The weak sustain sharp overthrows :
No better life they taste and feel,
That subject are to Fortune's wheel.

Her happy chance may last no time ;
Her pleasure threatneth pains to come.
She is the fall of those that climb,
And yet her wheel advanceth some.
No force where that she hates, or loves,
Her fickle mind so oft removes.

She gives no gift, but craves as fast ;
She soon repents a thankful deed ;
She turneth after every blast ;
She helps them oft that have no need ;
Where power dwells, and riches rest,
False Fortune is a common guest.

Yet some affirm, and prove by skill,
Fortune is not as fleeing Fame ;
She neither can do good nor ill ;
She hath no form, yet bears a name :
Then we but strive against the streams
To frame such toys, on fancy's dreams.

If she have shape, or name alone,
If she do rule, or bear no sway,
If she have body, life, or none,
Be she a sprite I cannot say ;

But well I wot some cause there is,
That causeth woe, and sendeth bliss.

The cause of things I will not blame,
Lest I offend the Prince of Peace:
But I may chide, and brawl with Fame,
To make her cry, and never cease
To blow the trump within her ears,
That may appease my woful tears.

AGAINST WICKED TONGUES.

O EVIL tongues! which clap at every wind,
Ye slay the quick, and eke the dead defame:
Those that live well, some fault in them ye find;
Ye take no thought in sland'ring their good name;
Ye put just men oft-times to open shame:
Ye ring so loud, ye sound unto the skies;
And yet in proof, ye sow nothing but lies.

Ye make great war, where peace hath been of long;
Ye bring rich realms to ruin and decay;
Ye pluck down right, ye do enchaunce the wrong;
Ye turn sweet mirth to woe, and well-away:
Of mischiefs all ye are the ground, I say.
Happy is he that lives on such a sort,
That needs not fear such tongues of false report.

HELL TORMENTETH NOT THE DAMNED GHOSTS SO SORE
AS UNKINDNESS THE LOVER.

THE restless rage of deep devouring hell;
The blazing brands that never do consume;
The roaring rout, in Pluto's den that dwell;
The fiery breath that from those imps doth fume;
The dropsy dryeth, that Tantale in the flood
Endureth aye, all hopeless of relief;
He hunger sterven, where fruit is ready food,
So wretchedly his soul doth suffer grief;
The liver gnawn of guileful Prometheus,
Which vultures fell with strained talent tire;
The labour lost of wearied Sisiphus;
These hellish hounds, with pains of quenchless fire,
Cannot so sore the silly souls torment,
As her untruth my heart hath all to rent.

OF THE MUTABILITY OF THE WORLD.

By fortune, as I lay in bed," my fortune was to find
Such fancies as my careful thought" had brought into my mind.
And when each one was gone to rest," full soft in bed to lie,
I would have slept, but then the watch" did follow still mine eye.
And suddenly I saw a sea" of woful sorrows prest,
Whose wicked ways of sharp repulse" bred mine unquiet rest.
I saw this world, and how it went," each state in his degree,
And that from wealth y-granted is" both life and liberty.

I saw how envy it did reign," and bear the greatest price,
 Yet, greater poison is not found" within the cockatrice.
 I saw also how that disdain," oft-times to forge my woe,
 Gave me the cup of bitter sweet," to pledge my mortal foe.
 I saw also how that desire" to rest no place could find,
 But still constrain'd in endless pain" to follow Nature's kind.
 I saw also, most strange of all," how Nature did forsake
 The blood that in her womb was wrought," as doth the lothed snake.
 I saw how Fancy would retain" no ^p longer than her lust,
 And as the wind how she doth change," and is not for to trust.
 I saw how stedfastness did fly" with wings of often change,
 A flying bird, but seldom seen," her nature is so strange.
 I saw how pleasant times did pass," as flowers do in the mead,
 To-day that riseth red as rose," to-morrow falleth dead.
 I saw my time how it did run" as sand out of the glass,
 Even as each hour appointed is," from time and tide to pass.
 I saw the years that I had spent," and loss of all my gain,
 And how the sport of youthful plays" my folly did retain.
 I saw how that the little ant" in summer still doth run
 To seek her food, whereby to live" in winter for to come.
 I saw eke Virtue how she sat" the thread of life to spin,
 Which sheweth the end of every work" before it doth begin.
 And when all these I thus beheld," with many mo perdie,
 In me, methought, each one had wrought" a ^q perfect property.
 And then I said unto myself," a lesson this shall be,
 For other that shall after come," for to beware by me.
 Thus all the night I did devise" which way I might constrain
 To form a plot, that wit might work" these branches in my brain.

HARPALUS' COMPLAINT OF PHILLIDA'S LOVE BESTOWED
ON CORIN, WHO LOVED HER NOT, AND DENIED
HIM THAT LOVED HER.

PHILLIDA was a fair maid,
As fresh as any flow'r,
Whom Harpalus the herd-man pray'd
To be his paramour.

Harpalus, and eke Corin,
Were herd-men both y-fere:
And Phillida could twist and spin,
And thereto sing full clear.

But Phillida was all too coy
For Harpalus to win;
For Corin was her only joy,
Who forc'd her not a pin.

How often would she flowers twine,
How often garlands make
Of cowslips and of columbine,
And all for Corin's sake.

But Corin he had hawks to lure,
And forced more the field;
Of lovers' law he took no cure:
For once he was beguil'd.

Harpalus prevailed nought;
His labour all was lost;
For he was farthest from her thought,
And yet he loved her most.

Therefore wax'd he both pale and lean,
And dry as clot of clay;
His flesh it was consumed clean,
His colour gone away.

His beard it had not long been shave,
His hair hong all unkempt;
A man most fit, even for the grave,
Whom spiteful love had spent.

His eyes were red, and all forewatched;
His face besprent with tears;
It seem'd unhap had him long hatched,
In midst of his despairs.

His clothes were black, and also bare,
As one forlorn was he;
Upon his head always he ware
A wreath of willow tree.

His beasts he kept upon the hill,
And he sat in the dale;
And thus, with sighs and sorrows shrill,
He gan to tell his tale.

“ O Harpalus ! ” thus would he say,
 “ Unhappiest under sun !
 “ The cause of thine unhappy day
 “ By love was first begun.

“ For thou went'st first by suit to seek
 “ A tiger to make tame ;
 “ That sets not by thy love a leek,
 “ But makes thy grief her game.

“ As easy it were for to convert
 “ The frost into the flame ;
 “ As for to turn a froward heart,
 “ Whom thou so fain would'st frame.

“ Corin he liveth careless,
 “ He leaps among the leaves ;
 “ He eats the fruits of thy redress ;
 “ Thou reaps, he takes the sheaves.

“ My beasts, awhile your food refrain,
 “ And hark your herd-man's sound ;
 “ Whom spiteful love, alas ! hath slain,
 “ Though girt with many a wound.

“ O happy be ye beastès wild,
 “ That here your pasture takes ;
 “ I see that ye be not beguil'd
 “ Of these your faithful makes.

"The hart he feedeth by the hind

"The buck hard by the doe;

"The turtle-dove is not unkind

"To him that loves her so.

"The ewe she hath by her the ram;

"The young cow hath the bull;

"The calf with many a lusty lamb

"Do feed their hunger full.

"But well away! that Nature wrought

"Thee, Phillida, so fair;

"For I may say that I have bought

"Thy beauty all too dear.

"What reason is it that cruelty

"With beauty should have part?

"Or else that such great tyranny

"Should dwell in woman's heart?

"I see therefore to shape my death

"She cruelly is prest;

"To th' end that I may want my breath.

"My day's been at the best.

"O Cupid! grant this my request,

"And do not stop thine ears;

"That she may feel within her breast,

"The pains of my despairs.

"Of Corin, that is careèless,
 "That she may crave her fee,
 "As I have done in great distress,
 "That loved her faithfully.

"But since that I shall die her slave,
 "Her slave and eke her thrall;
 "Write you, my friends, upon my grave,
 "This chance that is befall.

"HERE LIETH UNHAPPY HARPALUS,
 "BY CRUEL LOVE NOW SLAIN;
 "WHOM PHILLIDA UNJUSTLY THUS
 "HATH MURDER'D WITH DISDAIN."

UPON SIR JAMES WILFORD'S DEATH.

Lo! here the end of man." The cruel Sisters three
 The web of Wilford's life" uneth had half y-span,
 When rash upon misdeed" they all accorded be
 To "break off Virtue's course" ere half the race were run;
 And trip him on his way," that else had won the game,
 And holden highest place" within the house of fame.

But yet though he be gone," though sense with him be past,
 Which trod the even steps" that leaden to renown;
 We that remain alive" ne suffer shall to waste
 The fame of his deserts," so shall he lose but sown.
 The thing shall aye remain," aye kept as fresh in store
 As if his ears should ring" of that he wrought before.

↑ break Virtue's: break of Virtue's, second 4º.

Wail not therefore his want," sith he so left the stage
 Of care and wretched life," with joy and clap of hands.
 Who playeth longer parts," may well have greater age;
 But few so well may pass" the gulf of fortune's sands;
 So triedly did he tread," aye prest at Virtue's beck,
 That fortune found no place" to give him once a check.

The fates have rid him hence;" who shall not after go?
 Though earthed be his corpse," yet flourish shall his fame.
 A gladsome thing it is," that ere he stept us fro,
 Such mirrors he us left" our life thereby to frame;
 Wherefore his praise shall last," aye fresh in Britons' sight,
 Till sun shall cease to shine" and lend the earth his light.

OF THE WRETCHEDNESS IN THIS WORLD.

Who list to live upright," and hold himself content,
 Shall see such wonders in this world" as never erst was sent.
 Such groping for the sweet," such tasting of the sour;
 Such wand'ring here for worldly wealth," that lost is in one hour;
 And as the good or bad" get up in high degree,
 So wades the world in right or wrong," it may none other be.
 And look what laws they make," each man must them obey,
 And yoke himself, with patient heart," to drive and draw that way.
 Yet such as long ago" great rulers were assign'd,
 Both lives and laws are now forgot," and worn clean out of mind.
 So that by this I see," no state on earth may last,
 But as their times appointed be," to rise and fall as fast.
 The goods that gotten be" by good and just desart,
 Yet use them so that needy hands" may help to spend the part:

For look ! what heap thou hoard'st' of rusty gold in store,
Thine enemies shall waste the same," that never swat therefore.

THE REPENTANT SINNER IN DURANCE AND ADVERSITY.

UNTO the living Lord" for pardon do I pray,
From whom I grant, even from the shell," I have run still astray;
And other lives there none," my death shall well declare,
On whom I ought to grate for grace," as faulty folks do fare.
But thee, O Lord, alone" I have offended so,
That this small scourge is much too scant" for mine offence, I know.
I ran without return" the way the world lik'd best,
And what I ought most to regard," that I respected least.
The throng wherein I thrust," hath thrown me in such case,
That, Lord ! my soul is sore beset," without thy greater grace.
My guilts are grown so great," my power doth so apaire,
That with great force they argue oft," and mercy much despair.
But then with faith I flee" to thy prepared store,
Where there lieth help for every hurt," and salve for every sore.
My lost time to lament," my vain ways to bewail,
No day, no night, no place, no hour," no moment I shall fail.
My soul shall never cease," with an assured faith,
To knock, to crave, to call, to cry," to THEE for help, which saith,
"KNOCK, AND IT SHALL BE HEARD;" BUT ASK, AND GIVEN IT IS."
And all that like to keep this course," of mercy shall not miss.
For when I call to mind" how the one wand'ring sheep
Did bring more joy with his return," than all the flock did keep;
It yields full hope and trust," my strayed and wand'ring ghost
Shall be received, and held more dear" than those were never lost.

O Lord! my hope, behold!" and for my help, make haste
 To pardon the forepassed race" that careless I have past;
 And, but the day draw near" that death must pay the debt,
 For loan of life which thou hast lent," and time of payment set;
 From this sharp show'r me shield," which threat'ned is at hand,
 Whereby thou shalt great pow'r declare," and I the storm withstand.
 Not my will, Lord, but thine," fulfill'd be in each case,
 To whose great will and mighty pow'r," all pow'rs shall once give place.
 My faith, my hope, my trust," my God, and eke my guide,
 Stretch forth thy hand to save the soul," what-so the body bide.
 Refuse not to receive" that thou so dear hast bought,
 For, but by thee alone, I know" all safety in vain is sought.
 I know and 'knowledge eke," albeit very late,
 That thou it is I ought to love" and dread in each estate;
 And with repentant heart," do laud thee, Lord, on high,
 That hast so gently set me straight," that erst walk'd so awry.
 Now grant me grace, my God," to stand thine, strong in sprete,
 And let the world then work such ways" as to the world seems meet.

THE LOVER HERE TELLETH OF HIS DIVERS JOYS, AND
 ADVERSITIES IN LOVE, AND, LASTLY, OF HIS
 LADY'S DEATH.

SITH singing gladdeth oft the hearts
 Of them that feel the pangs of love,
 And for the while doth ease their smarts;
 Myself, I shall the same way prove.
 And though that love hath smit the stroke,
 Whereby is lost my liberty,
 Which by no means I may revoke;
 Yet shall I sing, how pleasantly

Nigh twenty years of youth I past,
Which all in liberty I spent;
And so from first unto the last,
Ere aught I knew what loving meant.
And after shall I sing the woe,
The pain, the grief, the deadly smart,
When love this life did overthrow
That hidden lies within my heart.
And then the joys that I did feel,
When Fortune lifted after this,
And set me high upon her wheel,
And chang'd my woe to pleasant bliss.
And so the sudden fall again,
From all the joys that I was in:
All you that list to hear of pain,
Give ear! for now I do begin.
Lo! first of all when Love began,
With hot desires, my heart to burn;
Methought his might avail'd not than,
From liberty my heart to turn.
For I was free, and did not know
How much his might man's heart may grieve;
I had profess'd to be his foe;
His law I thought not to believe.
I went untied in lusty leas;
I had my wish always at will;
There was no woe might me displease;
Of pleasant joys I had my fill.
No painful thought did pass my heart,
I spilt no tear to wet my breast;

I knew no sorrow, sigh, nor smart;
My greatest grief was quiet rest.
I brake no sleep, I tossed not,
Nor did delight to sit alone;
I felt no change of cold and hot,
Nor nought a-nights could make me moan.
For all was joy that I did feel,
And of void wand'ring I was free;
I had no clog tied at my heel:
This was my life at liberty.
That yet, methinks, it is a bliss
To think upon that pleasure past;
But forthwithal I find the miss,
For that it might no longer last.
Those days I spent at my desire,
Without woe, or adversity;
Till that my heart was set a-fire
With love, with wrath, and jealousy.
For on a day, alas, the while!
Lo! hear my harm how it began;
The blinded Lord, the God of guile,
Had list to end my freedom than.
And through mine eye into my heart
All suddenly I felt it glide;
He shot his sharpened fiery dart
So hard, that yet under my side
The head, alas! doth still remain;
And yet since could I never know
The way to wring it out again;
Yet was it nigh three year ago.

This sudden stroke made me aghast,
And it began to vex me sore;
But yet I thought it would have past,
As other such had done before.
But it did not, that, woe is me!
So deep imprinted in my thought
The stroke abode, that yet I see,
Methinks, my harm how it was wrought.
Kind taught me straight, that this was love;
And I perceived it perfectly:
Yet thought I thus; "Nought shall me move,
"I will not thrall my liberty."
And divers ways I did assay,
By flight, by force, by friend, by foe,
This fiery thought to put away;
I was so loth for to forego
My liberty, that me was lever
Than bondage was, where I heard say,
Who once was bound, was sure never
Without great pain to scape away.
But what for that, there is no choice;
For my mishap was shapen so,
That those my days that did rejoice,
Should turn my bliss to bitter woe.
For with that stroke my bliss took end,
Instead whereof forthwith I caught
Hot burning sighs, that since have brend
My wretched heart almost to nought.
And since that day, O Lord! my life,
The misery that it hath felt;

That nought hath had but woe and strife,
And hot desires my heart to melt.
O Lord ! how sudden was the change,
From such a pleasant liberty !
The very thralldom seemed strange ;
But yet there was no remedy,
But I must yield and give up all,
And make my guide, my chiefest foe ;
And in this wise became I thrall ;
Lo ! love and hap would have it so.
I suffered wrong, and held my peace ;
I gave my tears good leave to run ;
And never would seek for redress,
But hop'd to live as I begun.
For what it was that might me ease,
He lived not that might it know :
Thus drank I all mine own disease,
And all alone bewail'd my woe.
There was no sight that might me please ;
I fled from them that did rejoice ;
And oft alone, my heart to ease,
I would bewail with woful voice,
My life, my state, my misery,
And curse myself and all my days :
Thus wrought I with my fantasy,
And sought my help none other ways.
Save sometime to myself alone,
When far off was my help, God wo
Loud would I cry ; " My life is gone,
" My dear, if that ye help me not."

Then wish'd I straight that death might end
These bitter pangs, and all this grief;
For nought, methought, might it amend.
Thus, in despair to have relief,
I lingered forth, till I was brought
With pining in so piteous case,
That all that saw me said, methought,
"Lo! death is painted in his face."
I went nowhere, but by the way
I saw some sight before mine eyes
That made me sigh, and oft-times say;
"My life, alas! I thee despise."
This lasted well a year, and more,
Which no wight knew, but only I;
So that my life was near forlore,
And I despaired utterly.
Till on a day, as fortune would,
For that, that shall be, needs must fall,
I sat me down, as though I should
Have ended then my life, and all.
And as I sat to write my plaint,
Meaning to shew my great unrest,
With quaking hand, and heart full faint,
Amid my complaints among the rest;
I wrote with ink, and bitter tears,
"I am not mine! I am not mine!
Behold my life, away that wears;
And if I die, the loss is thine."
Here with a little hope I caught,
That for a while my life did stay;

But in effect all was for nought.
Thus lived I still, till on a day,
As I sat staring on those eyes,
Those shining eyes that first me bound,
My inward tho' though cry'd, "Arise!
"Lo! mercy where it may be found."
And therewithal I drew me near
With feeble heart, and at a braide,
(But it was softly) in her ear,
"Mercy, Madame," was all I said.
But woe was me when it was told;
For therewithal fainted my breath,
And I sat still for to behold,
And hear the judgment of my death.
But love, nor hap, would not consent
To end me then, but, well-away!
There gave me bliss, that I repent
To think I live to see this day.
For after this I plained still
So long, and in so piteous wise,
That I my wish had at my will
Granted, as I would it devise.
But, Lord! who ever heard or knew
Of half the joy that I felt than;
Or who can think it may be true,
That so much bliss had ever man?
Lo! fortune thus set me aloft,
And more my sorrows to relieve,
Of pleasant joys I tasted oft,
As much as love, or hap, might give.

The sorrows old I felt before
About my heart, were driven thence;
And for each grief, I felt afore,
I had a bliss in recompence.

Then thought I all the time well spent
That I in plaint had spent so long;
So was I with my life content,
That to myself I said among:
“ Since thou art rid of all thine ill,
“ To shew thy joys, set forth thy voice;
“ And since thou hast thy wish at will,
“ My happy heart, rejoice! rejoice!”

Thus felt I joys a great deal more
Than by my song may well be told;
And, thinking on my passed woe,
My bliss did double many fold.

And thus I thought with man's blood
Such bliss might not be bought too dear;
In such estate my joys then stood,
That of a change I had no fear.

But why sing I so long of bliss?
It lasteth not, that will away.
Let me therefore bewail the miss,
And sing the cause of my decay.

Yet all this while there lived none
That led his life more pleasantly;
Nor, under hap, there was not one,
Methought, so well at ease as I.

But, O blind Joy! who may thee trust!
For no estate thou canst assure;

Thy faithful vows prove all unjust;
Thy fair behests be full unsure.
Good proof by me, that but of late,
Not fully twenty days ago,
Which thought my life was in such state,
That nought might work my heart this woe.
Yet hath the enemy of mine ease,
Cruel mishap, that wretched wight,
Now when my life did most me please,
Devised me such cruel spite;
That from the highest place of all,
As to the pleasing of my thought,
Down to the deepest am I fall,
And to my help availeth nought.
Lo! thus are all my joys quite gone,
And I am brought from happiness
Continually to wail and moan;
Lo! such is fortune's stableness.
In wealth I thought such süertie
That pleasure should have ended never;
But now, alas! adversity
Doth make my singing cease for ever.
O, frail pleasure! O, sliding bliss!
O, brittle joy! O, wealth unstable!
Who feels thee most, he shall not miss
At length to be made miserable.
For all must end as doth my bliss;
There is none other certainty;
And at the end the worst is his,
That most hath known prosperity.

For he that never bliss assayed,
May well away with wretchedness;
But he shall find, that hath it 'sayed,
A pain to part from pleasantness;
As I do now: for ere I knew
What pleasure was, I felt no grief
Like unto this; and it is true,
That bliss hath brought me all this mischief.
But yet I have not songen how
This mischief came, but I intend,
With woful voice to sing it now,
And therewithal I make an end.
But, Lord, now that it is begun,
I feel my sprites are vexed sore;
O! give me breath till this be done,
And after let me live no more.
Alas! the en'my of this life,
The ender of all pleasantness,
Alas! he bringeth all this strife,
And causeth all this wretchedness.
For in the * midst of all the wealth
That brought my heart to happiness,
This wicked Death he came by stealth,
And rob'd me of my joyfulness.
He came, when that I little thought
Of ought that might me vex so sore;
And suddenly he brought to nought
My pleasantness for evermore.
He slew my joy, alas, the wretch!
He slew my joy, ere I was ware;

And now, alas ! no might may stretch,
To set an end to my great care.
For by this cursed deadly stroke
My bliss is lost, and I forlore ;
And no help may the loss revoke,
For lost it is for evermore.
And closed up are those fair eyes,
That gave me first the sign of grace ;
My fair sweet foes, mine enemies.
And earth doth hide her pleasant face.
The look which did my life uphold,
And all my sorrows did confound,
With which more bliss than may be told,
Alas ! now lieth it under ground.
But cease, for I will sing no more,
Since that my harm hath no redress ;
But as a wretch, for evermore
My life will waste with wretchedness.
And ending this my woful song,
Now that it ended is and past,
I would my life were but as long,
And that this word might be my last.
For loathsome is that life, men say,
That liketh not the liver's mind :
Lo ! thus I seek mine own decay,
And will, till that I may it find.

OF HIS LOVE, NAMED WHITE.

FULL fair and white she is, and White by name,
Whose white doth strive the lilies' white to stain;
Who may condemn the blast of black defame;
Who in dark night can bring day bright again.
The ruddy rose impresseth with clear hue,
In lips and cheeks, right orient to behold,
That the near gazer may that beauty rue,
And feel dispers'd in limbs the chilling cold;
For white, all white, his bloodless face will be,
The ashy pale so alter will his cheer.
But I, that do possess in full degree
The hearty love of this my heart so dear,
So oft to me as she presents her face,
For joy do feel my heart spring from his place.

OF THE LOVER'S UNQUIET STATE.

WHAT thing is that which I both have and lack?
With good will granted, yet it is denied:
How may I be received and put a-back?
Always doing, and yet unoccupied:
Most slow in that, which I have most applied.
Still thus to seek, and 'lose all that I win,
And that was done, is newest to begin.

In riches find I wilful poverty;
In great pleasure, live I in heaviness;
In much freedom I lack my liberty;
Thus am I both in joy and in distress:
And in few words, if that I shall be plain,
In paradise I suffer all this pain.

WHERE GOOD WILL IS, SOME PROOF WILL APPEAR.

It is no fire that gives no heat,
Though it appear never so hot;
And they that run, and cannot sweat,
Are very lean and dry, God wot.

A perfect leche applieth his wits
To gather herbs of all degrees;
And fevers with their fervent fits
Be cured with their contraries.

New wine will search to find a vent,
Although the cask be set so strong;
And wit will walk when will is bent,
Although the way be never so long.

The rabbits run under the rocks;
The snails do climb the highest tow'rs;
Gunpowder cleaves the sturdy blocks;
A fervent will all thing devours.

When wit with will, and diligent,
Apply themselves, and match as mates,
There can no want of resident
From force defend the castle gates.

Forgetfulness makes little haste ;
And sloth delights to live full soft ;
That telleth the deaf, his tale doth waste ;
And is full dry that craves full oft.

VERSES WRITTEN ON THE PICTURE OF SIR JAMES
WILFORD, KNIGHT.

ALAS! that ever death" such virtues should forget,
As compass'd was within his corps," whose picture is here set.
Or that it ever lay" in any fortune's might,
Through deep disdain to end his life," that was so worthy a wight.
For sith he first began" in armour to be clad,
A worthier champion than he was," yet England never had.
And though recure be past," his life to have again,
Yet would I wish his worthiness" in writing to remain.
That men to mind might call," how far he did excel,
At all assays, to win the fame," which were too long to tell:
And eke the restless race" that he full oft hath run,
In painful plight, from place to place," where service was to done.
Then should men well perceive" my tale to be of truth,
And he to be the worthiest wight" that ever Nature wrought.

THE LADY PRAYETH THE RETURN OF HER LOVER,
ABIDING ON THE SEAS.

SHALL I thus ever long," and be no whit the near?
And shall I still complain to thee," the which me will not hear?
Alas! say nay! say nay!" and be no more so dumb;
But open thou thy manly mouth," and say that thou wilt come.
Whereby my heart may think," although I see not thee,
That thou wilt come, thy word so sware," if thou a lives man be.
The roaring hugy waves," they threaten my poor ghost,
And toss thee up and down the seas," in danger to be lost.
Shall they not make me fear" that they have swallowed thee?
But as thou art most sure alive," so wilt thou come to me;
Whereby I shall go see" thy ship ride on the strand,
And think and say, "Lo! where he comes;" and sure here will he land."
And then I shall lift up" to thee my little hand,
And thou shalt think thine heart in ease," in health to see me stand.
And if thou come indeed," as Christ thee send to do,
Those arms which miss thee yet," shall then embrace thee too.
Each vein to every joint" the lively blood shall spread,
Which now, for want of thy glad sight," doth shew full pale and dead.
But if thou slip thy truth," and do not come at all,
As minutes in the clock do strike," so call for death I shall;
To please both thy false heart," and rid myself from woe,
That rather had to die in truth," than live forsaken so.

THE MEAN ESTATE IS BEST.

THE doubtful man hath fevers strange,
And constant hope is oft diseas'd;
Despair cannot but breed a change,
Nor fleeting hearts cannot be pleas'd;
Of all these bad, the best, I think,
Is well to hope, though fortune shrink.

Desired things are not aye prest,
Nor things denied left all unsought;
Nor new things to be loved best,
Nor all offers to be set at nought;
Where faithful heart hath been refus'd,
The chooser's wit was there abus'd.

The woful ship of careful sprite,
Fleeting on seas of welling tears;
With sails of wishes, broken quite,
Hanging on waves of doleful fears;
By surge of sighs, at wreck near hand,
May fast no anchor hold on land.

What helps the dial to the blind,
Or else the clock, without it sound?
Or who by dreams doth hope to find
The hidden gold within the ground,
Shall be as free from cares and fears,
As he that holds a wolf by the ears.

And how much mad is he that thinks
 To climb to heaven by the beams?
 What joy, alas! hath he that winks
 At Titan, or his golden streams?
 His joy's not subject to reason's laws,
 That joyeth more than he hath cause.

For as the phoenix that climbeth high,
 The sun lightly in ashes burneth;
 Again, the falcon, so quick of eye,
 Soon on the ground the net ^u measheth.
 Experience therefore the mean assurance,
 Prefers before the doubtful pleasance.

THE LOVER THINKS NO PAIN TOO GREAT WHEREBY HE
 MAY OBTAIN HIS LADY.

SITH that the way to wealth is woe,
 And after pain is pleasure prest;
 Why should I then despair so,
 Aye bewailing mine unrest;
 Or let to lead my life in pain,
 So worthy a lady to obtain?

The fisherman doth count no care
 To cast his nets to wrack or waste;
 And in reward of each man's share,
 A gogen gift is much ^x embrac'd:
 Should I then grudge it grief, or gall,
 That look at length to whelm a whale.

^u masheth: *measheth*.

^x imbrast.

The poor man ploweth his ground for grain,
 And soweth his seed increase to crave;
 And for th' expense of all his pain,
 Oft holds it hap his seed to save:
 These patient pains my part doth show;
 To long for love, ere that I know.

And take no scorn to scape from skill,
 To spend my sprites, to spare my speech,
 To win for wealth the want of will,
 And thus for rest to rage I reche:
 Running my race as rect upright,
 Till tears of truth appease my plight,

And plant my plaint within her breast,
 Who doubtless may restore again
 My harms to health, my ruth to rest,
 That laced is within her chain;
 For erst ne are the griefs so great
 As is the joy when love is met.

For who covets so high to clim
 As doth the bird that pitfall took?
 Or who delights so swift to swim
 As doth the fish that scapes the hook?
 If these had never enter'd woe,
 How ^y might they have rejoiced so?

But yet, alas! ye lovers all
 That ^z hear me joyless thus rejoice,

^y mought.

^z here me joy thus less: *hear me joyless thus.*

Judge not amiss what so befall;
In me there lieth no power of choice:
It is but Hope that doth me move,
Who standard-bearer is to Love.

On whose ensign when I behold,
I see the shadow of her shape,
Within my faith so fast I fold;
Through dread I die, through hope I scape:
Thus ease and woe full oft I find —
What will you more? she knoweth my mind.

OF A NEW MARRIED STUDENT, THAT PLAYED FAST
AND LOOSE.

A STUDENT at his book so plac'd,
That wealth he might have won;
From book to wife did fleet in haste,
From wealth to woe to run.

Now who hath play'd a feater cast,
Since juggling first begun?
In knitting of himself so fast,
Himself he hath undone.

THE MEAN ESTATE IS TO BE ACCOUNTED THE BEST.

Who craftly casts to steer his boat,
And safely scours the flattering flood,
He cutteth not the greatest waves;
For why? that way were nothing good.

He fleeteth on the crooked shore,
Lest harm him hap awaiting lest;
But ^awins a way between them both;
As who would say; "The mean is best."

Who waiteth on the golden mean,
He, put in point of sickness,
Hides not his head in sluttish coats,
Ne shrouds himself in filthiness.

Ne sits aloft in high estate,
Where hateful hearts envy his chance;
But wisely walks betwixt them twain,
Ne proudly doth himself advance.

The highest tree in all the wood
Is rifest rent with blust'ring winds;
The higher hall, the greater fall;
Such chance hath proud and lofty minds.

When Jupiter from high doth threat
With mortal mace and dint of thunder,
The highest hills been batter'd eft,
When they stand still, that stode under.

The man whose head with wit is fraught,
In wealth will fear a worser tide;
When fortune fails, despaireth nought,
But constantly doth still abide.

^a wines away: wins a way, 1585.

For He that sendeth grisly storms,
 With whisking winds, and bitter blasts,
 And foul'th with hail the winter's face,
 And frotes the soil with hoary frosts;

Even He, adaw'th the force of cold;
 The spring in sends, with summer hot;
 The same full oft to stormy hearts
 Is cause of bale, of joy the root.

Not always ill, though so be now:
 When clouds been driven, then rides the rack.
 Phoebus the fresh ne shooteth still;
 Sometime he harps, his muse to wake.

Stand stiff therefore; pluck up thy heart;
 Lose not thy port, though fortune fail:
 Again, when wind doth serve at will,
 Take heed too high to hoist thy sail.

THE LOVER REFUSED, LAMENTETH HIS ESTATE.

I LENT my love to loss," and gaged my life in vain,
 If hate for love, and death for life," of lovers be the gain.
 And curse I may by course," the place, eke time and hour,
 That nature first in me did form" to be a lives creature.
 ' Sith that I must absent" myself so secretly,
 In place desert, where never man" my secrets shall descry;
 In doling of my days" among the beasts so brute,
 Who with their tongues may not bewray" the secrets of my suit.

Nor I in like to them" may once to move my mind,
 But gaze on them, and they on me," as beasts are wont of kind.
 Thus ranging as refus'd," to reach some place of rest,
 All rough of hair, my nails unnocht," as to such seemeth best,
 That wander by their wits," deformed so to be;
 That men may say, such one may curse" the time he first gan see
 The beauty of her face," her shape, in such degree,
 As God himself may not discern" one place, mended to be;
 Nor place it in like place," my fancy for to please,
 Who would become a herd-man's hire," one hour to have of ease,
 Whereby I might restore" to me some stedfastness;
 That have mo thoughts heap'd in my head" than life may long disges:
 As, oft to throw me down" upon the earth so cold,
 Whereas with tears most ruefully" my sorrows do unfold.
 And in beholding them" I chiefly call to mind,
 What woman could find in her heart," such bondage for to bind.
 Then rashly forth I yede," to cast me from that care,
 Like as the bird for food doth fly," and lighteth in the snare.
 From whence I may not ^b move," until my race be run,
 So trained is my truth through her" that thinks my life well won.
 Thus toss I to and fro," in hope to have relief,
 But in the fine I find not so," it doubleth but my grief.
 Wherefore I will my want" a warning for to be
 Unto all men, wishing that they" a mirrour make of me.

THE FELICITY OF A MIND EMBRACING VIRTUE, THAT
 BEHOLDETH THE WRETCHED DESIRES OF
 THE WORLD.

WHEN dreadful swelling seas," through boisterous windy blasts,
 So toss the ships, that all for nought" serves anchor, sail, and masts;

Who takes not pleasure then" safely on shore to rest,
And see with dread, and deep despair," how shipmen are distress.

Not that we pleasure take," when others feelen smart;
Our gladness groweth to see their harms," and yet to feel no part.

Delight we take also," well ranged in array,
When armies meet, to see the fight," yet free be from the fray.

But yet among the rest," no joy may match with this,
T' aspire unto the temple high," where wisdom throned is.

Defended with the saws" of hoary heads expert,
Which clear it keep from errour's mist," that might the truth pervert.

From whence thou mayst look down," and see, as under foot,
Man's wand'ring will, and doubtful life," from whence they take their root.

How some by wit contend," by prowess some do rise;
Riches and rule to gain and hold," is all that men devise.

O, miserable minds!" O, hearts in folly drent!
Why see you not what blindness in" this wretched life is spent?

Body devoid of grief;" mind free from care and dread;
Is all, and some, that nature craves," wherewith our life to feed.

So that for nature's turn," few things may well suffice,
Dolour and grief clean to expel," and some delight surprise.

Yea, and it falleth oft," that nature more content
Is with the less, than when the more," to cause delight, is spent.

ALL WORLDLY PLEASURES VADE.

THE winter with his grisly storms" no longer dare abide;
The pleasant grass with lusty green" the earth hath newly dyed.
The trees have leaves, the boughs do spread," new changed is the year;
The water brooks are clean sunk down," the pleasant banks appear.

The spring is come; the goodly nymphs" now dance in every place :
Thus hath the year most pleasantly" of late y-chang'd his face.
Hope for no immortality," for wealth will wear away;
As we may learn by every year," yea, hours of every day.
For Zephyrus doth mollify" the cold and blustering winds;
The summer's drought doth take away" the spring out of our minds :
And yet the summer cannot last," but once must step aside;
Then autumn thinks to keep his place," but autumn cannot bide;
For when he hath brought forth his fruits," and stuff the barns with corn,
Then winter eats, and empties all," and thus is autumn worn.
Then hoary frosts possess the place," then tempests work much harm,
Then rage of storms "do make all cold," which summer had made so warm.
Wherefore let no man put his trust" in that, that will decay;
For slipper wealth will not continue," pleasure will wear away.
For when that we have lost our life," and lie under a stone,
What are we then? we are but earth!" then is our pleasure gone.
No man can tell what God almighty" of every wight doth cast;
No man can say to-day I live," till morn my life shall last.
For when thou shalt before thy Judge" stand to receive thy doom,
What sentence Minos doth pronounce," that must of thee become.
Then shall not noble stock, and blood," redeem thee from his hands;
Nor sugar'd talk with eloquence," shall loose thee from his bands.
Nor yet thy life uprightly led" can help thee out of hell;
For who descendeth down so deep," must there abide and dwell.
Diana could not thence deliver" chaste Hypolitus,
Nor Theseus could not call to life" his friend Pirithous.

“ done.

A COMPLAINT OF THE LOSS OF LIBERTY
BY LOVE.

IN seeking rest, unrest I find ;
I find that wealth is cause of woe.
Woe worth the time ! that I inclin'd
To fix in mind her beauty so.

That day be darkened as the night ;
Let furious rage it clean devour ;
Ne sun nor moon therein give light,
But it consume with stream and shower.

Let no small birds strain forth their voice
With pleasant tunes ; ne yet no beast
Find cause whereat he may rejoice,
That day when chanced mine unrest.

Wherein, alas ! from me was raught
Mine own free choice, and quiet mind ;
My life, ^d my death, in balance brought,
And reason razed through bark and rind.

And I as yet in flower of age,
Both wit and will did still advance,
Aye, to resist that burning rage :
But when I ^e dar'd, then did I glance.

^d me ; *my*.

^e darte ; *dar'd*.

Nothing to me did seem so high,
In mind I could it straight attain;
Fancy persuaded me thereby,
Love to esteem a thing most vain.

But as the bird upon the ^f breer,
Doth prick, and proyne her, without care;
Not knowing, alas, poor fool! how near
She is unto the fowler's snare;

So I, amid deceitful trust,
Did not mistrust such woful hap;
Till cruel Love, ere that I wist,
Had caught me in his careful trap.

Then did I feel, and partly know,
How little force in me did reign,
So soon to yield to overthrow;
So frail to flit from joy to pain.

For when in wealth, will did me lead
Of liberty to ^g hoist my sail,
To hale at sheet, and cast my lead,
I thought free choice would still prevail.

In whose calm streams I sail'd so far,
No raging storm had in respect,
Until I rais'd a goodly star,
Whereto my course I did direct.

^f brier; *breer*.

^g hoyse.

SONGS AND SONNETS.

In whose prospect, in doleful wise,
My tackle fail'd, my compass brake;
Through hot desires such storms did rise,
That stern and top went all to wrack.

O cruel hap! O fatal chance!
O fortune! why were thou unkind;
Without regard, thus in a trance,
To reave from me my joyful mind?

Where I was free now must I serve;
Where I was loose now am I bound:
In death my life I do preserve,
As one through girt with many a wound.

A PRAISE OF HIS LADY.

GIVE place, you Ladies, and be gone!
Boast not yourselves at all:
For here at hand approacheth one,
Whose face will stain you all.

The virtue of her lively looks
Excels the precious stone;
I wish to have none other books
To read, or look upon.

In each of her two crystal eyes
Smileth a naked boy;
It would you all in heart suffice,
To see that lamp of joy.

I think Nature hath lost the mould,
Where she her shape did take;
Or else, I doubt if Nature could
So fair a creature make.

She may be well compar'd
Unto the phoenix kind,
Whose like was never seen, nor heard,
That any man can find.

In life she is Diana chaste,
In truth Penelope,
In word and eke in deed stedfast —
What will you more we say?

If all the world were sought so far,
Who could find such a wight?
Her beauty twinkleth like a star
Within the frosty night.

Her rosial colour comes and goes
With such a comely grace;
More ^hruddier too than doth the rose,
Within her lively face.

^h redier; ruddier.

At Bacchus feast none shall her meet,
Ne at no wanton play;
Nor gazing in an open street,
Nor gadding as a stray.

The modest mirth that she doth use,
Is mixt with shamefastness;
All vice she doth wholly refuse,
And hateth idleness.

O Lord! it is a world to see,
How Virtue can repair,
And deck in her such honesty,
Whom Nature made so fair.

Truly she doth as far exceed
Our women now a-days,
As doth the gilly-flow'r a weed,
And more, a thousand ways.

How might I do to get a graff
Of this unspotted tree?
For all the rest are plain but chaff,
Which seem good corn to be.

This gift alone I shall her give,
When Death doth what he can,
Her honest fame shall ever live
Within the mouth of man.

THE POOR ESTATE TO BE HOLDEN FOR BEST.

E XPERIENCE now doth shew," what God us taught before,
 D esired pomp is vain," and seldom doth it last.
 W ho climbs to reign with kings," may rue his fate full sore :
 A las! the woful end," that comes with care full fast!
 R eject him doth renown," his pomp full low is cast.
 D eceived is the bird" by sweetness of the call :
 E xpel that pleasant taste," wherein is bitter gall.

S uch as with oaten cakes" in poor estate abides,
 O f care have they no cure;" the crab with mirth they roast.
 M ore ease feel they than those," that from their height down slides.
 E xcess doth breed their woe," they sail in Scilla's coast,
 R emaining in the storms," till ship and all be lost.
 S erve God, therefore, thou poor," for lo! thou lives in rest,
 E schew the golden hall," thy thatched house is bes-T.

THE COMPLAINT OF THESTILIS AMID THE DESART
 WOOD.

THESTILIS, a sely man," when love did him forsake,
 In mourning wise, amid the woods" thus gan his plaint to make.
 " Ah! woful man," i quoth he," " fallen is thy lot to moan,
 " And pine away with careful thoughts," unto thy love unknown.
 " Thy lady thee forsakes," whom thou didst honour so,
 " That aye to her thou were a friend," and to thyself a foe.
 " Ye lovers! that have lost" your hearts' desired choice,
 " Lament with me my cruel hap," and help my trembling voice.

"Was never man that ^kstood" so great in fortune's grace,
 "Nor with his ^lsweet, alas! too dear," possess so high a place,
 "As I whose simple heart" aye thought himself full sure:
 "But now I see high springing tides" they may not aye endure.
 "She knows my guiltless heart," and yet she lets it pine;
 "Of her untrue professed love," so feeble is the twine.
 "What wonder is it then," if I berent my hairs,
 "And ⁿcraving death, continually" do bathe myself in tears?
 "When Cressus, king of Lide," was cast in cruel bands,
 "And yielded goods, and life also," into his en'mies' hands;
 "What tongue could tell his woe?" yet was his grief much less
 "Than mine, for I have lost my love," which might my woe redress.
 "Ye woods! that shroud my limbs," give now your hollow sound,
 "That ye may help me to bewail" the cares that me confound.
 "Ye rivers! rest a while," and stay the streams that run;
 "Rue, Thestylis, most woful man" that lives under the sun.
 "Transport my sighs, ye winds!" unto my pleasant foe;
 "My trickling tears shall witness bear" of this my cruel woe.
 "O! happy man were I," if all the Gods agreed,
 "That now the Sisters three should cut" in twain my fatal thread.
 "Till life with love shall end," I here resign all joy;
 "Thy pleasant sweet I now lament," whose lack breeds mine annoy.
 "Farewell! my dear, therefore;" farewell! to me well known;
 "If that I die, it shall be said," that thou hast slain thine own."

AN ANSWER OF COMFORT.

THESTILIS, thou sely man," why dost thou so complain?
 If needs thy love will thee forsake," thy mourning is in vain.
 For none can force the streams" against their course to run,
 Nor yet unwilling love with tears" or wailing can be won.

^k stode.^l swete.ⁿ carving; craving.

Cease thou therefore thy plaints," let hope thy sorrows ease:
 The shipmen, though their sails be rent," yet hope to scape the seas.
 Though strange she seem a while," yet think she will not change:
 Good causes drive a lady's love" sometime to seem full strange.
 No lover that hath wit," but can foresee such hap,
 That no wight can at wish, or will," sleep in his lady's lap.
 Achilles for a time" fair Brises did forego,
 Yet did they meet with joy again;" then think thou mayst do so.
 Though he, and lovers all," in love sharp storms do find,
 Despair not thou, poor Thestilis," though thy love seem unkind.
 Ah! think her graffed love" cannot so soon decay:
 High springs may cease from swelling still," but never dry away.
 Oft storms of lovers ire" do more their love increase;
 As shining sun refresh the fruits," when raining gins to cease.
 When springs are waxen low," then must they flow again;
 So shall thy heart advanced be" to pleasure, out of pain.
 When lack of thy delight," most bitter grief appears,
 Think on Etrascus' worthy love," that lasted thirty years;
 Which could not long achieve" his heart's desired choice;
 Yet at the end he found reward" that made him to rejoice.
 Since he so long in hope" with patience did remain,
 Cannot thy fervent love forbear" thy love a ° month, or twain?
 Admit she mind to change," and needs will thee forego;
 Is there no ^p more may thee delight" but she that pains thee so?
 Thestilis, draw to the town," and love as thou hast done;
 In time, thou knowest, by faithful love," as good as she is won.
 And leave the desert woods," and wailing thus alone,
 And seek to salve thy sore elsewhere," if all her love be gone.

THE LOVER PRAYETH PITY, SHEWING THAT NATURE HATH
 TAUGHT HIS DOG, AS IT WERE, TO SUE FOR THE
 SAME BY KISSING HIS LADY'S HANDS.

NATURE that taught my sely dog, God wat,
 Even for my sake to ^alike where I do love,
 Enforced him, where as my Lady sat,
 With humble suit before her falling flat,
 As in his sort he might her pray, and move
 To rue upon his lord, and not forget
 The stedfast faith he beareth her, and love,
 Kissing her hand; whom she could not remove,
 Away that would for frowning, nor for threat;
 As though he would have said in my behove;
 "Pity my lord, your slave that doth remain,
 "Lest by his death, you guiltless slay us twain."

OF HIS RING SENT TO HIS LADY.

SINCE thou, my ring, mayst go where I ne may;
 Since thou mayst speak, where I must hold my peace;
 Say unto her that is my livè stay,
 Graven within, which I do here express;
 "That sooner shall the sun not shine by day,
 "And with the rain the floods shall waxen less,
 "Sooner the tree the hunter shall bewray,
 "Than I for change, or choice of other love,
 "Do ever seek my fancy to remove."

THE CHANGEABLE STATE OF LOVERS.

For that a restless head" must somewhat have in ure,
Wherewith it may acquainted be," as Falcon is with Lure;
Fancy doth me awake" out of my drowsy sleep,
In seeing how the little mouse" at night begins to creep.
So the desirous man," that longs to catch his prey,
In spying how to watch his time," lieth lurking still by day;
In hoping for to have," and fearing for to find,
The salve that should recure his sore," and sorroweth but the mind..
Such is the guise of love," and the uncertain state,
That some should have their hoped hap," and other, hard estate.
That some should seem to joy" in that they never had,
And some again shall frown as fast," where causeless they be sad.
Such trades do lovers use," when they be most at large
That guide the steer, when they themselves" lie fetter'd in the barge.
The greenness of my youth" cannot thereof express
The process, for, by proof unknown," all this is but by guess.
Wherefore I hold it best," in time to hold my peace;
But wanton will it cannot hold," or make my pen to cease.
A pen of no avail," a fruitless labour eke;
My troubled head, with fancies fraught," doth pain itself to seek.
And if perhaps my words," of none avail, do prick
Such as do feel the hidden harms," I^r would not they should kick,
As causeless me to blame," which thinketh them no harm;
Although I seem, by others' fire," sometime myself to warm.
Which clearly I deny," as guiltless of that crime;
And though wrong deem'd I be therein," truth it will try in time.

A PRAISE OF AUDLEY.

WHEN Audley had run out his race," and ended were his days,
 His fame stept forth, and bade me write" of him some worthy praise.
 What life he ^sled, what acts he did," his virtues and good name;
 Whereto I call'd for true report," as witness of the same.
 Well born he was, well bent by kind," whose mind did never swerve;
 A skilful head; a valiant heart;" a ready hand to serve.
 Brought up and train'd in feats of war" long time beyond the seas,
 Call'd home again to serve his Prince," whom still he sought to please.
 What tourney was there he refus'd?" what service did he shun?
 Where he was not, nor his advice," what great exploit was done?
 In town a lamb, in field full fierce," a lion at the need;
 In sober wit a Solomon," yet one of Hector's seed.
 Then shame it were that any tongue" should now defame his deeds,
 That in his life a mirrour was" to all that him succeeds.
 No poor estate, nor high renown," his nature could pervart;
 No hard mischance that him befel" could move his constant heart.
 Thus long he lived, loved of all;" as one mislik'd of none;
 And where he went, who call'd him not," "The gentle Paragon?"
 But, course of kind doth cause each fruit" to fall when it is ripe,
 And spiteful Death will suffer none" to scape his grievous gripe.
 Yet though the ground received have" his corpse into her womb,
 This epitaph, y-grave in brass," shall stand upon his tomb:
 LO! HERE HE LIES THAT ^tHATED VICE," AND VIRTUE'S LIFE ^uEMBRAC'D:
 HIS NAME IN EARTH, HIS SPRITE ABOVE," DESERVES TO BE WELL PLAC'D.

^s led.^t hateth: hated, 1574.^u imbrast.

TIME TRIETH TRUTH.

EACH thing I see hath time," which time must try my truth;
Which truth deserves a special trust;" on trust great friendship grow'th:
And friendship may not fail," where faithfulness is found;
And faithfulness is full of fruit;" and fruitful things be sound:
And sound is good at proof;" and proof is prince of praise;
And precious praise is such a pearl" as seldom ner decays.
All these things time tries forth," which time I must abide;
How should I boldly credit crave," till time my truth have try'd?
For as I found a time" to fall in fancy's frame,
So I do wish a lucky time" for to declare the same.
If hap may answer Hope," and Hope may have his hire,
Then shall my heart possess in peace," the time that I desire.

THE LOVER REFUSED OF HIS LOVE, EMBRACETH
DEATH.

My youthful years are past,
My joyful days are gone;
My life it may not last;
My grave and I am one.
My mirth and joys are fled,
And I a man in woe,
Desirous to be dead,
My mischief to forego.

SONGS AND SONNETS.

I burn, and am a-cold;

I freeze amidst the fire;

I see she doth withhold

That is my most desire.

I see my help at hand,

I see my life also;

I see where she doth stand,

That is my deadly foe.

I see how she doth see,

And yet she will be blind;

I see in helping me,

She seeks, and will not find.

I see how she doth wry,

When I begin to moan;

I see when I come nigh,

How fain she would be gone.

I see, what will ye more,

She will me gladly kill;

And you shall see therefore

That she shall have her will.

I cannot live with stones,

It is too hard a food;

I will be dead at ones,

To do my Lady good.

THE PICTURE OF A LOVER.

BEHOLD my picture here," well pourtrayed for the nones,
With heart consumed and falling flesh," behold the very bones.

Whose cruel chance, alas!" and destiny is such,
Only because I put my trust" in some folk all too much.

For since the time that I" did enter in this pine,
I never saw the rising sun," but with my weeping eyen.

Nor yet I never heard" so sweet a voice, or sound,
But that to me it did increase" the dolour of my wound.

Nor in so soft a bed," alas! I never lay,
But that it seemed hard to me," or ever it was day.

Yet in this body bare," that nought but life retains,
The strength whereof clean past away," the care yet still remains.

Like as the coal in flame" doth spend itself, you see,
To vain and wretched cinder dust," till it consumed be;

So doth this hope of mine" enforce my fervent suit,
To make me for to gape in vain," whilst other eat the fruit;

And shall do till the death" doth give me such a grace,
To rid this silly woful sprite" out of this doleful case.

And then, would God! were writ" in stone, or else in lead,
This epitaph upon my grave," to shew why I am dead:

"Here lieth the lover, lo!" who for the love he ought
"Alive unto his lady dear," his death thereby he caught.

"And in a shield of black," lo! here his arms appears,
"With weeping eyes, as you may see," well powder'd all with tears.

"Lo! here you may behold," aloft upon his breast,
"A woman's hand straining the heart" of him that loved her best.

"Wherefore all you that see" this corpse for love that sterves,
"Example make unto you all," that thankless lovers serves.

OF THE DEATH OF PHILIPS.

BEWAIL with me, all ye that have profest
Of music th' art, by touch of cord, or wind;
Lay down your lutes, and let your gitterns rest;
Philips is dead: whose like you cannot find;
Of music much exceeding all the rest.
Muses! therefore of force now must ye wrest
Your pleasant notes, into another sound.
The string is broke, the lute is dispossessed,
The hand is cold, the body in the ground;
The lowring lute lamenteth now, therefore,
Philips, her friend, that can her touch no more.

THAT ALL THING SOMETIME FIND EASE OF THEIR
PAIN, SAVE ONLY THE LOVER.

I SEE there is no sort
Of things that live in grief,
Which at sometime may not resort,
Whereas they have relief.

The stricken deer by kind,
Of death that stands in awe,
For his recure an herb can find,
The arrow to withdraw.

The chased deer hath soil,
To cool him in his heat;
The ass, after his weary toil,
In stable is up set.

The cony hath his cave,
The little bird his nest,
From heat and cold themselves to save,
At all times as they list.

The owl with feeble sight,
Lies lurking in the leaves;
The sparrow in the frosty night
May shroud her in the eaves.

But woe to me, alas!
In sun, nor yet in shade,
I cannot find a resting place
My burden to unlade.

But day by day still bears
The burden on my back,
With weeping eyen and wat'ry tears,
To hold my hope a-back.

All things I see have place
Wherein they bow or bend,
Save this, alas! my woful case,
Which nowhere findeth end.

THE ASSAULT OF CUPID UPON THE FORT WHERE THE
LOVER'S HEART LAY WOUNDED, AND HOW HE
WAS TAKEN.

WHEN Cupid scaled first the fort
Wherein my heart lay wounded sore,
The batt'ry was of such a sort,
That I must yield, or die therefore.

There saw I Love upon the wall,
How he his banner did display;
"Alarm! alarm!" he gan to call,
And bade his soldiers keep array.

The arms the which that Cupid bare,
Were pierced hearts with tears besprent,
In silver and sable, to declare
The stedfast love he always meant.

There might you see his band all drest
In colours, like to white and black;
With powder, and with pellets prest,
To bring the fort to spoil, and sack.

Good-will, the master of the shot,
Stood in the rampire, brave and proud;
For spence of powder he spared not,
"Assault! assault!" to cry aloud.

There might you hear the cannons roar;
Each piece discharged a lover's look,
Which had the power to rent, and tore
In any place whereas they took.

And even with the trumpets sown,
The scaling ladders were up set;
And Beauty walked up and down,
With bow in hand, and arrows whet.

Then first Desire began to scale,
And shrouded him under her targe;
As one, the worthiest of them all,
And aptest for to give the charge.

Then pushed soldiers with their pikes,
And halberders with handy strokes;
The arquebuse in *flash it lights,
And dims the air with misty smokes.

And as it is the soldiers' use,
When shot and powder 'gins to want;
I hanged up my flag of truce,
And pleaded for my livè's grant.

When Fancy thus had made her breach,
And Beauty enter'd with her band,
With bag and baggage, sely wretch,
I yielded into Beauty's hand.

* fleshe; *flash*.

SONGS AND SONNETS.

Then Beauty bade to blow retreat,
 And every soldier to retire;
 And Mercy *y* will'd, with speed to fet
 Me captive, bound as prisoner.

"Madame," quoth I, "sith that this day
 "Hath served you at all assays;
 "I yield to you, without delay,
 "Here of the fortress all the keys.

"And sith that I have been the mark
 "At whom you shot at with your eye,
 "Needs must you, with your handy wark,
 "Or salve my sore, or let me die."

THE AGED LOVER RENOUNCETH LOVE.

I LOATH that I did love
 In youth, that I thought sweet;
 As time requires, for my behove,
 Methinks they are not meet.

My lusts they do me leave,
 My fancies all are fled;
 And track of time begins to weave
 Gray hairs upon my head.

y wylde; *will'd*.

For Age, with stealing steps,
Hath claw'd me with his crowch,
And lusty Life away she leaps,
As there had been none such.

My Muse doth not delight
Me, as she did before;
My hand and pen are not in plight,
As they have been of yore.

For Reason me denies
This youthly idle rhyme;
And day by day to me she cries;
"Leave off these toys in time."

The wrinkles in my brow,
The furrows in my face,
Say, "Limping age will hedge him now,
"Where youth must give him place."

The harbinger of death,
To me I see him ride;
The cough, the cold, the gasping breath,
Doth bid me to provide

A pickaxe, and a spade,
And eke a shrouding sheet;
A house of clay, for to be made
For such a guest most meet.

Methinks I hear the clerk
That knoles the careful knell,
And bids me leave my woful work,
Ere nature me compel.

My keepers knit the knot
That youth did laugh to scorn,
Of me, that clean shall be forgot,
As I had not been born.

Thus must I youth give up,
Whose badge I long did wear;
To them I yield the wanton cup,
That better may it bear.

Lo! here the bared skull,
By whose bald sign I know,
That stooping age away shall pull,
Which youthful years did sow.

For Beauty with her band
These crooked cares hath wrought
And shipped me into the land
From whence I first was brought.

And ye that bide behind,
Have ye none other trust;
As ye of clay were cast by kind,
So shall ye waste to dust.

OF THE LADY WENTWORTH'S DEATH.

To live to die, and die to live again,
With good renown of fame well led before,
Here lieth she that learned had the lore;
Whom, if the perfect virtues woulden deign
To be set forth with foil of worldly grace,
Was noble born, and match'd in noble race;
Lord Wentworth's wife: nor wanted to attain,
In nature's gifts, her praise among the rest.
But that that gave her praise above the best,
Not fame, her wedlock's chasteness durst distain.
Wherein with child, delivering of her womb,
Th' untimely birth hath brought them both in tomb:
So left she life, by death to live again.

THE LOVER, ACCUSING HIS LOVE FOR HER UNFAITHFUL-
NESS, PURPOSETH TO LIVE IN LIBERTY.

THE smoky sighs, the bitter tears,
That I in vain have wasted;
The broken sleeps, the woe and fears,
That long in me have lasted;
The love, and all I owe to thee,
Here I renounce, and make me free.

Which freedom I have by thy guilt,
And not by my deserving;
Since so unconstantly thou wilt
Not love, but still be swerving,

To leave me off, which was thine own,
Without cause why, as shall be known.

The fruits were fair, the which did grow
Within thy garden planted;
The leaves were green of every bough,
And moisture nothing wanted;
Yet, ^z ere the blossoms gan to fall,
The caterpillar wasted all.

Thy body was the garden place,
And sugar'd words it beareth;
The blossoms, all thy faith it was,
Which as the canker weareth;
The caterpillar is the same,
That hath won thee, and lost thy name.

I mean the lover loved now,
By thy pretended folly;
Which will prove like, thou shalt find how,
Unto a tree of holly,
That bark and berry bears always;
The one birds feeds, the other slays.

And right well mightest thou have thy wish,
Of thy love new acquainted;
For thou art like unto the dish
That Adrianus painted;
Wherein where grapes pourtray'd so fair,
That fowls for food did there repair.

But I am like the beaten fowl,
 That from the net escaped;
 And thou art like the ravening owl,
 That all the night hath waked,
 For none intent but to betray
 The sleeping fowl, before the day.

Thus hath thy love been unto me
 As pleasant and commodious,
 As was the fire made on the sea,
 By Naulus' hate so odious,
 Therewith to train the Greekish host
 From Troyes return, where they were lost.

THE LOVER, FOR WANT OF HIS DESIRE, SHEWETH
 HIS DEATH AT HAND.

As cypress-tree, that rent is by the root;
 As branch, or slip, ^a bereft from whence it grows;
 As well sown seed, for drought that cannot sprout;
 As gaping ground that, rainless, cannot close;
 As moles, that want the earth to do them boot;
 As fish on land, to whom no water flows;
 As the' ^b chameleon, that lacks the air so soote;
 As flowers do fade, when Phœbus rarest shows;
 As salamandra, repulsed from the fire;
 So, wanting my wish, I die for my desire.

^a better; bereft, first 4^o, &c.

^b Thamelion; *the' chameleon*, first, second, and third 4^o.

A HAPPY END EXCEEDETH ALL PLEASURES AND RICHES
OF THE WORLD.

THE shining season here to some,
The glory in the world's sight;
Renowned fame, through fortune won;
The glittering gold, the eye's delight;
The sensual life, that seems so sweet;
The heart with joyful days replete;
The thing whereto each wight is thrall;
The happy end exceedeth all.

AGAINST AN UNSTEDFAST WOMAN.

O TEMEROUS tauntress! that delights in toys;
Tumbling cockboat, tott'ring to and fro;
Jangling jestress, depraveress of sweet joys;
Ground of the graff, whence all my grief doth grow;
Sullen serpent, environed with despite,
That ill for good at all times dost requite.

A PRAISE OF PETRARCH, AND OF LAURA,
HIS LADY.

O PETRARCH! head, and prince of poets all,
Whose lively gift of flowing eloquence
Well may we seek, but find not how, or whence,
So rare a gift with thee did rise and fall;

Peace to thy bones! and glory immortal
 Be to thy name, and to her excellence,
 Whose beauty lighted in thy time, and sense,
 So to be set forth as none other shall.
 Why hath not our pens rhymes so ^c perfect wrought?
 Ne why our time forth bringeth beauty such?
 To try our wits, as gold is by the touch,
 If to the style, the matter aided ought:
 But there was never Laura, more than one;
 And her, had Petrarch for his paragon.

THAT PETRARCH CANNOT BE PASSED, BUT NOTWITH-
 STANDING THAT, LAURA IS FAR SURPASSED.

WITH Petrarch to compare there may no wight,
 Nor yet attain unto so high a style:
 But yet I wot full well where is a file,
 To frame a learned man to praise aright.
 Of stature mean, of seemly form and shape,
 Each line of just proportion to her height;
 Her colour fresh, and mingled with such sleight,
 As though the rose sat in the lily's lap.
 In wit and tongue to shew what may be said;
 To every deed she joins a ^d perfect grace:
 If Laura liv'd, she would her clean deface:
 For I dare say, and lay my life to wed,
 That Momus could not, if he down descended,
 Once justly say, "Lo! this may be amended."

^c parfit.

^d parfit.

AGAINST A CRUEL WOMAN.

CRUEL! unkind! whom mercy cannot move;
 Harbour^e of unhap, where rigour's rage doth reign;
 Ground of my grief, where pity cannot prove;
 Trickle to trust, of all untruth the train;
 Thou rigorous rock, that ruth cannot remove;
 Dangerous delph, deep dungeon of disdain;
 Sack of self-will, the chest of craft and change,
 What causeth thee thus causeless for to change?

Ah! pitiless plant, whom plaint cannot provoke;
 Den of deceit, that right doth still refuse;
 Causeless unkind, that carriest under cloak
 Cruelty and craft, me only to abuse;
 Stately and stubborn, withstanding Cupid's stroke;
 Thou marvellous maze, that makest men to muse;
 Sullen^f by self-will, most stony, stiff, and strange,
 What causeth thee thus causeless for to change?

Slipper and secret, where surety cannot sow;
 Net of newelty, nest of new-fangleness;
 Spring of all spite, from whence whole floods do flow;
 Thou cave, and cage of care and craftiness;
 Wavering willow, that every blast doth blow;
 Graff without growth, and cause of carefulness;
 Heap of mishap, of all my grief the grange,
 What causeth thee thus causeless for to change?

^e herbour.^f sollein.

Hast thou forgot that I was thine infeoſt,
 By force of love? haddeſt thou not heart at all?
 Saweſt thou not other for thy love were left?
 Knoweſt thou, unkind, that nothing might befall,
 From out of my heart, that could have thee bereft?
 What meaneſt thou then, at riot thus to range?
 And leaveſt thine own, that never thought to change.

THE LOVER SHEWETH WHAT HE WOULD HAVE, IF IT WERE
 GRANTED HIM TO HAVE WHAT HE WOULD WISH.

IF it were ſo that God" would grant me my request,
 And that I might of earthly things" have that I liked beſt;
 I would not wiſh to climb" to princely high eſtate,
 Which ſlipper is, and ſlides ſo oft," and hath ſo fickle fate:
 Nor yet to conquer realms" with cruel ſword in hand,
 And ſo to ſhed the guiltleſs blood" of ſuch as would withſtand:
 Nor I would not deſire" in worldly rule to reign,
 Whoſe fruit is all unquietneſs," and breaking of the brain:
 Nor riches in exceſs," of virtue ſo abhor'd,
 I would not crave, which breedeth care," and cauſeth all diſcord;
 But my request ſhould be" more worth a thouſand fold,
 That I might have, and her enjoy," that hath my heart in hold.
 O God! what luſty life" ſhould we live then for ever,
 In pleaſant joy, and perfect bliſs," to length our lives together
 With words of friendly cheer," and looks of lively love,
 To utter all our hot deſires," which never ſhould remove.
 But groſs and greedy wits," which grope but on the ground,
 To gather muck of worldly goods," which oft do them confound,

Cannot attain to know" the mysteries divine
 Of ^s perfect love, whereto high wits" of knowledge do incline.
 A niggard of his gold" such joy can never have,
 Which gets with toil, and keeps with care," and is his money slave;
 As they enjoy always" that taste love in his kind;
 For they do hold continually" a heaven in their mind:
 No worldly goods could bring" my heart so great an ease,
 As for to find, or do the thing," that might my lady please.
 For by her only love" my heart should have all joy;
 And with the same put care away," and all that could annoy.
 And ^h if that any thing" should chance to make me sad,
 The touching of her coral lips" would straightway make me glad.
 And when that in my heart" I feel that did me grieve,
 With one embracing of her arms" she might me soon relieve.
 And as the angels all," which sit in heaven high,
 With presence, and the sight of God," have their felicity;
 So likewise I in earth" should have all earthly bliss,
 With presence of that paragon," my god on earth that is.

THE LADY FORSAKEN OF HER LOVER PRAYETH HIS
 RETURN, OR THE END OF HER OWN LIFE.

To love, alas! who would not fear,
 That seeth my woful state;
 For he to whom my heart I bear,
 Doth me extremely hate:
 And why therefore I cannot tell,
 He will no longer with me dwell.

^s perfite.

^h as; and.

Did you not sue and long me serve,
 Ere I you granted grace?
 And will you ⁱthus now from me swerve,
 That never did trespass?
 Alas, poor woman! then, alas!
 A weary life here must I pass.

And shall my faith have such refuse,
 Indeed and shall it so?
 Is there no choice for me to choose,
 But must I leave you so?
 Alas, poor woman! then, alas!
 A weary life hence must I pass.

And is there now no remedy,
 But that you will forget her?
 There was a time when that, perdie,
 You would have heard her better:
 But now that time is gone and past,
 And all your love is but a blast.

And can you thus break your behest,
 Indeed and can you so?
 Did you not swear you loved me best?
 And can you now say, no?
 Remember me, poor wight, in pain,
 And for my sake turn once again.

Alas, poor Dido! now I feel
 Thy present painful state;

SONGS AND SONNETS.

When false Æneas did him steal
From thee, at Carthage gate;
And left thee sleeping in thy bed,
Regarding not what he had said.

Was never woman thus betray'd,
Nor man so false forsworn;
His faith and truth, so strongly ^ktayed,
Untruth hath all-to torn:
And I have leave, for my good will,
To wail and weep alone my fill.

But since it will not better be,
My tears shall never blin,
To moist the earth in such degree,
That I may drown therein;
That by my death all men may say;
“Lo! women are as true as they.”

By me all women may beware,
That see my woful smart;
To seek true love let them not spare,
Before they set their heart:
Or else they may become as I,
Which for my truth am like to die.

^k tyde; tayed, first 40.

THE LOVER YELDEN INTO HIS LADY'S HANDS,
PRAYETH MERCY.

IN freedom was my fantasy,
Abhorring bondage of the mind;
But now I yield my liberty,
And willingly myself I bind,
Truly to serve with all my heart,
Whilst life doth last, not to revert.

Her beauty bound me first of all,
And forc'd my will for to consent;
And I agree to be her thrall,
For as she list I am content;
My will is hers in that I may;
And where she bids I will obey.

It lieth in her my woe, or wealth;
She may do that she liketh best;
If that she list, I have my health;
If she list not, in woe I rest;
Since I am fast within her bands,
My woe and wealth lieth in her hands.

She can no less than pity me,
Sith that my faith to her is known;
It¹ were too much extremity,
With cruelty to use her own:
Alas! a sinful enterprise,
To slay that yields at her devise.

¹ At to were; It were to, first 4^o.

But I think not her heart so hard,
 Nor that she hath such cruel lust:
 I doubt nothing of her reward
 For my desert, but well I trust,
 As she hath beauty to allure,
 So hath she a heart that will recure.

THAT NATURE WHICH WORKETH ALL THINGS FOR OUR
 BEHOOF HATH MADE WOMEN ALSO FOR OUR
 COMFORT AND DELIGHT.

AMONG dame Nature's works" such "perfect law is wrought,
 That things be rul'd by course of kind" in order as they ought;
 And serveth in their state," in such just frame and sort,
 That slender wits may judge the same," and make thereof report.

Behold what secret force" the wind doth ° easily show,
 Which guides the ships amid the seas," if he his bellows blow.

The waters waxen wild" where blustering blasts do rise,
 Yet seldom do they pass their bonds," for Nature that devise.

The fire which boils the lead," and trieth out the gold,
 Hath in his power both help and hurt," if he his force unfold.

The frost which kills the fruit," doth knit the bruised bones,
 And is medicine of kind," prepared for the nones.

The earth, in whose entrails" the food of man doth live,
 At every spring and fall of leaf," what pleasure doth she give!

The air which life desires," and is to health so sweet,
 Of nature yields such lively smells," that comforts every sprete.

The sun through Nature's might" doth draw away the dew,
 And spreads the flowers where he is wont," his princely face to shew.

" perfite.

° easily.

The moon, which may be call'd" the lantern of the night,
 Is half a guide to travelling men," such virtue hath her light.
 The stars, not virtueless," are beauty to the eyes,
 A loads-man to the mariner," a sign of calmed skies.
 The flowers and fruitful trees" to man do tribute pay,
 And when they have their duty done," by course they fade away.
 Each beast, both fish, and fowl," doth offer life and all,
 To nourish man, and do him ease," yea, serve him at his call.
 The serpents venomous," whose ugly shapes we hate,
 Are sovereign salves for sundry sores," and needful in their state.
 Sith Nature shews her power" in each thing thus at large,
 Why should not man submit himself" to be in Nature's charge?
 Who thinks to flee her force," at length becomes her thrall;
 The wisest cannot slip her snare," for Nature governs all.
 Lo! Nature gave us shape;" lo! Nature feeds our lives:
 Then they are worse than mad, I think," against her force that strives.
 Though some do use to say," which can do nought but feign,
 Women were made for this intent," to put us men to pain;
 Yet sure I think they are" a pleasure to the mind,
 A joy which man can never want," as Nature hath assign'd.

WHEN ADVERSITY IS ONCE FALLEN, IT IS TOO LATE
TO BEWARE.

To my mishap, alas! I find
 That happy hap is dangerous;
 And Fortune worketh but her kind,
 To make the joyful dolorous:
 But all too late it comes to mind,
 To wail the want that makes me blind.

SONGS AND SONNETS.

Amid my mirth and pleasantness,
Such chance is chanced suddenly,
That in despair, without redress,
I find my chiefest remedy:
No new kind of unhappiness
Should thus have left me comfortless.

Who would have thought that my request
Should bring me forth such bitter fruit?
But now is hap'd that I fear'd least;
And all this harm comes by my suit:
For when I thought me happiest,
Even then hap'd all my chief unrest.

In better case was never none;
And yet unwares thus am I trap'd:
My chief desire doth cause me moan,
And to my harm my wealth is hap'd:
There is no man but I alone
That hath such cause to sigh and moan.

Thus am I taught for to beware,
And trust no more such pleasant chance;
My happy hap bred me this care,
And brought my mirth to great mischance.
There is no man whom hap will spare,
But when she list, his wealth is bare.

OF A LOVER THAT MADE HIS ONLY GOD OF HIS
LOVE.

ALL you that friendship do profess,
And of a friend present the place;
Give ear to me, that did possess
As friendly fruits as ye embrace.
And to declare the circumstance,
There were themselves that did advance,
To teach me truly how to take
A faithful friend, for virtue's sake.

But I, as one of little skill
To know what good might grow thereby,
Unto my wealth I had no will,
Nor to my need I had none eye.
But as the child doth learn to go,
So I in time did learn to know,
Of all good fruits the world brought forth,
A faithful friend is thing most worth,

Then with all care I sought to find
One worthy to receive such trust;
One only, that was rich in mind,
One secret, sober, wise, and just;
Whom riches could not raise at all,
Nor poverty procure to fall:
And to be short, in few words plain,
One such a friend I did attain.

And when I did enjoy this wealth,
Who lived, Lord ! in such a case ?
For to my friends it was great health,
And to my foes a foul deface ;
And to myself a thing so rich,
As seek the world, and find none sich.
Thus by this friend I set such store,
As by myself I set no more.

This friend so much was my delight,
When care had clean o'ercome my heart,
One thought of her rid care as quite,
As never care had caus'd my smart.
Thus joyed I in my friend so dear ;
Was never friend sat man so near.
I car'd for her so much alone,
That other God I car'd for none.

But as it doth to them befall,
That to themselves respect have none,
So my sweet graff is grown to gall ;
Where I sowed mirth I reaped moan :
This idol that I honour'd so,
Is now transformed to my foe ;
That me most pleased, me most pains,
And in despair my heart remains.

And for just scourge of such desart,
Three plagues I may myself assure :
First, of my friend to lose my part ;
And next, my life may not endure ;

And last of all, the more to blame,
My soul shall suffer for the same.
Wherefore, ye friends, I warn you all,
Sit fast, for fear of such a fall.

UPON THE DEATH OF SIR ANTHONY DENNY.

DEATH and the King did, as it were, contend
Which of them two bare Denny greatest love;
The King, to shew his love gan far extend,
Did him advance his betters far above;
Near place, much wealth, great honour, eke him gave,
To make it known what power great princes have.

But when Death came with his triumphant gift,
From worldly cark he quit his wearied ghost,
Free from the corpse; and straight to heaven it lift.
Now deem, that can, who did for Denny most:
The King gave wealth, but fading, and unsure;
Death brought him bliss, that ever shall endure.

A COMPARISON OF THE LOVER'S PAINS.

LIKE as the brake, within the rider's hand,
Doth strain the horse, nigh wood with grief of pain,
Not used before to come in such a band;
Striveth for grief, although, God wot, in vain,
To be, as erst he was, at liberty,
But force, of force, doth strain the contrary;

SONGS AND SONNETS.

Even so since band doth cause my deadly grief,
 That made me so my woful chance lament;
 Like thing hath brought me into pain and mischief,
 Save willingly to it I did assent:
 To bind the thing in freedom which was free,
 That, now full sore, alas! repenteth me.

OF A ROSEMARY BRANCH SENT.

SUCH green to me as you have sent,
 Such green to you I send again;
 A flow'ring heart that will not ^p faint,
 For dread of hope, or loss of gain:
 A stedfast thought, all wholly bent,
 (So that he may your grace obtain)
 As you by proof have always seen,
 To live your own, and always green.

TO HIS LOVE OF HIS CONSTANT HEART.

As I have been, so will I ever be
 Unto my death, and longer, if I might;
 Have I of love the friendly looking eye,
 Have I of fortune favour or despite.
 I am of rock, by proof as you may see,
 Not made of wax, nor of no metal light:
 As lief to die, by chance as to deceive,
 Or break the promise made; and so I leave.

^p feint; *faint*.

OF THE TOKEN WHICH HIS LOVE SENT HIM.

THE golden apple that the ^qTrojan boy
 Gave to Venus, the fairest of the three,
 Which was the cause of all the wrack of Troy;
 Was not received with a greater joy
 Than was the same, my Love! thou sent to me.
 It healed my sore, it made my sorrows free,
 It gave me hope, it banish'd mine annoy;
 Thy happy hand full oft of me was blest,
 That can give such a salve, when that thou list.

MANHOOD AVAILETH NOT WITHOUT GOOD FORTUNE.

THE coward oft, whom dainty viands fed,
 That boasted much his lady's ears to please,
 By help of them whom under him he led,
 Hath reap'd the palm, that valiance could not ^rseize.
 The unexpert, that shores unknown ^sne'er sought,
 Whom Neptune yet appalled not with fear
 In wandering ship, on trustless seas, hath ^ttaught
 The skill to ^usell, that time too long doth lear.
 The sporting knight, that scorneth Cupid's kind,
 With feigned cheer, the pained cause to breed,
 In game unhides the leaden sparks of mind,
 And gains the goal where glowing flames should speed.
 Thus I see proof that truth, and manly heart,
 May not avail, if fortune chance to start.

^q Trojan.

^r cease.

^s nere.

^t taught.

^u fele; sell 1574.

THAT CONSTANCY OF ALL VIRTUES IS MOST WORTHY.

THOUGH in the wax a perfect picture made,
 Doth shew as fair as in the marble stone;
 Yet do we see it is esteemed of none;
 Because that fire, or force the form doth fade.
 Whereas the marble holden is full dear;
 Since that endures the date of longer days.
 Of diamonds it is the greatest praise,
 So long to last, and always one t' appear.
 Then if we do esteem that thing for best
 Which in perfection longest time doth last,
 And that most vain that turns with every blast;
 What jewel then with tongue can be exprest,
 Like to that heart, where love hath fram'd such faith,
 That cannot fade, but by the force of death.

THE UNCERTAIN STATE OF A LOVER.

LIKE as the rage of rain
 Fills rivers with excess;
 And as the drought again
 Doth draw them less and less;
 So I both fall, and climb,
 With no, and yea, sometime.

As they swell high and high,
 So doth increase my state;
 As they fall dry and dry,
 So doth my wealth abate;

As yea is mixt with no,
So mirth is mixt with woe.

As nothing can endure,
That lives and lacks relief;
So nothing can stand sure
Where change doth reign as chief.
Wherefore I must intend
To bow when others bend,

And when they laugh, to smile;
And when they weep, to wail;
And when they craft, beguile;
And when they fight, assail;
And think there is no change,
Can make them seem too strange.

Oh! most unhappy slave!
What man may lead this course?
To lack he would fainest have,
Or else to do much worse.
These be rewards for such
As live, and love too much.

THE LOVER IN LIBERTY, SMILETH AT THEM IN THRALDOM,
THAT SOMETIME SCORNEH HIS BONDAGE.

At liberty I sit and see
Them, that have erst laugh'd me to scorn,
Whipt with the whip that scourged me,
And now they ban that they were born.

SONGS AND SONNETS.

I see them sit full soberly,
And think their earnest looks to hide;
Now in themselves they cannot spy,
That they, *ere this, in me have spied.

I see them sitting all alone,
Marking the steps, each word, and look;
And now they tread where I have gone,
The painful path that I forsook.

Now I see well I saw no whit,
When they saw well that now are blind;
But happy hap, hath made me quit,
And just judgment hath them assign'd.

I see them wander all alone,
And tread full fast in dreadful doubt,
The self-same path that I have gone;
Blessed be hap that brought me out.

At liberty all this I see,
And say no word but erst among,
Smiling at them that laugh at me:
Lo! such is hap; mark well my song.

A COMPARISON OF HIS LOVE WITH THE FAITHFUL AND
PAINFUL LOVE OF TROILUS TO CRESSIDE.

I READ how Troilus served in Troy
A lady long, and many a day;

And how he bode so great annoy
For her, as all the stories say,
That half the pain had never man,
Which had this woful ^yTrojan than.

His youth, his sport, his pleasant cheer,
His courtly state and company,
In him so strangely altered were,
With such a face of contrary,
That every joy became a woe;
This poison new had turn'd him so.

And what men thought might most him ease,
And most that for his comfort stood;
The same did most his mind displease,
And set him most in furious ^z mood:
For all his pleasure ever lay
To think on her that was away.

His chamber was his common walk,
Wherein he kept him secretly;
He made his bed the place of talk,
To hear his great extremity;
In nothing else had he delight,
But even to be a martyr right.

And now to call her by her name,
And straight therewith to sigh and throb;
And when his fancies might not frame,
Then into tears, and so to sob;

^y Trojan.

^z mode.

All in extremes, and thus he lies,
Making two fountains of his eyes.

As agues have sharp shifts of fits,
Of cold and heat successively;
So had his head like change of wits;
His patience wrought so diversely.
Now up, now down, now here, now there,
Like one that was, he wist not where.

And thus though he were Priam's son,
And comen of the King's high blood,
This care he had, ere he her won,
Till she that was her mistress good,
And loth to see her servant so,
Became physician to his woe;

And took him to her hands, and grace,
And said she would her mind apply,
To help him in his woful case,
If she might be his remedy:
And thus they say, to ease his smart,
She made him owner of her heart.

And truth it is, except they lie,
From that day forth her study went,
To shew to love him faithfully,
And his whole mind full to content:
So happy a man at last was he;
And eke so worthy a woman she.

Lo! Lady, then judge you by this,
Mine ease, and how my case doth fall;
For sure between my life and his
No difference there is at all:
His care was great, so was his pain,
And mine is not the least of twain.

For what he felt in service true,
For her whom that he loved so;
The same I feel as large for you,
To whom I do my service owe:
There was that time in him no pain,
But now the same in me doth reign.

Which if you can compare and weigh,
And how I stand in every plight,
Then this for you, I dare well say,
Your heart must needs remorse of right,
To grant me grace, and so to do,
As Cressid then did Troilus to.

For well I wot you are as good,
And even as fair as ever was she;
And comen of as worthy blood,
And have in you as large pity,
To tender me, your own true man,
As she did him, her servant than,

Which gift I pray God, for my sake,
Full soon and shortly you me send;

SONGS AND SONNETS.

So shall you make my sorrows slake,
 So shall you bring my woe to end;
 And set me in as happy case,
 As Troilus with his lady was.

TO LEAD A VIRTUOUS AND HONEST LIFE.

FLEE from the press, and dwell with sooth-fastness;
 Suffice to thee thy good, though it be small;
 For hoard hath hate, and climbing tickleness;
 Praise hath envy, and weal is blind in all:
 Favour no more than thee behove shall:
 Rede well thyself, that others well canst rede,
 And truth shall thee deliver, it is no dread.

Pain thee not each crooked to redress,
 In hope of her that turneth as a ball;
 Great rest standeth in little business.
 Beware also to spurn against a nail:
 Strive not, as doth a crock against a wall:
 Deem first thyself, that deemest others, dead;
 And truth shall thee deliver, it is no dread.

That thee is sent, receive in buxomness;
 The wrestling of this world asketh a fall;
 Here is no home, here is but wilderness;
 Forth, pilgrim, forth! forth, beast, out of thy stall!
 Look up on high, give thanks to God of all;
 Wean well thy lust, and honest life aye lead;
 So truth shall thee deliver, it is no dread.

THE WOUNDED LOVER DETERMINETH TO MAKE SUIT
TO HIS LADY FOR HIS RECURE.

SINCE Mars first moved war," or stirred men to strife,
Was never seen so fierce a fight;" I scarce could scape with life.
Resist so long I did," till death approach'd so nigh,
To save myself, I thought it best" with speed away to fly.
In danger still I fled," by flight I thought to scape
From my dear foe; it 'vailed not," alas! it was too late.
For Venus from her camp" brought Cupid with his brand,
Who said; "Now yield, or else Desire" shall chase thee in every land."
Yet would I not straight yield," till Fancy fiercely stroke,
Who from my will did cut the reins," and charged me with this yoke.
Then all the days and nights" mine ear might hear the sound,
What careful sighs ^athy heart would steal," to feel itself so bound.
"For though within my breast" thy care I work," he said,
"Why for good will didst thou behold" her ^b piercing eye display'd?"
Alas! the fish is caught" through bait that hides the hook,
Even so her eye me trained hath," and tangled with her look.
But, ^c ere that it be long," my heart, thou shalt be fain,
To stay my life, pray her forth throw" sweet looks, when I complain.
When that she shall deny" to do me that good turn,
Then shall she see to ashes grey," by flames, my body burn.
Desert of blame to her" no wight may yet impute;
For fear of nay, I never sought" the way to frame my suit:
Yet hap that what hap shall," delay I may too long;
Assay I shall, for I hear say," the still man oft hath wrong.

^a my: *thy*.^b persing.^c or.

THE LOVER, SHEWING OF THE CONTINUAL PAINS THAT
ABIDE WITHIN HIS BREAST, DETERMINETH TO DIE
BECAUSE HE CANNOT HAVE REDRESS.

THE doleful bell that still doth ring
The woful knell of all my joys ;
The wretched heart doth pierce, and wring,
And fills mine ear with deadly noise.

The hungry viper in my breast,
That on my heart doth lie, and gnaw,
Doth daily breed my new unrest,
And deeper sighs doth cause me draw.

And though I force both hand and eye
On pleasant matter to attend,
My sorrows to deceive thereby,
And wretched life for to amend ;

Yet goeth the mill within my heart,
Which grindeth nought but pain and woe,
And turneth all my joy to smart ;
The evil corn it yieldeth so.

Though Venus smile with yielding eyes,
And sweet music doth play, and sing ;
Yet doth my sprites feel none of these ;
The clack doth at mine ear so ring.

As smallest sparks uncared for,
To greatest flames do soonest grow;
Even so did this mine inward sore,
Begin in game, and end in woe.

And now by use so swift it goeth,
That nothing can mine ears so fill;
But that the clack it over-goeth,
And plucketh me back into the mill.

But since the mill will needs about,
The pin, whereon the wheel doth go,
I will assay to strike it out,
And so the mill to overthrow.

THE POWER OF LOVE OVER GODS THEMSELVES.

For Love Apollo, his godhead set aside,
Was servant to the king of Thessaly;
Whose daughter was so pleasant in his eye,
That both his harp and sawtrey he defy'd,
And bagpipe solace of the rural bride
Did puff and blow; and on the holtès high
His cattle kept with that rude melody.
And oft eke him that doth the heavens guide,
Hath Love transformed to shapes for him too base:
Transmuted thus, sometime a swan is he,
Leda t' accoy; and eft Europe to please,
A mild white bull, unwrinkled front and face,
Suff'reth her play, till on his back leap'd she;
Whom in great care he ferrieth through the ^d sea.

^d seas: sea.

THE PROMISE OF A CONSTANT LOVER.

As laurel leaves, that cease not to be green
 From parching sun, nor yet from winter's threat;
 As hardened oak, that feareth no ^csword so keen;
 As flint for tool, in twain that will not freat;
 As fast as rock, or pillar surely set;
 So fast am I to you, and aye have been,
 Assuredly, whom I cannot forget
 For joy, for pain, for torment, nor for teen;
 For loss, for gain, for frowning, nor for threat;
 But ever one, yea both in calm and blast.
 Your faithful friend, and will be to my last.

 AGAINST HIM THAT HAD SLANDERED A GENTLEWOMAN
 WITH HIMSELF.

FALSE ^f may he be, and, by the powers above,
 Never have he good speed or luck in love,
 That so can lie, or spot the worthy fame
 Of her, for whom thou, R——, art to blame.
 For chaste Diane, that hunteth still the chace,
 And all her maids that sue her in the race,
 With fair bows bent, and arrows by their side,
 Can say that thou in this hast falsely lied.
 For never hong the bow upon the wall
 Of Diane's temple, no, nor never shall,
 Of broken chaste the sacred vow to spot,
 Of her, whom thou dost charge so large I wot.

^c sword.^f may be: may he be, first 40.

But if ought be whereof her blame may rise,
It is, in that she did not well advise
To mark thee right, as now she doth thee know,
False of thy deed, false of thy talk also;
Lurker of kind, like serpent laid to bite,
As poison hid under the sugar white.
What danger such? so was the house defiled
Of Collatine, so was the wife beguiled.
So smarted she, and by a traitorous force,
The Carthage queen; so she fordid her corse.
So strangled was the Rhodopeian maid.
Fie! traitor, fie! to thy shame be it said:
Thou dunghill crow, that croak'st against the rain,
Home to thy hole! brag not with Phœbe again;
Carrion for thee, and loathsome be thy voice;
Thy song is foul; I, weary of thy noise:
Thy black feathers, which are thy wearing weed,
Wet them with tears and sorrow for thy deed;
And in dark caves, where irksome worms do creep,
Lurk thou all day, and fly when thou shouldst sleep;
And never light where living thing hath life,
But eat and drink, where ^gstench and filth is rife.
For she that is a fowl of feathers bright,
Admit she took some pleasure in thy sight;
As fowl of state sometimes delight to take
Fowl of mean sort, their flight with them to make,
For play of wing, or solace of their kind,
But not in sort, as thou dost break thy mind.
Not for to treat with such foul fowl as thou,
No! no! I swear, and dare it here avow,

Thou never set'st thy foot within her nest.
Boast not so broad then, to thine own unrest,
But blush for shame ; for in thy face it stands,
And thou canst not unspot it with thy hands :
For all the heavens against thee record bear,
And all in earth against thee eke will swear,
That thou in this art even none other man
But as the judges were to Susan than ;
Forgers of that whereto their lust them prickt.
Bash ! blazer then, the truth hath thee convict :
And she a woman of her worthy fame
Unspotted stands, and thou hast caught the shame.
And there, I pray to God, that it may rest,
False as thou art, as false as is the best,
That so canst wrong the noble kind of man,
In whom all truth first flourish'd and began,
And so hath stand, till now thy wretched part
Hath spotted us, of whose kind one thou art.
That all the shame that ever rose, or may,
Of shameful deed, on thee may light, I say,
And on thy kind ; and thus I wish thee rather,
That all thy seed may like be to their father,
Untrue as thou, and forgers as thou art ;
So as all we be blameless of thy part,
And of thy deed : and thus I do thee leave,
Still to be false, and falsely to deceive.

A PRAISE OF MISTRESS RICE.

I HEARD when Fame with thundring voice" did summon to appear,
 The chief of Nature's children all," that Kind hath placed here,
 To view what bruit by virtue got" their lives could justly crave;
 And bade them shew what praise by truth" they worthy were to have.

Wherewith I saw how Venus came" and put herself in place,
 And gave her ladies leave at large" to stand and plead their case.
 Each one was call'd by name a-row," in that ^h assembly there,
 That hence are gone, or here remains," in court, or other where.
 A solemn silence was proclaim'd," the judges sat and heard
 What truth could tell, or craft could feign," and who should be prefer'd.

Then Beauty stept before the bar," whose breast, and neck was bare,
 With hair truss'd up, and on her head" a caul of gold she ware.
 Thus Cupid's thralls began to flock," whose hungry eyes did say;
 "That she had stained all the dames" that present were that day."
 For ere she spake, with whispering words" the ⁱ press was fill'd throughout,
 And Fancy forced common voice" thereat to give a shout:
 Which cried to Fame; "Takeforth thy trump," and sound her praise on high,
 "That glads the heart of every wight" that her beholds with eye."
 "What stir, and rule," quoth Order then," "do these rude people make?
 "We hold her best that shall deserve" a praise for Virtue's sake."
 This sentence was no sooner said," but Beauty therewith blush'd;
 The noise did cease, the hall was still," and every thing was whush'd.

Then Fineness thought by training talk" to win what Beauty lost;
 And whet her tongue with jolly words," and spared for no cost.
 Yet Wantonness could not abide," but brake her tale in haste,
 And peevish Pride for peacocks' plumes" would needs be highest plac'd.
 And therewithal came Curiousness," and carped out of frame;
 The audience laugh'd to hear the strife," as they beheld the same.

^h assemble.ⁱ prease.

Yet Reason soon appeas'd the bruit ;^k her reverence made and done,
 She purchased favour for to speak," and thus her tale begun.
 " Since Bounty shall the garland wear," and crowned be by Fame,
 " O happy judges ! call for her," for she deserves the same,
 " Where temperance governs beauty's flowers," and glory is not sought,
 " And shamefast meekness mast'reth pride," and Virtue dwells in thought.
 " Bid her come forth, and shew her face," or else assent each one,
 " That true report shall grave her name" in gold or marble stone ;
 " For all the world to read at will" what worthiness doth rest
 " In perfect pure unspotted life," which she hath here possest."

Then Skill rose up, and sought the ^kpress," to find, if that he might,
 A person of such honest name," that men should praise of right.
 This one I saw full sadly sit," and shrink herself aside,
 Whose sober looks did shew what gifts" her wifely grace did hide.
 " Lo ! here," ^lquoth Skill, " good people all," is Lucrece left alive ;
 " And she shall most excepted be," that least for praise did strive."

No longer Fame could hold her peace," but blew a blast so high,
 That made an echo in the air," and sowning through the sky.
 The voice was loud, and thus it said ;^k " Come, Rice, with happy days !
 " Thy honest life hath won thee fame," and crowned thee with praise."
 And when I heard my Mistress' name," I thrust amidst the throng,
 And clapt my hands, and wish'd of God," that she might prosper long.

OF ONE UNJUSTLY DEFAMED.

I NE can close in short and cunning verse,
 Thy worthy praise of bounty by desàrt,
 The hateful spite and slander to rehearse,
 Of them that see, but know not what thou art.
 For Kind, by craft, hath wrought thee so to eye,
 That no wight may thy wit and virtue spy ;

^k prease.

^l quod.

But he have other feel than outward sight,
 The lack whereof doth hate and spight to try;
 Thus kind by craft is let of virtue's light.

See how the outward shew, the wits may dull,
 Not of the wise, but as the most intend.
 Minerva yet might never pierce their skull,
 That Circe's cup and Cupid's brand hath blend;
 Whose fond affects now stirred have their brain.
 So doth thy hap thy hue with colour stain,
 Beauty thy foe, thy shape doubleth thy sore,
 To hide thy wit, and shew thy virtue vain;
 Fell were thy fate, if wisdom were not more.

I mean by thee even G—— by name,
 Whom stormy winds of envy and disdain
 Do toss with boisteous blasts of wicked fame;
 Where stedfastness, as chief, in thee doth reign.
 Patience thy subtle mind doth guide and steer;
 Silence and shame with many resteth there,
 Till time, thy mother, list them forth to call:
 Happy is he that may enjoy them all.

ON THE DEATH OF THE LATE COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE.

YET once again, my Muse, I pardon pray,
 Thine intermitted song if I repeat;
 Not in such wise as when love was my pay,
 My jolly woe with joyful verse to treat:

But now (unthank to our desert be given
Which merit not a heaven's gift to keep)
Thou must with me bewail that fate hath riven
From earth, a jewel laid in earth to sleep.

A jewel, yea a gem of woman-hed !
Whose perfect virtues, linked as in a chain,
So did adorn that humble wively-hed,
As is not rife to find the like again.

For wit and learning framed to obey
Her husband's will, that willed her to use
The love he bare her, chiefly as a stay
For all her friends, that would her furtherance choose.

Well said therefore a heaven's-gift she was,
Because the best are soonest hence bereft;
And though herself to heaven hence did pass,
Her spoil to earth, from whence it came, she left,

And to us tears, her absence to lament;
And eke his chance, that was her make by law:
Whose loss, to lose so great an ornament,
Let them esteem, which true love's knot can draw.

THAT EACH THING IS HURT OF ITSELF.

WHY fearest thou thy outward foe,
When thou thyself thy harm dost feed?
Of grief or hurt, of pain or woe,
Within each thing is sow'n the seed.

So fine was never yet the cloth,
No smith so hard his iron did beat;
But th' one consumed was with moth,
Th' other with canker all-to fret.

The knotty oak, and wainscot old,
Within doth eat the sely worm;
Even so a mind in envy roll'd,
Always within itself doth burn.

Thus every thing that Nature wrought,
Within itself his hurt doth bear;
No outward harm need to be sought,
Where enemies be within so near.

ON THE CHOICE OF A WIFE.

THE flickering fame that flieth from ear to ear,
And aye her strength increaseth with her flight,
Gives first the cause why men to hear delight
Of those, whom she doth note for beauty bright:
And with this fame that fleeth on so fast,
Fancy doth hie, when reason makes no hast.

And yet not so content they wish to see,
And thereby know if fame have said aright;
More trusting to the trial of their eye,
Than to the bruit, that goes of any wight.
Wise in that point that lightly will not 'leve;
Unwise, to seek that may them after grieve.

Who knoweth not, how sight may love allure,
 And kindle in the heart a hot desire?
 The ⁿ eye does work that, fame could not procure;
 Of greater cause there cometh hotter fire.
 For ere he weet himself, he feeleth warm;
 The fame and eye the causers of his harm.

Let fame not make her known whom I shall know,
 Nor yet mine eye therein to be my guide;
 Sufficeth me that virtue in her grow;
 Whose simple life her father's walls do hide.
 Content with this I leave the rest to go,
 And in such choice shall stand my wealth and wo.

DESCRIPTION OF AN UNGODLY WORLD.

Who loves to live in peace" and marketh every change,
 Shall hear such news from time to time," as seem right wond'rous strange;
 Such fraud in friendly looks," such friendship all for gain,
 Such cloked wrath in hateful hearts," which worldly men retain;
 Such feigned flatt'ring faith," among both high and low,
 Such great deceit, such subtil wits," the poor to overthrow;
 Such spite in sugar'd tongues," such malice full of pride,
 Such open wrong, such great untruth," which cannot go unspy'd;
 Such restless suit for rowmes," which bringeth men to care,
 Such sliding down from slippery seats," yet can we not beware;
 Such barking at the good," such bolst'ring of the ill,
 Such threat'ning of the wrath of God," such vice embraced still;
 Such striving for the best," such climbing to estate,
 Such great dissembling every where," such love all mix'd with hate;

ⁿ eye to: eye does.

Such trains to trap the just," such prolling faults to pike,
 Such cruel words for speaking truth," whoever heard the like?
 Such strife for stirring straws," such discord daily wrought,
 Such forged tales dull wits to blind," such matters made of nought;
 Such trifles told for truth," such crediting of lies,
 Such silence kept when fools do speak," such laughing at the wise;
 Such plenty made so scarce," such crying for redress,
 Such feared signs of our decay," which tongue dares not express;
 Such changes lightly mark'd," such troubles still appears,
 Which never were before this time," no, not this thousand years;
 Such bribing for the purse," which ever gapes for more,
 Such hoarding up of worldly wealth," such keeping muck in store;
 Such folly found in age," such will in tender youth,
 Such sundry sorts among great clerks," and few that speak the truth;
 Such ° falshood under craft," and such unstedfast ways,
 Was never seen within men's hearts," as is found now a-days.
 The cause and ground of this," is our unquiet mind,
 Which thinks to take those goods away," which we must leave behind.
 Why do men seek to get" which they cannot possess?
 Or break their sleeps with careful thoughts," and all for wretchedness?
 Though one ^p amongst a score," hath wealth and ease a-while,
 A thousand want which toileth sore," and ^q travel many a mile:
 And some although they sleep," yet wealth falls in their lap;
 Thus some be rich and some be poor," as fortune gives the hap.
 Wherefore I hold him wise," which thinks himself at ease,
 And is content in simple state," both God and man to please.
 For those that live like gods," and honoured are to-day,
 Within short time their glory falls," as flowers do fade away.
 Uncertain is their lives," on whom this world will frown,
 For though they sit above the stars," a storm may strike them down.

° falshed.

^p amonges.^q travail.

In wealth who fears no fall," may slide from joy full soon;
There is no thing so sure on earth," but changeth as the moon.

What pleasure hath the rich," or ease more than the poor?
Although he have a pleasant house," his trouble is the more.

They bow and speak him fair," which seek to suck his blood,
And some do wish his soul in hell," and all to have his good.

The coveting of the goods," doth nought but dull the sprete,
And some men chance to taste the sour," that gropeth for the sweet.

The rich is still envied" by those which eat his bread,
With fawning speech and flatt'ring tales," his ears are daily fed.

In fine, I see and prove," the rich have many foes:
He sleepeth best, and careth least," that little hath to lose.

As time requireth now," who would avoid much strife,
Were better live in poor estate," than lead a prince's life.

To pass those troublesome times" I see but little choice,
But help to wail with those that weep," and laugh when they rejoice.

For as we see to-day" our brother brought in care,
To-morrow may we have such chance," to fall with him in snare.

Of this we may be sure," who thinks to sit most fast,
Shall soonest fall like withered leaves," that cannot bide a blast.

Though that the flood be great," the ebb as low doth run,
When every man hath play'd his part," our pageant shall be done.

Who trusts this wretched world," I hold him worse than mad;
Here is not one that feareth God," the best is all too bad.

For those that seem as saints," are devils in their deeds;
Though that the earth brings forth some flowers" it beareth many weeds.

I see no present help" from mischief to prevail,
But flee the seas of worldly care," or bear a quiet sail.

For who that meddleth least," shall save himself from smart;
Who stirs an oar in every boat" shall play a foolish part.

THE DESPAIRING LOVER LAMENTETH.

WALKING the path of pensive thought,
 I ask'd my heart how came this woe :
 "Thine eye," ^rquoth he, "this care me brought ;
 "Thy mind, thy wit, thy will also,
 "Enforceth me to love her ever ;
 "This is the cause joy shall I never."

And as I walk'd as one dismay'd,
 Thinking that Wrong, this woe me lent,
 Right sent me word by Wrath, which said ;
 "This just judgment to thee is sent,
 "Never to die, but, dying ever,
 "'Till breath thee fail, joy shalt thou never."

Sith Right doth judge this woe t' endure
 Of health, of wealth, of remedy ;
 As I have done, so be she sure
 Of faith and truth until I die ;
 And as this pain cloak shall I ever,
 So inwardly joy shall I never.

Gripping of gripes grieve not so sore,
 Nor serpents sting causeth such smart ;
 Nothing on earth may pain me more,
 Than sight that ^spierc'd my woful heart ;

^r quod.^s perst.

Drowned with cares still to persevere;
Come Death betimes! joy shall I never.

O Liberty! why dost thou swerve
And steal away thus all at ones;
And I in prison, like to sterve,
For lack of food do gnaw on bones.
My hope and trust in thee was ever:
Now thou art gone, joy shall I never!

But still as one all desperate,
To lead my life in misery;
Sith Fear from Hope hath lock'd the gate,
Where Pity should grant remedy;
Despair this lot assigns me ever,
To live in pain; joy shall I never.

THE LOVER PRAYETH HIS SERVICE TO BE ACCEPTED,
AND HIS DEFAULTS PARDONED.

PROCRIN, that sometime served Cephalus,
With heart as true as any lover might;
Yet her betid, in loving, this unright.
That, as in heart with love surprised thus,
She on a day to see this Cephalus,
Where he was wont to shrowd him in the shade
When of his hunting he an end had made,
Within the woods with dreadful foot forth stalketh.
So busily love in her head it walketh,

That she to see him, may her not restrain.
 This Cephalus, that heard one shake the leaves,
 Uprist all eager thrusting after prey;
 With dart in hand him list no further deign
 To see his love, but slew her in the greves,
 That meant to him but perfect love all way.
 So curious been, alas! the rites ^talway
 Of mighty Love, that ^uuneath may I think,
 In his high service how to look or wink.

Thus I complain, that wretchedst am of all,
 To you, my love! and sovereign lady dear,
 (That may my heart with death or life steer
 As ye best list) that ye vouchsafe in all
 Mine humble service: and if me misfall
 By negligence, or else for lack of wit,
 That of your mercy you do pardon it;
 And think that love made Procrin shake the leaves,
 When with unright she slain was in the greves.

DESCRIPTION AND PRAISE OF HIS LOVE.

LIKE the Phœnix, a bird most rare in sight,
 That nature hath with gold and purple drest;
 Such she me seems, in whom I most delight,
 If I might speak for envy at the least.
 Nature, I think, first wrought her in despite,
 Of rose and lily that summer bringeth first,
 In beauty sure exceeding all the rest.
 Under the bent of her brows justly pight,

^t the rites all: the rites *away*: see Note.^u unnethes.

As diamonds or sapphires at the least,
Her glist'ring, lights the darkness of the night;
Whose little mouth and chin like all the rest;
Her ruddy lips exceed the coral quite;
Her ivory teeth where none exceeds the rest;
Faultless she is from foot unto the waist;
Her body small, and straight as mast upright;
Her armès long in just proportion cast;
Her hands depaint with veins all blue and white.
What shall I say for that is not in sight?
The hidden parts I judge them by the rest;
And if I were the foreman of the quest,
To give a verdict of her beauty bright,
Forgive me, Phœbus, thou shouldst be dispossess,
Which dost usurp my lady's place of right.
Here will I cease, lest envy cause despite;
But Nature, when she wrought so fair a wight,
In this her work she surely did intend,
To frame a thing that God could not amend.

THE LOVER DECLARETH HIS PAINS TO EXCEED FAR
THE PAINS OF HELL.

THE souls that lacked grace,
Which lie in bitter pain,
Are not in such a place
As foolish folk do feign;

Tormented all with fire,
And boil in lead again;
With serpents full of ire,
Stung oft with deadly pain:

Then cast in frozen pits,
To freeze there certain hours,
And for their painful fits
Appointed tormentors:

No, no! it is not so;
Their sorrow is not such;
And yet they have of woe,
I dare say twice as much.

Which comes because they lack
The sight of the Godhead,
And be from that kept back,
Wherewith are angels fed.

This thing know I by love,
Through absence' cruelty;
Which makes me for to prove
Hell pain before I die.

There is no tongue can tell
My thousand part of care;
There may no fire in hell,
With my desire compare.

SONGS AND SONNETS.

No boiling lead can pass
My scalding sighs in heat;
Nor snake that ever was,
With stinging can so freat,

A true and tender heart,
As my thoughts daily do;
So that I know but smart,
And that which 'longs thereto.

O Cupid! Venus's son,
As thou hast shewed thy might,
And hast this conquest won,
Now end the same aright;

And as I am thy slave,
Contented with all this,
So help me soon to have
My perfect earthly bliss.

OF THE DEATH OF SIR THOMAS WYATT THE ELDER.

Lo! dead, he lives, that whilom lived here
Among the dead, that quick go the ground.
Though he be dead, yet doth he quick appear,
By lively name, that death cannot confound;
His life for aye of fame the trump shall sound:
Though he be dead, yet lives he here alive;
Thus can no death from Wyatt life deprive.

THE LENGTH OF TIME CONSUMETH ALL THINGS.

WHAT harder is than stone?" what more than water soft?
 Yet with soft water drops" hard stones be pierced oft.

What gives so strong impulse,
 The stone ne may withstand?
 What gives more weak repulse
 Than water press'd with hand?
 Yet weak though water be,
 It holloweth hardest flint;
 By proof whereof we see
 Time gives the greatest dint.

THE BEGINNING OF THE EPISTLE OF PENELOPE TO
 ULYSSES, MADE INTO VERSE.

O LINGRING make Ulysses dear," thy wife, lo! sends to thee
 Her dreary plaint; write not again," but come thy self to me.
 Our hateful scourge, that Woman's foe," proud Troy now is fore-done;
 We buy it dearer, though Priam slain," and all his kingdom won.
 O! that the raging surges great" that lechers bane had wrought,
 When first with ship he furrowed seas," and Lacedemon sought.
 In desert bed my shivering corse" then should not have sought rest;
 Nor take in grief the cheerful sun," so slowly fall to west.
 And whiles I cast long running nights" how best I might beguile,
 No distaff should my widowish hand" have weary made the while.
 When dread I not more dangers great," than are befall indeed:
 Love is a careful thing, God wot," and passing full of dread.

THE LOVER ASKETH PARDON OF HIS PASSED FOLLY
IN LOVE.

You that in play peruse my plaint," and read in rime the smart,
Which in my youth with sighs full cold," I harbour'd in my heart;
Know ye, that love in that frail age" drave me to that distress,
When I was half an other man," than I am now to guess.
Then, for this work of wavering words," where I now rage, now rue,
Tost in the toys of troublous love," as care or comfort grew,
I trust with you that love's affairs" by proof have put in ure,
Not only pardon in my plaint," but pity to procure.
For now I wot that in the world" a wonder have I be,
And where too long love made me blind," too late shame makes me see.
Thus of my fault shame is the fruit," and for my youth thus past,
Repentance is my recompence;" and thus I learn at last.
Look! what the world hath most in price," as sure it is to keep,
As is the dream which fancy drives," while sense and reason sleep.

THE LOVER SHEWETH THAT HE WAS STRICKEN BY LOVE
ON GOOD-FRIDAY.

It was the day on which the sun" deprived of his light,
To rue Christ's death, amid his course" gave place unto the night;
When I amid mine ease did fall" to such distemperate fits,
That for the face that hath my heart," I was bereft my wits.
I had the bait, the hook and all," and wist not love's pretence;
But far'd as one that fear'd none ill," nor forc'd for no defence.
Thus dwelling in most quiet state," I fell into this plight,
And that day gan my secret sighs," when all folk wept in sight.

For Love, that viewed me void of care," approach'd to take his prey,
And stepp'd by stealth from eye to heart," so open lay the way.
And straight at eyes brake out in tears" so salt, that did declare,
By token of their bitter taste," that they were forg'd of care.
Now vaunt thee, Love, which fleest a maid" defenc'd with virtues rare,
And wounded hast a wight unwise," unweaponed, and unaware.

THE LOVER DESCRIBETH HIS WHOLE STATE UNTO HIS
LOVE, AND PROMISING HER HIS FAITHFUL GOOD
WILL, ASSURETH HIMSELF OF HER'S AGAIN.

THE sun, when he hath spread his rays,
And shew'd his face ten thousand ways;
Ten thousand things do then begin,
To shew the life that they are in.
The heaven shews lively art and hue,
Of sundry shapes and colours new,
And laughs upon the earth anon;
The earth as cold as any stone,
Wet in the tears of her own kind,
'Gins then to take a joyful mind.
For well she feels that out and out,
The sun doth warm her round about;
And dries her children tenderly,
And shews them forth full orderly.
The mountains high, and how they stand;
The vallies and the great main land;
The trees, the herbs, the towers strong,
The castles, and the rivers long:

And even for joy thus of this heat
She sheweth forth her pleasures great,
And sleeps no more, but sendeth forth
Her clergions, her own dear worth,
To mount and fly up to the air;
Where then they sing in order fair,
And tell in song full merrily,
How they have slept full quietly
That night, about their mother's sides;
And when they have sung more besides,
Then fall they to their mother's breasts,
Where else they feed, or take their rests.
The hunter then sounds out his horn,
And rangeth straight through wood and corn.
On hills then shew the ewe and lamb,
And every young one with his dam;
Then lovers walk and tell their tale,
Both of their bliss, and of their bale;
And how they serve, and how they do,
And how their lady loves them too.
Then tune the birds their harmony;
Then flock the fowl in company;
Then every thing doth pleasure find,
In that that comforts all their kind.
No dreams do drench them of the night,
Of foes, that would them slay, or bite,
As hounds, to hunt them at the tail,
Or men force them through hill and dale.
The sheep then dreams not of the wolf;
The shipman forces not the gulph;

The lamb thinks not the butcher's knife
Should then bereave him of his life.
For when the sun doth once run in,
Then all their gladness doth begin;
And then their skips, and then their play,
So falls their sadness then away.

And thus all things have comforting
In that, that doth them comfort bring,
Save I, alas! whom neither sun,
Nor aught that God hath wrought and done,
May comfort aught; as though I were
A thing not made for comfort here.
For being absent from your sight,
Which are my joy and whole delight,
My comfort, and my pleasure too,
How can I joy, how should I do?
May sick men laugh, that roar for pain?
Joy they in song that do complain?
Are martyrs in their torments glad?
Do pleasures please them that are mad?
Then how may I in comfort be,
That lack the thing should comfort me?
The blind man oft, that lacks his sight,
Complains not most the lack of light;
But those that knew their perfectness,
And then do miss their blissfulness,
In martyr's tunes they sing, and wail
The want of that, which doth them fail.

And hereof comes that in my brains,
So many fancies work my pains.

For when I weigh your worthiness,
Your wisdom, and your gentleness,
Your virtues and your sundry grace,
And mind the countenance of your face;
And how that you are she alone,
To whom I must both plain and moan;
Whom I do love, and must do still;
Whom I embrace, and aye so will;
To serve and please you as I can,
As may a woful faithful man;
And find myself so far you fro,
God knows, what torment and what woe,
My rueful heart doth then embrace;
The blood then changeth in my face;
My sinews dull, in dumps I stand,
No life I feel in foot nor hand,
As pale as any clout, and dead;
Lo! suddenly the blood o'erspread,
And gone again, it nill so bide;
And thus from life, to death I slide,
As cold sometimes as any stone,
And then again as hot anon.
Thus comes and goes my sundry fits,
To give me sundry sorts of wits;
Till that a sigh becomes my friend,
And then too all this woe doth end;
And sure, I think, that sigh doth run
From me to you, whereas you won.
For well I find it easeth me;
And certès much it pleaseth me,

To think that it doth come to you,
As, would to God, it could so do;
For then I know you would soon find,
By scent and savour of the wind,
That even a martyr's sigh it is,
Whose joy you are, and all his bliss;
His comfort and his pleasure eke,
And even the same that he doth seek;
The same that he doth wish and crave;
The same that he doth trust to have;
To tender you in all he may,
And all your likings to obey,
As far as in his power shall lie,
Till death shall dart him, for to die.

But, well-away! mine own most best,
My joy, my comfort, and my rest;
The causer of my woe and smart,
And yet the pleaser of my heart;
And she that on the earth above,
Is even the worthiest for to love,
Hear now my plaint, hear now my woe,
Hear now his pain that loves you so.
And if your heart do pity bear,
Pity the cause that you shall hear.

A doleful foe in all this doubt,
Who leaves me not, but seeks me out,
Of wretched form and loathsome face,
While I stand in this woful case,
Comes forth, and takes me by the hand,
And says; "Friend, hark! and understand;

" I see well by thy port and cheer,
 " And by thy looks and thy manner,
 " And by thy sadness as thou goest,
 " And by the sighs that thou out throwest,
 " That thou art stuffed full of woe :
 " The cause, I think, I do well know.
 " A fantaser thou art of some,
 " By whom thy wits are overcome.
 " But hast thou read old pamphlets aught,
 " Or hast thou known how books have taught,
 " That love doth use to such as thou ?
 " When they do think them safe enow,
 " And certain of their Ladies grace,
 " Hast thou not seen oft-times the case,
 " That suddenly * their hap hath turn'd,
 " As things in flame consum'd and burn'd ?
 " Some by deceit forsaken right ;
 " Some likewise changed of fancy light ;
 " And some by absence soon forgot :
 " The lots in love, why, knowest thou not ?
 " And though that she be now thine own,
 " And knows thee well, as may be known ;
 " And thinks thee to be such a one
 " As she likes best to be her own ;
 " Thinks thou that others have not grace,
 " To shew and plain their woful case ?
 " And y choose her for their lady now,
 " And swear her truth, as well as thou ?
 " And what if she do alter mind,
 " Where is the love that thou wouldest find ?

* there, their: 2^d 4^o.

y chose.

"Absence, my friend, works wonders oft,
 "Now brings full low that lay full loft;
 "Now turns the mind, now to and fro:
 "And where art thou, if it were so?"—
 "If absence," ^z quoth I, "be marvellous,
 "I find her not so dangerous;
 "For she may not remove me fro.
 "The poor good will that I do owe
 "To her, whom uneath I love and shall,
 "And chosen have above them all,
 "To serve and be her own as far,
 "As any man may offer her;
 "And will her serve, and will her love,
 "And lowly, as it shall behove,
 "And die her own, if fate be so:
 "Thus shall my heart nay part her fro.
 "And witness shall my good will be,
 "That absence takes her not from me;
 "But that my love doth still encrease,
 "To mind her still and never cease;
 "And what I feel to be in me,
 "The same good will, I think, hath she
 "As firm and fast to biden aye,
 "Till death depart us both away."
 And as I have my tale thus told,
 Steps unto me, with countenance bold,
 A stedfast friend, a counsellor,
 And nam'd is Hope, my comforter;
 And stoutly then he speaks and says;
 "Thou hast said truth withouten nays;

“ For I assure thee, even by oath,
“ And thereon take my hand and troth,
“ That she is one the worthiest,
“ The truest and the faithfulest ;
“ The gentlest and the meekest of mind,
“ That here on earth a man may find :
“ And if that Love and Truth were gone,
“ In her it might be found alone.
“ For in her mind no thought there is,
“ But how she may be true, I wis ;
“ And tenders thee, and all thy heal,
“ And wisheth both thy health and weal,
“ And loves thee even as far-forth than
“ As any woman may a man ;
“ And is thine own, and so she says,
“ And cares for thee ten thousand ways ;
“ On thee she speaks, on thee she thinks ;
“ With thee she eats, with thee she drinks ;
“ With thee she talks, with thee she moans,
“ With thee she sighs, with thee she groans ;
“ With thee she says, ‘ Farewell mine own,’
“ When thou, God knows, full far art gone.
“ And even, to tell thee all aright,
“ To thee she says full oft, ‘ Good night ;’
“ And names thee oft her own most dear,
“ Her comfort, weal, and all her cheer ;
“ And tells her pillow all the tale
“ How thou hast done her woe, and bale ;
“ And how she longs, and plains for thee,
“ And says ; ‘ Why art thou so from me ?’

' Am I not she that loves thee best ?
 ' Do I not wish thine ease and rest ?
 ' Seek I not how I may thee please ?
 ' Why art thou then, so from thine ease ?
 ' If I be she for whom thou carest,
 ' For whom in torments so thou farest ;
 ' Alas ! thou knowest to find me here,
 ' Where I remain thine own most dear ;
 ' Thine own most true, thine own most just,
 ' Thine own that loves thee still, and must ;
 ' Thine own that cares alone for thee,
 ' As thou, I think, dost care for me ;
 ' And even the woman, she alone
 ' That is full bent to be thine own.'

" What wilt thou more, what canst thou crave ?
 " Since she is as thou wouldst her have.
 " Then set this drivell out of door,
 " That in thy brains such tales doth pour ;
 " Of absence, and of changes strange,
 " Send him to those that use to change ;
 " For she is none, I thee avow,
 " And well thou mayst believe me now."

When Hope hath thus his reason said,
 Lord ! how I feel me well a-paid ;
 A new blood then o'erspreads my bones,
 That all in joy I stand at ones ;
 My hands I throw to heav'n above,
 And humbly thank the God of Love ;
 That of his grace I should bestow
 My love so well, as I it owe.

And all the planets as they stand,
I thank them too with heart and hand;
That their aspects' so friendly were,
That I should so my good will bear
To you, that are the worthiest,
The fairest, and the gentleest,
And best can say, and best can do,
That 'longs, methinks, a woman to;
And therefore are most worthy far,
To be beloved as you are.
And so says Hope in all his tale,
Whereby he easeth all my bale.
For I believe, and think it true,
That he doth speak or say of you.
And thus contented, lo! I stand,
With that, that hope bears me in hand,
That I am yours, and shall so be;
Which Hope I keep full sure in me,
As he, that all my comfort is,
On you alone which are my bliss,
My pleasure chief, which most I find,
And even the whole joy of my mind;
And shall so be until the death,
Shall make me yield up life and breath.
Thus, good mine own, lo! here my trust;
Lo! here my truth, and service just;
Lo! in what case for you I stand;
Lo! how you have me in your hand;
And if you can requite a man,
Requite me, as you find me than.

OF THE TROUBLED COMMONWEALTH RESTORED TO
QUIET BY THE MIGHTY POWER OF GOD.

THE secret flame that made all Troy so hot,
Long did it lurk within the wooden horse;
The machine huge ^aTrojans suspected not,
The guiles of Greeks, nor of their hidden force:
Till in their beds their armed foes them met,
And slew them there, and Troy on fire set.

Then rose the roar of treason round about,
And children could of treason call, and cry;
Wives wrong their hands, the whole fired town throughout,
When that they saw their husbands slain them by;
And to the Gods, and to the skies they shright
Vengeance to take for treason of that night.

Then was the name of Sinon spread and blown,
And whereunto his filed tale did tend;
The secret starts and meetings then were known;
Of ^bTrojan traitors tending to this end;
And every man could say, as in that case,
Treason in Anthenor and Æneas.

But all too long, such wisdom was in store;
Too late came out the name of traitor than,
When that their king the altar lay before,
Slain there, alas! that worthy, noble, man;
Ilium on flame, the matrons crying out;
And all the streets, in streams of blood about.

^a Trojans.^b Trojan.

But such was fate, or such was simple trust,
That king and all should thus to ruin run;
For, if our stories certain be, and just,
There were that saw such mischief should be done,
And warning gave, which counted were in sort
As sad divines, in matter but of sport.

Such was the time, and so in state it stood;
Troy trembled not, so careless were the men;
They brake the walls, they took this horse for good;
They deemed Greeks gone, they thought all surety then
When treason start, and set the town on fire,
And 'stroyed ^cTrojans, and gave Greeks their desire.

Like to our time, wherein hath broken out
The hidden harm that we suspected least,
Wombed within our walls, and realm about,
As Greeks in Troy were in the Greekish beast;
Whose tempest great of harmès, and of arms
We thought not on, till it did noise our harms.

Then felt we well the pillar of our wealth,
How sore it shook; then saw we, even at hand,
Ruin, how she rush'd to confound our health,
Our realm, and us, with force of mighty band;
And then we heard how Treason loud did roar;
“ Mine is the rule; and reign I will therefore.”

Of treason mark the nature, and the kind;
A face it bears of all humility;

^c Troyans.

Truth is the cloak, and Friendship of the mind;
 And deep it goes, and worketh secretly;
 Like to a mine, that creeps so nigh the wall,
 Till out breaks sulphur, and o'erturneth all.

But HE on high, that secretly beholds
 The state of things, and times hath in his hand;
 And plucks in plagues, and them again unfolds,
 And hath appointed realms to fall and stand;
 HE, in the midst of all this stir and rout,
 Can bend his brows, and move himself about.

As who should say: " And are ye minded so?
 " And thus to those, and whom ye know I love?
 " Am I such one, as none of you do know?
 " Or know ye not, that I sit here above?
 " And in my hands do hold your wealth, and woe,
 " To raise you now, and now to overthrow?

" Then think that I, as I have set you all
 " In places where your honours lay, and fame;
 " So now myself shall give you each your fall,
 " Where each of you shall have your worthy shame,
 " And in their hands I will your fall shall be,
 " Whose fall in yours you sought so sore to see."

Whose wisdom high as HE the same foresaw,
 So is it wrought; such, lo! his justice is;
 He is the Lord of man and of his law.
 Praise therefore now his mighty name in this!

And make account that this our case doth stand,
As Israel, free from wicked Pharaoh's hand.

THE LOVER TO HIS LOVE HAVING FORSAKEN HIM, AND
BETAKEN HERSELF TO ANOTHER.

THE bird that sometime built within my breast,
And there as then chief succour did receive;
Hath now elsewhere, built her another nest,
And of the old hath taken quite her leave.
To you, mine host, that harbour mine old guest,
Of such a one, as I can now conceive,
Sith that in change her choice doth chief consist,
The hawk may check, that now comes fair to fist.

THE LOVER SHEWETH THAT IN DISSEMBLING HIS LOVE
OPENLY, HE KEEPETH SECRET HIS SECRET GOOD WILL.

Not like a God came Jupiter to woo,
When he the fair Europa sought unto;
Another form his godly wisdom took,
Such in effect, as writeth Ovid's book;
As on the earth no living wight can tell,
That mighty Jove did love the queen so well.
For had he come in golden garments bright,
Or so as men ^d might have star'd on the sight;
Spread had it been, both through earth and air,
That Jove had loved the lady Europa fair.
And then had some been angry at the heart,
And some again as jealous for their part.

^d mought.

Both which to stop, this gentle God took mind
 To shape himself into a brutish kind ;
 To such a kind as hid what state he was,
 And yet did bring him what he sought to pass ;
 To both their joys, to both their comfort soon,
 Though known to none, till all the thing was done.
 In which attempt, if I the like assay,
 To you, to whom I do myself bewray,
 Let it suffice, that I do seek to be,
 Not counted yours, and yet for to be he.

THE LOVER DECEIVED BY HIS LOVE, REPENTETH HIM
 OF THE TRUE LOVE HE BEAR HER.

I THAT Ulysses' years have spent
 To find Penelope ;
 Find well that folly I have ^e meant,
 To seek that was not so ;
 Since Troilus' case hath caused me,
 From Cressid for to go ;

And to bewail Ulysses' truth,
 In seas and stormy skies
 Of wanton will, and raging youth,
 Which me have tossed sore ;
 From Scylla to Caribdis' clives,
 Upon the drowning shore.

Where I sought haven, there found I hap,
 From danger unto death ;

Much like the mouse that treads the trap
 In hope to find her food,
 And bites the bread that stops her breath;
 So in like case I stood.

Till now repentance hasteth him,
 To further me so fast,
 That where I sank, there now I swim,
 And have both stream and wind,
 And luck as good, if it may last,
 As any man may find.

That where I perished, safe I pass,
 And find no peril there,
 But steady stone, no ground of glass;
 Now I am sure to save,
 And not to fleet from fear to fear;
 Such anchor hold I have.

THE LOVER HAVING ENJOYED HIS LOVE, HUMBLY THANK-
 ETH THE GOD OF LOVE, AND AVOWING HIS HEART
 ONLY TO HER, FAITHFULLY PROMISETH
 UTTERLY TO FORSAKE ALL OTHER.

Thou Cupid, God of Love," whom Venus' thralls do serve,
 I yield thee thanks upon my knees," as thou dost well deserve.
 By thee my wished joys" have shaken off despair,
 And all my storming days be past," and weather waxeth fair.
 By thee I have received" a thousand times more joy,
 Than ever Paris did possess," when Helen was in Troy.

By thee have I that hope," for which I long'd so sore,
And when I think upon the same," my heart doth leap therefore.
By thee my heapy doubts" and trembling fears are fled,
And now my wits that troubled were," with pleasant thoughts are fed.
For dread is banish'd clean," wherein I stood full oft,
And doubt to speak that lay full low," is lifted now aloft.
With arms bespread abroad," with open'd hands, and heart,
I have enjoyed the fruit of hope," reward for all my smart.
The seal and sign of love," the key of truth and trust,
The pledge of pure good will have I," which makes the 'lover just.
Such grace since I have found," to one I me betake;
The rest of Venus' darlings all" I utterly forsake.
And to perform this vow," I bid my eyes beware,
That they no strangers do salute," nor on their beauties stare.
My wits, I warn ye all," from this time forth take heed,
That ye no wanton toys devise," my fancies new to feed.
My ears be ye shut up," and hear no woman's voice,
That may procure me once to smile," or make my heart rejoice.
My feet full slow be ye," and lame when ye should move,
To bring my body any-where," to seek another love.
Let all the gods above," and wicked sprites below,
And every wight in earth accuse," and curse me where I go;
If I do false my faith," in any point, or case,
A sudden vengeance fall on me," I ask no better grace.

Away then, sely rime," present mine earnest faith,
Unto my Lady where she is," and mark thou what she saith;
And if she welcome thee," and lay thee in her lap,
Spring thou for joy, thy master hath" his most desired hap.

TOTUS MUNDUS IN MALIGNO POSITUS.

COMPLAIN we may, much is amiss ;
Hope is nigh gone to have redress ;
These days been ill ; nothing sure is ;
Kind heart is wrapt in heaviness.

The stern is broke, the sail is rent,
The ship is given to wind and wave ;
All help is gone, the rock present ;
That will be lost, what man can save.

Things hard, therefore, are now refused ;
Labour in youth is thought but vain ;
Duty by, " Will not," is excused ;
Remove the stop, the way is plain.

Learning is lewd, and held a fool ;
Wisdom is shent, counted to rail ;
Reason is banish'd out of school ;
The blind is bold, and words prevail.

Power without care sleepeth at ease ;
Will without law run'th where he list ;
Might without mercy cannot please ;
A wise man saith not, " Had I wist."

When power lacks care, and forceth not ;
When care is feeble and may not ;
When might is slothful and will not ;
Weeds may grow where good herbs cannot.

Take wrong away, law needeth not,
For law to wrong is bridle, and pain ;
Take fear away, law booteth not ;
To strive 'gainst stream, it is but vain.

Wily is witty ; brain-sick is wise ;
Truth is folly, and might is right ;
Words are reason, and reason is lies ;
The bad is good ; darkness is light.

Wrong to redress wisdom dare not ;
Hardy is happy, and ruleth most ;
Wilful is witless, and careth not,
Which end go first, till all be lost.

Few right do love, and wrong refuse ;
Pleasure is sought in every state ;
Liking is lust, there is no choose ;
The low give to the high check-mate.

Order is broke in things of weight ;
Measure and mean who doth not flee ?
Two things prevail, money, and sleight :
To seem is better than to be.

SONGS AND SONNETS.

The bowl is round, and doth down slide;
 Each one thrusteth, none doth uphold;
 A fall fails not, where blind is guide;
 The stay is gone, who can him hold?

Folly and ^z falsehood prayeth apace;
 Truth under bushel is fain to creep;
 Flatt'ry is treble, pride sings the base,
 The mean, the best part scant doth ^h keep.

This fiery ⁱ plague the world infects,
 To Virtue and Truth it gives no rest;
 Men's hearts are burn'd with sundry sects,
 And to each man, his way is best.

With floods and storms thus be we tost,
 Awake, good Lord! to thee we cry;
 Our ship is almost sonk, and lost;
 Thy mercy help our misery.

Man's strength is weak; man's wit is dull;
 Man's reason is blind. These things t'amend,
 Thy hand, O Lord! of might is full—
 Awake betime! and help us send.

In thee we trust, and in no wight;
 Save us, as ^k chicken under the hen;
 Our crookedness, Thou canst make right:
 Glory to Thee, for aye! Amen.

^z falshed.^h pepe: keep.ⁱ plague.^k chickens.

THE WISE TRADE OF LIFE.

Do all your deeds by good advice ;
Cast in your mind always the end ;
Wit bought, is of too dear a price ;
The tried trust, and take as friend.
For friends I find there be but two ;
Of countenance, and of effect.
Of th'one sort there are enow,
But few ¹ be of the tother sect.
Beware also the venom sweet,
Of crafty words and flattery ;
For to deceive, they be most meet,
That best can play hypocrisy.
Let wisdom rule your deed and thought,
So shall your works be wisely wrought.

THAT FEW WORDS SHEW WISDOM, AND WORK
MUCH QUIET.

Who list to lead a quiet life !
Who list to rid himself from strife !
Give ear to me, mark what I say,
Remember well, bear it away.
Hold back thy tongue at meat and meal ;
Speak but few words ; bestow them well :
By words the wise thou shalt espy ;
By words a fool soon shalt thou try.

¹ ben.

A wise man can his tongue make cease;
A fool can never hold his peace.
Who loveth rest, of words beware;
Who loveth words, is sure of care.
For words oft many have been shent,
For silence kept, none hath repent.
Two ears, one tongue only thou hast,
Moreⁿ things to hear, than words to waste.
A fool in no-wise can forbear,
He hath two tongues, and but one ear.
Be sure thou keep a stedfast brain,
Lest that thy words put thee to pain.
Words wisely set are worth much gold,
The price of rashness is soon told.
If time require words to be had,
To hold thy peace I count thee mad.
Talk only of needful verities;
Strive not for trifling fantasies.
With soberness the truth boul't out;
Affirm nothing, wherein is doubt.
Who to this lore will take good heed,
And spend no^o more words than he need,
Though he be a fool and have no brain,
Yet shall he a name of wisdom gain.
Speak while time is, or hold thee still;
Words out of time, do oft things spill.
Say well, and do well, are things twain;
Twice blest is he in whom both reign.

ⁿ mo.^o mo.

THE COMPLAINT OF A HOT WOOER DELAYED WITH
DOUBTFUL COLD ANSWERS.

A KIND of coal is, as men say,
Which have assayed the same;
That in the fire, will waste away,
And outward cast no flame.

Unto myself may I compare
These coals, that so consume;
Where nought is seen, though men do stare,
Instead of flame, but fume.

They say also, to make them burn,
Cold water must be cast,
Or else to ashes will they turn,
And half to cinder waste.

As this is wonder for to see
Cold water warm the fire;
So hath your coldness caused me
To burn in my desire.

And as this water, cold of kind,
Can cause both heat and cold;
And can these coals both break, and bind
To burn, as I have told;

SONGS AND SONNETS.

So can your tongue of frozen ice,
From whence cold answers come;
Both cool the fire, and fire entice,
To burn me all and some.

Like to the corn that stands on stack,
Which mown in winter sun,
Full fair without, within is black,
Such heat therein doth run;

By force of fire this water cold,
Hath bred to burn within;
Even so am I, that heat doth hold,
Which cold did first begin.

Which heat is stint, when I do strive
To have some ease sometime;
But flame afresh I do revive,
Whereby I cause to climb,

Instead of smoke, a sighing breath,
With sparks of sprinkled tears;
That I should live this living death,
Which wastes and never wears.

THE ANSWER.

YOUR borrow'd mean to move your moan," of fume withouten flame,
Being fet from smithy smoking coal," ye seem so by the same

To shew what such coal's use is taught," by such as have assay'd,
As I, that most do wish you well," am so right well apay'd
That you have such a lesson learn'd," how, either to maintain
Your freedom of unkindled coal," upheaped all in vain;
Or, how most fruitfully to frame," with worthy workman's art,
That cunning piece may pass there-fro," by help of heated heart,
Out of the forge, wherein the fume" of sighs doth mount aloft,
That argues present force of fire," to make the metal soft,
To yield unto the hammer head," as best the workman likes,
That th' iron, glowing after blast," in time and temper strikes.
Wherein the use of water is," as you do seem to say,
To quench no flame, ne hinder heat," ne yet to waste away,
But that, which better is for you," and more delighteth me,
To save you from the sudden waste," vain cinder like to be;
Which lasting better likes in love," as you your semble ply,
Than doth the baven blaze, that flames" and fleeteth by and by.
Sith then you know each use, wherein" your coal may be apply'd,
Either to lie and last on hoard," in open air to bide,
Withouten use to gather fat," by falling of the rains,
That makes the pitchy juice to grow," by soaking in his veins;
Or, lie on furnace in the forge," as is his use of right,
Wherein the water-trough may serve," and enter-yield her might;
By work of smith's both hand and head," a cunning key to make,
Or other piece, as cause shall crave," and bid him undertake;
Do as you deem most fit to do," and whereupon may grow
Such joy to you, as I may joy" your joyful case to know.

AN EPITAPH MADE BY W. G. LYING ON HIS DEATH-BED,
TO BE SET UPON HIS OWN TOMB.

Lo! here lieth G. under the ground,
Among the greedy worms;
Which in his life-time never found
But strife, and sturdy storms;

And namely through a wicked wife,
As to the world appears:
She was the short'ning of his life,
By many days and years.

He might have lived long, God wot!
His years they were but young;
Of wicked wives, this is the lot,
To kill with spiteful tongue;

Whose memory shall still remain
In writing here with me;
That men may know whom she hath slain,
And say "This same is she."

AN ANSWER.

If that thy wicked wife had spon the thread,
And were the weaver of thy woe;
Then art thou double happy to be dead,
As happily dispatched so.

If rage did causeless, cause thee to complain,
And mad mood, mover of thy moan;
If frenzy forced on thy testy brain,
Then blest is she to live alone.

So, whether were the ground of other's grief,
Because so doubtful was the doom,
Now death hath brought your pain a right relief,
And blessed be ye both become:

She, that she lives no longer bound to bear
The rule of such a froward head;
Thou, that thou livest no longer fain to fear
The restless ramp, that thou hadst wed;

Be thou as glad therefore that thou art gone,
As she is glad she doth abide;
For so ye be asunder, all is one;
A badder match cannot betide.

AN EPITAPH OF MASTER HENRY WILLIAMS.

From worldly woe, the end of misbelief;
From cause of care that leadeth to lament;
From vain delight, the ground of greater grief;
From fear for friends, from matter to repent;
From painful pangs last sorrow that is sent;

From dread of death, sith death doth set us free,
With it the better pleased should we be.

This loathsome life, where liking we do find
Th' increaser of our crimes, doth us bereave
Our bliss, that alway ought to be in mind :
This wily world, whiles here we breathe alive,
And flesh, our feigned foe, do stiffly strive
To flatter us, assuring here the joy,
Where we, alas ! do find but great annoy.

Untold heaps, though we have of worldly wealth,
Though we possess the sea, and fruitful ground,
Stength, beauty, knowledge, and unharmed health,
Though at a wish, all pleasure do abound,
It were but vain : no friendship can be found,
When Death assaulteth with his dreadful dart,
No ransom can stay the home hasting heart.

And sith thou ^P hast cut the lives-line in twain
Of Henry, son to Sir John Williams, knight,
Whose manly heart and prowess none could stain,
Whose godly life to virtue was our light,
Whose worthy fame shall flourish long by right,
Though in this life so cruel mightest thou be,
His sprite in heaven shall triumph over thee.

^P hast: added from 1st 40.

ANOTHER OF THE SAME.

STAY, gentle friend, that passest by,
And learn the lore that leadeth all;
From whence we come, with haste to hie;
To live, to die; and stand, to fall.

And learn that strength, and lusty age,
That wealth, and want of worldly woe,
Cannot withstand the mighty rage
Of death, our best unwelcome foe.

For hopeful youth had hight me health;
My lust, to last till time to die;
And fortune found my virtue wealth;
But yet for all that here I lie.

Learn also this, to ease thy mind,
When Death on corpse hath wrought his spite;
A time of triumph shalt thou find,
With me, to scorn him in delight.

For one day shall we meet again,
Maugre Death's dart, in life to dwell;
Then will I thank thee for thy pain:
Now mark my words, and fare thou well.

AGAINST WOMEN EITHER GOOD OR BAD.

A MAN may live thrice Nestor's life,
 Thrice wander out Ulysses' race,
 Yet never find Ulysses' wife,
 Such change hath chanced in this case.
 Less age will serve than Paris had,
 Small pain, if none be small enough,
 To find good store of Helen's trade;
 Such sap, the root doth yield the bough.
 For one good wife, Ulysses slew
 A worthy knot of gentle blood:
 For one ill wife Greece overthrew
 The town of Troy: sith bad and good
 Bring mischief, Lord! let be thy will
 To keep me free from either ill.

AN ANSWER.

THE virtue of Ulysses' wife
 Doth live, though she hath ceas'd her race,
 And far surmounts old Nestor's life;
 But now in ^a more than then it was:
 Such change is chanced in this case.

Ladies now live in other trade;
 Far other Helens now we see,

'Than she whom 'Trojan Paris had.
 As virtue feeds the root, so be
 The sap and root of bough and tree.

Ulysses' rage, not his good wife,
 Spilt gentle blood: not Helen's face,
 But Paris' eye, did raise the strife,
 That did the *Trojan building raze.
 Thus sith ne good, ne bad do ill,
 Them all, O Lord! maintain my will
 To serve, with all my force, and skill.

AGAINST A GENTLEWOMAN BY WHOM HE WAS
 REFUSED.

To false report and flying fame,
 While erst^t my mind gave credit light,
 Believing that her bolster'd name
 Had stuff, to shew that praise did hight:
 I find well now I did mistake,
 Upon report my ground to make.

I heard it said such one was she,
 As rare to find as paragon;
 Of lowly cheer, of heart so free,
 As her for bounty could pass none.
 Such one were fair, though form and face
 Were mean to pass in second place.

^r Trojan.

* Trojan.

^t whilst: while erst, 1st 4^o.

I sought it ^u near, thinking to find
 Report and deed both to agree;
 But change had tried her subtle mind:
 Of force I was enforc'd to see,
 That she indeed was nothing so;
 Which made my will my heart forego:

For she is such, as geason none;
 And what she most may boast to be,
 I find her matches ^x more than one;
 What need she so, to deal with me?
 Ha! fleering face, with scornful heart!
 So ill reward for good desert?

I will repent that I have done;
 To end so well the loss is small:
 I lost her love, that less hath won,
 To vaunt she had me as her thrall;
 What though a gyllo^t sent that note?
 By cock and pye! I meant it not.

THE ANSWER.

Whom fancy forced first to love,
 Now frenzy forceth for to hate;
 Whose mind erst madness gan to move,
 Inconstance causeth to abate.
 No mind of mean, but heat of brain
 Bred light love, like heat, hate again.

^u near, and thinking: near, thinking, 1st 4^o

^x mo.

What hurl'd your heart in so great heat?
Fancy, forced by feigned fame,
Belike, that she was light to get?
For if that virtue, and good name
Moved your mind, why changed your will?
Sith Virtue, the cause, abideth still.

Such fame reported her to be,
As rare it were to find her peer
For virtue, and for honesty,
For her free heart, and lowly cheer;
This laud had lied, if you had sped,
And fame been false, that hath been spread.

Sith she hath so kept her good name,
Such praise of life and gifts of grace,
As bruit self blusheth for to blame,
Such fame, as Fame fears to deface;
You slander not, but make it plain
That you blame bruit, of brutish train.

If you have found it looking near,
Not as you took the bruit to be;
Belike, you meant by lowly cheer,
Bounty, and heart, that you call free,
But lewd lightness, easy to frame,
To win your will against her name.

Nay, she may deem your deeming so,
A mark of madness, in his kind;

Such causeth not good name to go,
As your fond folly sought to find.
For bruit, of kind bent ill to blaze,
Alway saith ill, but forced by cause.

The y more there be, such as is she,
More should be God's thank for his grace;
The more is her joy it to see.
Good should by geason earn no place;
Nor number make naught, that is good:
Your strange lusting head wants a hood.

Her dealing grieveth you, say ye,
Besides your labour lost in vain.
Her dealing was not, as we see,
Slander, the end of your great pain.
Ha! lewd lying lips, and hateful heart!
What canst thou desire in such desert?

Ye will repent; and right—for done
Ye have a deed, deserving shame;
From reason's race far have ye run.
Hold your railing, keep your tongue tame;
Her love! ye lie, ye lost it not;
Ye never lost, that ye never got.

She reft ye not your liberty;
She vaunteth not she had your thrall;
If aught have done it, let it lie
On rage, that reft you wit, and all;

What though a varlet's tale you tell,
By cock and pie, you do it well.

THE LOVER DREADING TO MOVE HIS SUIT FOR DOUBT
OF DENIAL, ACCUSETH ALL WOMEN OF
DISDAIN AND FICKLENESS.

To walk on doubtful ground" where danger is unseen,
Doth double men that careless be" in deep despair I ween.
For as the blind doth fear," what footing he shall find,
So doth the wise before he speak," mistrust the stranger's mind.
For he that bluntly runs," may light among the breers,
And so be put unto his plunge," where danger least appears.
The bird, that sely fool," doth warn us to beware,
Who lighteth not on every bush," he dreadeth so the snare.
The mouse that shuns the trap," doth shew what harm doth lie
Within the sweet betraying bait," that oft deceives the eye.
The fish avoids the hook," though hunger bids him bite,
And hovereth still about the worm," whereon is his delight.
If birds and beasts can see," where their undoing lies,
How should a mischief scape our heads" that have both wit and eyes?
What madness may be more," than plow the barren field?
Or any fruitful words to sow," to ears that are unwild?
They hear, and then mislike;" they like, and then they loath;
They hate, they love, they scorn, they praise," yea sure they can do both.
We see what falls they have" that climb on trees unknown,
As they that trust to rotten boughs," must needs be overthrown.
A smart in silence kept," doth ease the heart much more,
Than for to plain where is no salve," for to recure the sore.

Wherefore my grief I hide" within a hollow heart,
Until the smoke thereof be spread," by flaming of the smart.

AN ANSWER.

To trust the feigned face," to rue on forced tears,
To credit finely forged tales," wherein there oft appears,
And breathes as from the breast," a smoke of kindled smart,
Where only lurks a deep deceit," within the hollow heart;
Betrays the simple soul," whom plain deceitless mind
Taught not to fear that, in itself" itself did never find.
Not every trickling tear" doth argue inward pain;
Not every sigh doth surely shew" the sigher not to feign.
Not every smoke doth prove" a presence of the fire;
Not every glist'ring gives the gold" that greedy folk desire.
Not every wailing word" is drawn out of the deep;
Not grief, for want of granted grace," enforceth all to weep.
Oft malice makes the mind" to shed the boiled brine,
And envious humour oft unlades" by conduits of the eyen.
Oft craft can cause the man," to make a seeming shew,
Of heart with dolour all distrain'd," where grief did never grow;
As cursed crocodile," most cruelly can tole
With truthless tears unto his death" the silly pitying soul.
Blame never those therefore," that wisely can beware
The guileful man, that subt'ly saith," himself to dread the snare.
Blame not the stopped ears," against the syren's song:
Blame not the mind, not moved with moan" of ^zfalsehood's flowing tongue.
If guile do guide your wit," by silence so to speak,
By craft to crave and feign by fraud" the cause that you would break;

^z falsehoods.

Great harm your subtle soul" shall suffer for the same,
And mighty Love will wreak the wrong" so cloaked with his name.

But we, whom you have warn'd," this lesson learn by you,
To know the tree before we climb," to trust no rotten bough,

To view the limed bush," to look afore we light,
To shun the perilous baited hook," and use a further sight.

As do the mouse, the bird," the fish, by samplly fitly shew,
That wily wits and gins of men," do work the simple's woe;

So, simple sith we are," and you so subtle be,
God help the mouse, the bird, the fish," and us your sleights to flee.

THE LOVER COMPLAINETH HIS FAULT, THAT WITH UN-
GENTLE WRITING HAD DISPLEASED HIS LADY.

AN! Love, how wayward is his wit?" what pangs do pierce his breast?

Whom thou to wait upon thy will" hast reaved of his rest.

The light, the dark, the sun, the moon," the day and eke the night,

His daily dying life, himself," he hateth in despite.

Sith first he light to look on her" that holdeth him in thrall,

His moving eyen, his moved wit," he curseth, heart and all.

From hungry hope to pining fear," each hap doth hurl his heart;

From pangs of plaint to fits of fume," from aching into smart.

Each moment so doth change his cheer," not with recourse of ease,

But with sere sorts of sorrows still," he worketh as the seas,

That turning winds, not calm, returned" rule in unruly wise;

As if their holds of hills uphurld," they brasten out to rise,

And puff away the power that is" unto their king assign'd,

To pay that, sith their prisonment," they deem to be behind;

So doth the passions long repress" within the woful wight,

Break down the banks of all his wits," and out they gushen quite,

To rear uproars, now they be free" from reason's rule, and stay,
And headlong hales th' unrul'd race," his quiet quite away.
No measure hath he of his ruth," no reason in his rage,
No bottom ground where stays his grief;" thus wears away his age,
In wishing wants, in wailing woes:" death doth he daily call
To bring release, when of relief" he seeth no hope at all.
Thence comes that oft, in deep despair" to rise to better state,
On heaven, and heavenly lamps he layeth" the fault of all his fate.
On God, and God's decreëd doom," crieth out with cursing breath;
Each thing that gave, and saves him life," he damneth of his death.
The womb him bare, the breasts he suck'd," each star that with their might
Their secret succour brought, to bring" the wretch to worldly light.
Yea, that to his soul's peril is" most heinous harm of all,
And craves the cruelest revenge" that may to man befall;
Her he blasphemes, in whom it lieth" in present as she please,
To damn him down to depth of hell," or plant in heaven's ease.
Such rage constrain'd my strained heart," to guide th' unhappy hand
That sent unsitting blots to her" on whom my life doth stand.
But grant, O God! that he for them" may bear the worthy blame,
Whom I do in my deep distress" find guilty of the same:
Even that blind boy that blindly guides" the faultless to their fall,
That laughs when they lament that he" hath throwen into thrall.
Or Lord, save luring looks of her," what penance else thou please;
So her contented will be won," I count it all mine ease.
And thou, on whom doth hang my will," with heart, with soul, and care,
With life, and all that life may have" of well, or evil fare,
Grant grace to him that grates therefore," with sea of saltish brine,
By extreme heat of boiling breast," distilled through his eyen;
And with thy fancy render thou" myself to me again,
That daily then we duly may" employ a painless pain.

To yield and take the joyful fruits" that hearty love doth lend
To them that mean by honest means" to come to happy end.

THE LOVER WOUNDED OF CUPID, WISHETH HE HAD
RATHER BEEN STRICKEN BY DEATH.

THE blinded boy that bends the bow,
To make with dint of double wound,
The stoutest state to stoop, and know
The cruel craft, that I have found;
With Death I would had chop'd a change,
To borrow, as by bargain made,
Each other's shaft, when he did range,
With restless roving to invade,
Th' unthrall'd minds of simple wights;
Whose guiltless ghosts deserved not
To feel such fall of their delights,
Such pangs, as I have past, God wot.
Then both in new unwonted wise,
Should death deserve a better name
Not, as to-fore hath been his guise,
Of cruelty to bear the blame;
But contrary, be counted kind,
In lending life, and sparing space
For sick to rise, and seek to find
A way, to wish their weary race
To draw to some desired end,
Their long and loathed life to rid:
And so to feel how like a friend,
Before the bargain made he did.

And Love should either bring again,
To wounded wights, their own desire;
A welcome end of pining pain,
As doth their cause of ruth require;
Or, when he means the quiet man
A harm, to hasten him to grief,
A better deed he should do than,
With borrowed dart to give relief.
That both the sick well deemen may;
"He brought me rightly my request:"
And eke the other sort may say;
"He wrought me truly for the best."
So had not fancy forced me
To bear a brunt of greater woe,
Than leaving such a life may be;
The ground where only griefs do grow.
Unlucky liking link'd my heart,
In forged hope and forced fear;
That oft I wish'd the other dart,
Had rather ^a pierced me as near.
A feigned trust, constrained care,
Most loth to lack, most hard to find,
In sunder so my judgment tare,
That quite was quiet out of mind.
Absent, in absence of mine ease;
Present, in presence of my pain;
The woes of want did much displease;
The ^b sight I sought did grieve again.
Oft grief that boiled in my breast,
Hath fraught my face with saltish tears,

^a percel.^b sighes: sight.

Pronouncing ^c proofs of mine unrest,
 Whereby my passed pain appears.
 My sighs full often have supplied,
 That fain with words I would have said ;
 My voice was stopp'd, my tongue was tied,
 My wits with woe were overweighed.
 With trembling soul and humble cheer,
 Oft grated I for grant of grace,
 On hope that bounty might be there,
 Where beauty had so pight her place.
 At length I found, that I did fear,
 How I had labour'd all to loss ;
 Myself had been the carpenter,
 That framed me the cruel cross.
 Of this to come, if doubt alone,
 Though blent with trust of better speed,
 So oft hath moved my mind to moan,
 So oft hath made my heart to bleed ;
 What shall I say of it indeed,
 Now hope is gone, mine old relief ;
 And I enforced all to feed
 Upon the fruits of bitter grief?

OF WOMEN'S CHANGEABLE WILL.

I ^d WOULD I found not as I feel,
 Such changing cheer of women's will ;
 By fickle ^e sleight of Fortune's wheel,
 By kind, of custom, never still.

^c proves.^d wold.^e slight.

So should I find no fault to lay
 On Fortune, for their moving mind ;
 So should I know no cause to say,
 This change to chance by course of kind.

So should not Love so work my woe,
 To make death surgeon for my sore ;
 So should their wits not wander so ;
 So should I reck the less therefore.

THE LOVER COMPLAINETH THE LOSS OF HIS LADY.

No joy have I, but live in heaviness,
 My Dame of price, bereft by Fortune's cruelty ;
 My hap is turned to unhappiness :
 Unhappy I am, unless I find release.

My pastime past, my youthlike years are gone ;
 My months of mirth, my glist'ring days of gladsomeness,
 My times of triumph turned into moan :
 Unhappy I am unless I find release.

My wonted wind to chant my cheerful chance,
 Doth sigh, that 'sung sometimes, the ballads of my lesse ;
 My sobs, my sore and sorrow do advance ;
 Unhappy I am, unless I find release.

I mourn my mirth, for grief that it is gone ;
 I mourn my mirth, whereof my musing mindfulness

Is ground of greater grief that grows thereon :
 Unhappy I am, unless I find release.

No joy have I, for Fortune frowardly
 Hath bent her brows, hath put her hand to cruelty ;
 Hath reft my dame ; constrained me to cry ;
 “ Unhappy I am unless I find release.”

OF THE GOLDEN MEAN.

THE wisest way, thy boat in wave and wind to guie,
 Is neither still the trade of middle stream to try,
 Ne, warely shunning wreck by weather, aye too nigh
 To press upon the perilous shore.
 Both cleanly flees he filth, ne wons a wretched wight
 In carlish coat ; and careful court, aye thrall to spight,
 With port of proud estate he leaves, who doth delight
 Of golden mean to hold the lore.

Storms rifest rend the sturdy stout pine-apple tree ;
 Of lofty ruing towers the falls the feller be ;
 Most fierce doth lightning light, where furthest we do see
 The hills the valley to forsake.
 Well furnish'd breast to bide each chances changing cheer,
 In woe hath cheerful hope ; in weal, hath wareful fear.
 One self Jove winter makes with loathful looks appear,
 That can by course the same a-slake.

What if into mishap thy case now casten be ?
 It forceth not such form of luck to last to thee.

Not alway bent is Phœbus' bow; his harp and he,
 'Ecast, silver sound sometime doth raise.
 In hardest hap use help of hardly hopeful heart;
 Seem bold to bear the brunt of fortune overthwart;
 Eke wisely, when fore-wind too full breathes on thy part,
 Swage swelling sail, and doubt decays.

THE PRAISE OF A TRUE FRIEND.

Whoso that wisely weighs" the profit and the price
 Of things wherein delight" by worth is wont to rise,
 Shall find no jewel is" so rich, ne yet so rare,
 That with the friendly heart" in value may compare.

What other wealth to man" by fortune may befall,
 But fortune's changed cheer" may reave a man of all;
 A friend, no wrack of wealth," no cruel cause of woe,
 Can force his friendly faith," unfriendly to forego.

If Fortune friendly fawn," and lend thee wealthy store,
 Thy friend's conjoined joy" doth make thy joy the more:
 If frowardly she frown," and drive thee to distress,
 His aid relieves thy ruth," and makes thy sorrow less.

Thus Fortune's pleasant fruits" by friends increased be;
 The bitter, sharp, and sour," by friends allayed to thee;
 That when thou dost rejoice," then doubled is thy joy,
 And eke in cause of care," the less is thy annoy.

Aloft if thou do live," as one appointed here,
 A stately part on stage" of worldly state to bear;
 Thy friend, as only free" from fraud, will thee advise
 To rest within the rule" of mean, as do the wise.

He seeketh to foresee" the peril of thy fall;
 He findeth out thy faults," and warns thee of them all.
 Thee, not thy luck, he loves," whatever be thy case,
 He is thy faithful friend," and thee he doth embrace.

If churlish cheer of chance" have thrown thee into thrall,
 And that thy need ask aid" for to relieve thy fall;
 In him thou secret trust" assured art to have,
 And succour, not to seek," before that thou can crave.

Thus is thy friend to thee" the comfort of thy pain,
 The stayer of thy state," the doubler of thy gain;
 In wealth and woe thy friend," another self to thee,
 Such man to man a God," the proverb saith to be.

As wealth will bring thee friends" in louring woe to prove,
 So woe shall yield thee friends" in laughing wealth to love:
 With wisdom choose thy friend;" with virtue him retain;
 Let virtue be the ground," so shall it not be vain.

THE LOVER LAMENTETH OTHER TO HAVE THE FRUITS OF HIS SERVICE.

SOME men would think of right to have,
 For their true meaning, some reward;
 But while that I do cry and crave,
 I see that other be prefar'd.
 I gape for that I am debar'd;
 I fare as doth the hound at hatch;
 The worse I speed, the longer I watch.

My wasteful will is tried by trust;
 My fond fancy is mine abuse;

For that I would refrain my lust,
For mine avail I cannot choose.
A will, and yet no power to use:
A will, no will, by reason just,
Since my will is at other's lust.

They eat the honey, I hold the hive;
I sow the seed, they reap the corn;
I waste, they win; I draw, they drive;
Theirs is the thank, mine is the scorn;
I seek, they speed: in waste my wind is worn;
I gape, they get, and greedily I snatch,
Till worse I speed, the longer I watch.

I fast, they feed; they drink, I thirst;
They laugh, I wail; they joy, I mourn;
They gain, I lose; I have the worst;
They whole, I sick; they cold, I burn;
They leap, I lie; they sleep, I toss and turn;
I would, they may; I crave, they have at will
That helpeth them; lo! cruelty doth me kill.

OF THE SUBTILTY OF CRAFTY LOVERS.

SUCH wayward ways have some," when folly stirs their brains,
To feign and plain full oft of Love," when least they feel his pains;
And for to shew a grief," such craft have they in store,
That they can halt, and lay a salve," whereas they feel no sore.
As hound unto the foot," or dog unto the bow,
So are they made to vent her out," whom bent to love they know

That if I should describe^h one hundred of their drifts,
Two hundred wits beside mine own,^h I should put to their shifts.
No woodman better knows^h how for to lodge his deer;
Nor shipman on the sea that more^h hath skill to guide the steer;
Nor beaten dog to herd^h can warer choose his game;
Nor schoolman to his fancy can^h a scholar better frame;
Than one of these, which have^h old Ovid's art in ure,
Can seek the ways unto their mind,^h a woman to allure.
As round about a hive^h the bees do swarm alway,
So round about the house they ^hpress,^h wherein they seek their prey:
And whom they so besiege,^h it is a wonderous thing,
What crafty engines to assault^h these wily warriors bring.
The eye as scout and watch,^h to stir both to and fro,
Doth serve to stale her here and there,^h where she doth come and go.
The tongue doth plead for right,^h as herald of the heart;
And both the hands, as orators,^h do serve to point their part.
So shews the countenance then^h with these four to agree,
As though in witness with the rest^h it would hers sworn be.
But if she then mistrust,^h it would turn black to white;
For that the worrier looks most smooth,^h when he would fainest bite.
Then wit, as counsellor,^h a help for this to find,
Strait makes the hand, as secretair,^h forthwith to write his mind.
And so the letters strait^h ambassadors are made,
To treat in haste for to procure^h her to a better trade.
Wherein if she do think^h all this is but a shew,
Or but a subtile masking cloak^h to hide a crafty shrew;
Then come they to the 'larm,^h then shew they in the field,
Then muster they in colours strange,^h that ways to make her yield.
Then shoot they batt'ry off,^h then compass they her in;
At tilt and tourney oft they strive^h this sely soul to win.

Then sound they on their lutes," then strain they forth their song;
Then rumble they with instruments" to lay her quite along:
Then board they her with gifts," then do they woo and watch;
Then night and day they labour hard" this simple hold to catch:
As paths within a wood," or turns within a maze,
So then they shew of wiles and crafts" they can a thousand ways.

OF THE VANITY OF MAN'S LIFE.

VAIN is the fleeting wealth
Whereon the world stays;
Sith stalking time by privy stealth
Encroacheth on our days.

And eld which creepeth fast,
To taint us with her wound;
Will turn each bliss into a blast,
Which lasteth but a stound.

Of youth the lusty flower,
Which whilom stood in price,
Shall vanish quite within an hour,
As fire consumes the ice.

Where is become that wight,
For whose sake Troy town
Withstood the Greeks till ten years fight
Had raz'd their walls a-down?

Did not the worms consume
Her carrion to the dust?
Did dreadful Death forbear his fume
For beauty, pride, or lust?

THE LOVER NOT REGARDED IN EARNEST SUIT, BEING
BECOME WISER, REFUSETH HER PROFFERED LOVE.

Do away your physic! I faint no more:
The salve you sent, it comes too late:
You wist well all my grief before,
And what I suff'ered for your sake.
Whole is my heart; I plain no more;
A new, the cure did undertake;
Wherefore do away! you come too late.

For whiles you knew I was your own,
So long in vain you made me gape;
And though my faith it were well known,
Yet small regard thou took thereat:
But now the blast is overblown,
Of vain physic a salve you shape;
Wherefore do away! you come too late.

How longⁱ ere this have I been fain
To gape for mercy at your gate;
Until the time, I spied it plain,
That pity and you fell at debate.
For my redress then was I fain
Your service clean for to forsake;
Wherefore do away! you come too late.

For when I brent in endless fire,
 Who ruled then, but cruel hate?
 So that uneath I durst desire
 One look, my fervent heat to slake:
 Therefore another doth me hire,
 And all the proffer that you make,
 Is made in vain, and comes too late.

For when I asked recompence,
 Which^k cost you nought to grant, God wot!
 Then said Disdain; "Too great expence
 "It were for you to grant me that."
 Therefore do away your rere-pretence,
 "That you would bind, that erst you brake;"
 For, lo! your salve comes all too late.

THE COMPLAINT OF A WOMAN MORTALLY WOUNDED.

A CRUEL tiger all with teeth be-bled;
 A bloody tyrant's hand in each degree;
 A leechèer, that by wretched losse was led,
 Alas! deflowered my verginitè;
 And not contented with this villany,
 Nor with th' outrageous terror of the deed,
 With bloody thirst of greater cruelty,
 Fearing his heinous guilt should be bewray'd,
 By crying death and vengeance openly;
 His violent hand forthwith, alas! he laid
 Upon my guiltless sely child, and me;

^k With: *Which*.

And like the wretch, whom no horror dismay'd,
Drown'd in the sink of deep iniquity,
Misusing me the mother for a time,
Hath slain us both, for cloaking of his crime.

THE LOVER BEING MADE THRALL BY LOVE, PERCEIVETH
HOW GREAT A LOSS IS LIBERTY.

AH! Liberty, now have I learned to know,
By lacking thee, what jewel I possess'd,
When I received first from Cupid's bow,
The deadly wound, that fest'reth in my breast.
So far, alas! forth strayed were mine eyes,
That I ne might refrain them back, for, lo!
They in a moment all earthly things despise;
In heavenly sight, now are they fixed so.
What then for me, but still with mazed sight,
To wonder at that excellence divine,
Where Love, my freedom having in despight,
Hath made me thrall through error of mine eyen:
For other guerdon hope I not to have;
My fault'ring tongue so basheth aught to crave.

THE DIVERSE AND CONTRARY PASSIONS OF THE LOVERS.

HOLDING my peace, alas! how loud I cry,
Pressed with hope and dread, even both at ones;
Strained with death, and yet I cannot die:
Burning in flame, quaking for cold that groans.

SONGS AND SONNETS.

Unto my hope, without wings I fly,
 Pressed with despair, that breaketh all my bones;
 Walking as if I were, and yet am not:
 Feigning with mirth, most inwardly with moans.
Hard by my help, unto my health not nigh;
 Midst of the calm my ship on rock it runs.
I serve unbound, fast fetter'd yet I lie;
 Instead of milk that feed on marble stones.
My most will is, that I do espy,
 That works my joys and sorrows both at ones:
In contrairs standeth all my loss and gain,
And, lo! the guiltless causeth all my pain.

THE TESTAMENT OF THE HAWTHORN.

I SELY Haw, whose hope is past,
 In faithful, true, and fixed mind;
To her whom that I served last,
 Have all my joyfulness resign'd;
Because I know assuredly,
My dying day approacheth nigh.

Despaired heart! the careful nest
 Of all the sighs I kept in store,
Convey my careful corpse to rest,
 That leaves his joy for evermore.
And when the day of hope is past,
Give up thy sprite, and sigh the last.

But, or that we depart in twain,
Tell her I loved with all my might,
That though the corpse in clay remain,
Consumed to ashes, pale and white;
And though the vital powers do cease,
The sprite shall love her nathelesse.

And pray my livèd lady dear,
During this little time and space
That I have to abiden here,
Not to withdraw her wonted grace,
In recompensing of the pain,
That I shall have to part in twain.

And that at least she will with-save,
To grant my just and last request;
When that she shall behold his grave,
That lieth of life here dispossess'd,
In record, that I once was hers,
To bathe my frozen stone with tears.

The Service tree here do I make,
For mine executor and my friend,
That living, did not me forsake,
Nor will, I trust, unto my end,
To see my body well convey'd,
In ground where that it shall be laid.

Tombed underneath a goodly OAK,
With IVY green, that fast is bound ;

SONGS AND SONNETS.

There this my grave I have bespoke,
For there my Lady's name do sound;
Beset, even as my testament tells,
With oaken leaves, and nothing else.

Graven whereon shall be express'd;
"Here lieth the body in this place,
"Of him, that living, never ceas'd
"To serve the fairest that ever was:
"The corpse is here, the heart he gave
"To her, for whom he lieth in grave."

And also set about my hearse
Two lamps to burn, and not to queint;
Which shall betoken and rehearse,
That my good will was never spent;
When that my corpse was laid a-low,
My spirit did swear to serve no mo.

And if you want of ringing bells,
When that my corpse go'th into grave,
Repeat her name, and nothing else;
To whom that I was bonden slave:
When that my life it shall unframe,
My sprite shall joy to hear her name.

With doleful note and piteous sound,
Wherewith my heart did cleave in twain,
With such a song lay me in ground;
My sprite, let it with her remain,

That had the body to commend,
Till Death thereof did make an end.

And even with my last bequest,
When I shall from this life depart,
I give to her I loved best,
My just, my true, and faithful heart ;
Signed with the hand as cold as stone,
Of him that living was her own.

And if he here might live again,
As Phoenix, made by death anew,
Of this she may assure her plain,
That he will still be just and true.
Thus, farewell ! she on live my own,
And send her joy when I am gone.

THE LOVER IN DESPAIR, LAMENTETH HIS CASE.

ADIEU, desert ! how art thou spent ?
Ah ! dropping tears, how do ye waste ?
Ah ! scalding sighs, how be ye spent,
To prick them forth that will not haste ?
Ah ! pained heart, thou gap'st for grace,
Even there where pity hath no place.

As easy it is the stony rock
From place to place for to remove ;
As by thy plaint for to provoke
A frozen heart from hate to love ;

What should I say? such is thy lot,
To fawn on them that force thee not.

Thus mayst thou safely say and swear,
That rigour reigneth and ruth doth fail;
In thankless thoughts thy thoughts do wear,
Thy truth, thy faith may nought avail;
For thy good will, why should thou so
Still graft, where grace it will not grow.

Alas! poor heart, thus hast thou spent
Thy flow'ring time, thy pleasant years;
With sighing voice weep and lament,
For of thy hope no fruit appears:
Thy true meaning is paid with scorn,
That ever soweth and reapeth no corn.

And where thou seeks a quiet port,
Thou dost but weigh against the wind;
For where thou gladdest would'st resort,
There is no place for thee assign'd:
Thy destiny hath set it so,
That thy true heart should cause thy woe.

OF HIS MISTRESS, M. B.

In Bays I boast, whose branch I bear;
Such joy therein I find,
That to the death I shall it wear,
To ease my careful mind.

In heat, in cold, both night and day,
Her virtue may be seen ;
When other fruits and flowers decay,
The Bay yet grows full green.

Her berries feed the birds full oft;
Her leaves sweet water make;
Her boughs be set in every loft
For their sweet savour's sake.

The birds do shroud them from the cold
In her, we daily see ;
And men make arbours as they would,
Under the pleasant tree.

It doth me good when I repair
There, as these Bays do grow ;
Where oft I walk to take the air,
It doth delight me so.

But, lo ! I stand as I were dumb,
Her beauty for to blaze,
Wherewith my sprites be overcome,
So long thereon I gaze.

At last I turn unto my walk,
In passing to and fro,
And to myself I smile and talk,
And then away I go.

“ Why smilest thou ? ” say lookers on,
“ What pleasure hast thou found ? ”
With that I am as cold as stone,
And ready for to swound.

“ Fie, fie for shame,” saith Fancy than,
“ Pluck up thy fainted heart,
“ And speak thou boldly like a man—
“ Shrink not for little smart.”

Whereat I blush and change my cheer
My senses wax so weak,
“ O God ! ” think I, “ what make I here,
“ That never a word may speak.”

I dare not sigh lest I be heard ;
My looks I slily cast,
And still I stand, as one were scar’d,
Until my storms be past.

Then happy hap doth me revive,
The blood comes to my face ;
A merrier man is not alive,
Than I am in that case.

Thus after sorrow seek I rest ;
When fled is Fancy’s fit :
And though I be a homely guest,
Before the Bays I sit ;

Where I do watch till leaves do fall,
When wind the tree doth shake :
Then, though my branch be very small,
My leaf away I take.

And then I go and clap my hands;
My heart doth leap for joy.
These Bays do ease me from my bands,
That long did me annoy.

For when I do behold the same,
Which makes so fair a show,
I find therein my Mistress' name,
And see her virtues grow.

THE LOVER COMPLAINETH HIS HEARTY LOVE
NOT REQUESTED.

WHEN Phœbus had the serpent slain,
He claimed Cupid's bow :
Which strife did turn him to great pain,
The story well doth prove ;
For Cupid made him feel much woe,
In seeking Daphne's love.

This Cupid hath a shaft of kind,
Which wounded many a wight ;
Whose golden head had power to bind
Each heart in Venus' bands :
This arrow did on Phœbus light,
Which came from Cupid's hands.

Another shaft was wrought in spite,
Which headed was with lead;
Whose nature quenched sweet delight
That lovers most embrace:
In Daphne's breast this cruel head
Had found a dwelling place.

But Phœbus, fond of his desire,
Sought after Daphne's so;
He burnt with heat, she felt no fire,
Full fast she fled him fro;
He gat but hate for his good will,
The Gods assigned so.

My case with Phœbus' may compare;
His hap and mine are one.
I cry to her that knows no care,
Yet seek I to her most;
When I approach, then is she gone:
Thus is my labour lost.

Now blame not me, but blame the shaft
That hath the golden head;
And blame those Gods that with their craft
Such arrows forge by kind;
And blame the cold and heavy lead,
That ¹ dulle'th my Ladies mind.

¹ doth: *dulle'th*.

A PRAISE OF M. M.

IN Court as I beheld" the beauty of each dame,
Of right, methought, from all the rest" should M— —, steal the same.

But ere I meant to judge," I viewed with such advice,
As reckless doom should not invade" the bounds of my device.

And while I gazed long," such heat did breed within,
As Priamus' town felt not more flame," when did the bale begin.

By reason's rule, ne yet" by wit perceive I could,
That M— —'s face, of earth y-found," enjoy such beauty should.

And Fancy doubted that" from heaven had Venus come,
To nourish rage in Britons' hearts," while courage yet doth bloom.

Her native hue so strove" with colour of the rose,
That Paris would have Helen left," and M— —'s beauty chose.

A wight far passing all," and is more fair to seem,
Than lusty May, the lodge of love," that clothes the earth in green.

So angel-like she shines," she seemeth no mortal wight,
But one whom Nature in her forge," did frame herself to spite.

Of beauty, princess chief," so make-less doth she rest,
Whose eye would glad an heavy wight," and prison pain in breast.

I wax astonished to see" the feature of her shape,
And wond' red that a mortal heart" such heavenly beams could scape.

Her limbs so answering were" the mould of her fair face,
Of Venus' stock she seem'd to spring," the root of beauty's grace.

Her presence doth pretend" such honour and estate,
That simple men might guess her birth," if folly bred debate.

Her looks in hearts of flint" would such effects impress,
As rage of flame, not Nilus' streams" in Nestor's years increase.

Within the subtile seat" of her bright eyen doth dwell
Blind Cupid with the prick of pain," that princes freedom sell.
A paradise it is" her beauty to behold,
Where Nature's stuff so full is found," that Nature's ware is sold.

AN OLD LOVER TO A YOUNG GENTLEWOMAN.

YE are too young to bring me in;
And I too old to gape for flies:
I have too long a lover been,
If such young babes should blear mine eyes.
But, trill the ball before my face;
I am content to make you play:
I will not see, I hide my face,
And turn my back and run away.

But if you follow on so fast,
And cross the ways where I should go;
Ye may wax weary at the last,
And then at length yourself o'erthrow:
I mean, where you and all your flock,
Devise to pen men in the pound:
I know a key can pick your lock,
And make you run yourselves on ground

Some birds can eat the strawy corn,
And flee the lime that fowlers set;
And some are fear'd of every thorn,
And so thereby they scape the net:

But some do light, and never look,
And seeth not who doth stand in wait;
As fish that swallow up the hook,
And is beguiled through the bait.

But men can look before they leap,
And be at price for every ware,
And penny-worths cast, to buy good cheap,
And in each thing hath eye and care.
But he that bluntly runs on head,
And seeth not what the race shall be,
Is like to bring a fool to bed—
And thus, ye get no more of me.

THE LOVER FORSAKETH HIS UNKIND LOVE.

FAREWELL thou frozen heart," and ears of harden'd steel;
Thou lackest years to understand" the grief that I did feel:
The Gods revenge my wrong" with equal plague on thee,
When pleasure shall prick forth thy youth" to learn what love shall be.
Perchance thou provest now" to scale blind Cupid's hold,
And matchest where thou mayest repent" when all thy cards are told.
But blush not thou therefore;" thy betters have done so,
Who thought they had retain'd a dove," when they but caught a crow.
And some do lenger time," with lofty looks we see,
That lights at length as low or worse" than doth the beetle bee.
Yet let thy hope be good," such hap may fall from high,
That thou mayst be, if fortune serve," a princess ere thou die.

If chance prefer thee so," alas! poor sely man,
 Where shall I scape thy cruel hands," or seek for succour than?
 God shield such greedy wolves" should lap in guiltless blood!
 And send short horns to hurtful heads" that rage like lions wood.
 I seldom see the day" but malice wanteth might,
 And hateful hearts have never hap" to wreak their wrath aright.
 The madman is unmeet" a naked sword to guide;
 And more unfit are they to climb" that are o'ercome with pride.
 I touch not thee herein," thou art a falcon sure,
 That can both soar and stoop sometime," as men cast up the lure.
 The peacock hath no place" in thee, when thou shalt list;
 For some no sooner make a sign," but thou perceivest the fist.
 They have that I do want," and that^a hath thee beguil'd;
 The lack that thou dost see in me" doth make thee look so wild:
 My luring is not good," it liketh not thine ear;
 My call it is not half so sweet" as, would to God, it were.
 Well, wanton! yet beware" thou do no tiring take
 At every hand that would thee feed," or to thee friendship make.
 This counsel take of him" that ought thee once his love;
 Who hopes to meet thee after this" among the saints above.
 But here within this world," if he may shun the place,
 He rather asketh present death," than to behold thy face.

THE LOVER PREFERETH HIS LADY ABOVE ALL
OTHER.

RESIGN, you Dames, whom tickling bruit delight,
 The golden praise that flattery's trump doth sound,
 And vassals be to her, that claims by right
 The title just that first dame Beauty found;

^a doth: hath, 1574.

Whose dainty eyes such sugar'd baits do hide,
 As poison hearts where ° gleams of love do glide.

Come eke, and see how Heaven and Nature wrought
 Within her face; where framed is such joy,
 As Priam's sons in vain the seas had sought,
 If half such light had had abode in Troy;
 For as the golden sun doth dark each star,
 So doth her hue the fairest dames as far.

Each heavenly gift, each grace that Nature could
 By art or wit, my Lady, lo! retains:
 A sacred head so heap'd with hairs of gold,
 As Phœbus' beams for beauty far it stains:
 A sugar'd tongue, where eke such sweetness snows,
 That well it seems a fountain, where it flows.

Two laughing eyes, so linked with pleasing looks,
 As would entice a tiger's heart to serve;
 The bait is sweet, but eager be the hooks,
 For Dian seeks her honour to preserve:
 Thus Arundel sits throned still with fame,
 Whom en'mies' trump cannot attain with shame.

My dased head so daunted is with heaps
 Of gifts divine that harbour in her breast;
 Her heavenly shape, that, lo! my verses leaps,
 And touch but that, wherein she clouds the rest:
 For if I should her graces all recite,
 Both time should want, and I should wonders write.

Her cheer so sweet, so crystal ^P are her eyes;
Her mouth so small, her lips so lively red;
Her hand so fine, her words so sweet and wise,
That Pallas seems to sojourn in her head:
Her virtues great her form as far exceeds,
As sun the shade that mortal creatures leads.

Would God! that wretched age would spare to rase
Her lively hue, that as her graces rare
Be goddess-like, even so her goddess face
Might never change, but still continue fair;
That eke in after time each wight may see
How Virtue can with Beauty bear degree.

THE LOVER LAMENTETH THAT HE WOULD FORGET
LOVE, AND CANNOT.

ALAS! when shall I joy?
When shall my woful heart
Cast forth the foolish toy,
That breedeth all my smart?
A thousand times and mo
I have attempted sore
To rid this restless woe,
Which reigneth more and more.

But when Remembrance past
Hath laid dead coals together,
Old Love renews his blast,
That cause my joys to wither:

Then suddenly a spark
Starts out of my desire,
And leaps into my heart,
Setting the coals a-fire.

Then Reason runs about
To seek forgetful water,
To quench and clean put out
The cause of all this matter ;
And saith ; " Dead flesh must needs
" Be cut out of the core ;
" For rotten wither'd weeds
" Can heal no grievous sore."

But then even suddenly
The fervent heat doth slake.
And cold then straineth me,
That makes my body shake.
Alas ! who can endure
To suffer all this pain ;
Since her that should me cure,
Most cruel death hath slain.

Well ! well ! I say no more ;
Let dead care for the dead—
Yet woe is me therefore !
I must attempt to lead

One other kind of life
Than hitherto I have,
Or else this pain and strife
Will bring me to my grave.

NICHOLAS GRIMOALD.

SONGS AND SONNETS

BY

NICHOLAS GRIMOALD.

OF THE NINE MUSES.

IMPS of king Jove, and queen Remembrance, lo !
The Sisters Nine, the poet's pleasant feres,
Calliope, doth stately style bestow,
And worthy praises paints of princely peers :

Clio, in solemn songs renew'th all day,
With present years conjoining age by-past :
Delightful talk loves comical Thaley,
In fresh green youth who doth like laurel last :

With voices tragical, sounds Melpomen,
And as with chains th' allured ear she binds :
Her strings, when Terpsichore doth touch, even then
She toucheth hearts, and reigneth in men's minds :

Fine Erato, whose look a lively cheer
 Presents, in dancing keeps a comely grace :
 With seemly gesture doth Polymnie steer,
 Whose words whole routs of ranks do rule in place.

Urania, ^a her globes to view all bent,
 The ninefold heav'n observes with fixed face :
 The blasts Euterpe tunes of instrument,
 With solace sweet, hence heavy dumps to chase :

Lord Phœbus in the midst, whose heavenly sprite
 These Ladies doth inspire, embraceth all.
 The Graces in the Muses' weed delight
 To lead them forth, that men in maze they fall.

MUSONIUS THE PHILOSOPHER'S SAYING.

In working well if travail you sustain,
 Into the wind shall lightly pass the pain ;
 But of the deed the glory shall remain,
 And cause your name with worthy wights to reign.

In working wrong if pleasure you attain,
 The pleasure soon shall vade, and void as vain ;
 But of the deed, throughout the life, the shame
 Endures, defacing you with foul defame,

And still torments the mind both night and day ;
 Scant length of time the spot can wash away.
 Flee then ill-suading pleasure's baits untrue,
 And noble Virtue's fair renown pursue.

^a Uranie.

DESCRIPTION OF VIRTUE.

WHAT one art thou, thus in torn weed y-clad?
 "Virtue; in price whom ancient sages had."
 Why poorly ray'd? "For fading goods past care."
 Why double faced? "I mark each fortune's fare."
 This bridle what? "Mind's rages to restrain."
 Tools why bear you? "I love to take great pain."
 Why wings? "I teach above the stars to fly."
 Why tread you death? "I only cannot die."

PRAISE OF MEASURE-KEEPING.

THE ancient time commended not for nought
 The mean; what better thing can there be sought?
 In mean is Virtue placed on either side;
 Both right and left amiss a man shall slide.
 Icar, with sire hadst thou the midway flow'n,
 Icarian beck by name, had no man known.
 If middle path kept had proud Phaëton,
 No burning brand this earth had fall'n upon.
 Ne cruel power, ne none ^b too soft, can reign:
 That keeps a mean, the same shall still remain.
 Thee, Julie, once did too much mercy spill:
 Thee, Nero stern, rigor extreme did kill.
 How could August so many years well pass?
 Nor over-meek, nor over-fierce he was.

^b so: too.

Worship not Jove with curious fancies vain,
 Nor him despise ; hold right a-tween these twain.
 No wasteful wight, no greedy goom is prais'd ;
 Stands largess just in equal balance payed.
 So Cato's meal surmounts Antonius' cheer,
 And better fame his sober fare hath here.
 Too slender building bad ; as bad too gross ;
 One an eye-sore, the tother falls to loss.
 As medicines help in measure, so, God wot !
 By overmuch the sick their bane have got.
 Unmeet me seems to utter this ' more ways :
 Measure forbids unmeasurable praise.

MAN'S LIFE, AFTER POSSIDONIUS, OR CRATES.

WHAT path list you to tread ?" what trade will you assay ?
 The courts of plea by brawl and bate" drive gentle peace away.
 In house, for wife and child" there is but cark and care ;
 With travel and with toil enough" in fields we use to fare.
 Upon the seas lieth dread ;" the rich in foreign land,
 Do fear the loss, and there the poor" like misers poorly stand.
 Strife, with a wife ; without," your thrift full hard to see :
 Young brats a trouble ; none at all," a maim it seems to be.
 Youth fond ; age hath no heart," and pincheth all too nigh ;
 Choose then the liefer of these two," aye life, or soon to die.

METRODORIUS' MIND TO THE CONTRARY.

WHAT race of life run you?" what trade will you assay?
In courts is glory got, and wit" increased day by day.
At home we take our ease," and beak ourselves in rest:
The fields our nature do refresh" with pleasures of the best.
On seas is gain to get;" the stranger he shall be
Esteemed, having much; if not," none knoweth his lack but he.
A wife will trim thy house;" no wife, then art thou free;
Brood is a lovely thing; without, thy life is loose to thee.
Young bloods be strong; old sires" in double honour dwell:
Do 'way that choice, "No life, or soon" to die," for all is well.

OF FRIENDSHIP.

OF all the heavenly gifts" that mortal men commend,
What trusty treasure in the world" can countervail a friend?
Our health is soon decayed;" goods casual, light, and vain;
Broke have we seen the force of power;" and honour suffer stain.
In body's lust man doth" resemble but base brute;
True virtue gets and keeps a friend," good guide of our pursuit:
Whose hearty zeal with ours" accords in every case:
No term of time, no space of place," no storm can it deface.
When fickle fortune fails," this knot endureth still:
Thy kin out of their kind may swerve," when friends owe thee good will.
What sweeter solace shall" befall, than one to find,
Upon whose breast thou mayst repose" the secrets of thy mind?

He wailleth at thy woe;" his tears with thine be shed;
With thee doth he all joys enjoy," so lief a life is led.

Behold thy friend, and of" thyself the pattern see;
One soul a wonder shall it seem" in bodies twain to be.

In absence, present; rich," in want; in sickness, sound;
Yea after death alive, mayst thou" by thy sure friend be found.

Each house, each town, each realm" by stedfast love doth stand;
Where foul debate breeds bitter bale" in each divided land.

O Friendship! flower of flowers!" O lively sprite of life!
O! sacred bond of blissful peace," the stalworth stanch of strife;

Scipio with Lelius" didst thou conjoin in care,
At home in wars for weal, and woe," with^d equal faith to fare.

Gesippus eke with Tite;" Damon with Pythias;
And with Menethus' son, Achill" by thee combined was.

Euryalus and Nisus" gave Virgil cause to sing;
Of Pylades do many rimes," and of Orestes ring:
Down Theseus went to hell," Pirith his friend to find;
O! that the wives in these our days," were to their mates so kind.

Cicero, the friendly man," to Atticus, his friend,
Of friendship wrote; such couples, lo!" doth lot but seldom lend.

Recount thy race now run," how few shalt thou there see,
Of whom to say; "This same is he" that never failed me."

So rare a jewel then" must needs be holden dear,
And as thou wilt esteem thyself," so take thy chosen fere.

The tyrant in despair," no lack of gold bewails;
But, "Out, I am undone," saith he," "for all my friendship fails."

Wherefore since nothing is," more kindly for our kind,
Next wisdom, thus that teacheth us," love we the friendful mind.

THE DEATH OF ZOROAS, AN EGYPTIAN ASTRONOMER,
IN THE FIRST FIGHT THAT ALEXANDER HAD
WITH THE PERSIANS.

Now clatt'ring arms, now raging broils of war,
Gan pass the ^e noise of dreadful trumpets' clang ;
Shrowded with shafts the heav'n with cloud of darts
Covered the air. Against full fatted bulls,
As forceth kindled ire the lions keen,
Whose greedy guts the gnawing hunger pricks ;
So Macedons against the Persians fare.
Now corpses hide the purpur'd soil with blood ;
Large slaughter on each side ; but Perses more
Moist fields ^f be-bled ; their hearts, and numbers bate.

Fainted while they gave back, and fall to flight,
The lightning Macedon, by swords, by gleaves,
By bands and troops of footmen, with his guard,
Speeds to Darie ; but him his nearest kin,
Oxate preserves, with horsemen on a plump
Before his car, that none the charge could give.
Here grunts, here groans ; each where strong youth is spent.
Shaking her bloody hands, Bellone among
The Perses, sow'th all kind of cruel death.
With throat y-cut he roars ; he lieth along,
His entrails with a lance through girded quite ;
Him smites the club ; him wounds far striking bow ;
And him the sling ; and him the shining sword.
He dieth, he is all dead, he pants, he rests.

^e noyes.^f be bled ; *be-bled*.

Right over stood in snow-white armour brave
 The Memphite Zoroas, a cunning clerk,
 To whom the heav'n lay open as his book ;
 And in celestial bodies he could tell
 The moving, meeting, light, aspect, eclipse,
 And influence, and constellations all.
 What earthly chances would betide, what year
 Of plenty stor'd, what sign forewarned dearth ;
 How winter gend'reth snow, what temperature
 In the prime-tide doth season well the soil ;
 Why summer burns, why autumn hath ripe grapes ;
 Whether the circle quadrate may become ;
 Whether our tunes heav'n's harmony can yield ;
 Of four begins, among themselves how great
 Proportion is ; what sway the erring lights
 Doth send in course, 'gain that first moving heaven ;
 What grees one from another distant be ;
 What star doth let the hurtful sire to rage,
 Or him, more mild what opposition makes ;
 What fire doth qualify Mavorses fire ;
 What house each one doth seek, what planet reigns
 Within this hemisphere ; or that small things
 I speak, whole heaven he closeth in his breast.

This Sage then in the stars hath spy'd the fates
 Threaten'd him death without delay, and, sith
 He saw he could not fatal order change,
 Forward he press'd in battle, that he might
 Meet with the rulers of the Macedons,
 Of his right hand desirous to be slain,
 The boldest ^s bairn, and worthiest in the field.

And as a wight, now weary of his life,
And seeking death, in first front of his rage,
Comes desperately to Alexander's face.
At him with darts, one after other, throws ;
With reckless words and clamour him provokes,
And saith ; " Nectanak's bastard, shameful stain
" Of mother's bed, why lovest thou thy strokes
" Cowards among ? turn thee to me, in case
" Manhood there be so much left in thy heart :
" Come fight with me, that on my helmet wear
" Apollo's laurel, both for learning's laud,
" And eke for martial praise ; that in my shield
" The seven-fold sophie of Minerve contain ;
" A match more meet, Sir King, than any here."

The noble Prince amoved, takes ruth upon
The wilful wight, and with soft words again ;
" O monstrous man !" ^hquoth he, " whatso thou art,
" I pray thee live, ne do not with thy death
" This lodge of lore, the Muses' mansion mar.
" That treasure house this hand shall never spoil ;
" My sword shall never bruise that skilful brain,
" Long gathered heaps of science soon to spill.
" O ! how fair fruits may you to mortal men
" From wisdom's garden give ! how many may
" By you the wiser and the better prove !
" What errour, what mad mood, what frenzy thee
" Persuades, to be down sent to deep Averno ?
" Where no arts flourish, nor no knowledge 'vails
" For all these saws." When thus the sovereign said,
Alighted Zoroas, with sword unsheathed,

The careless King there smote above the greave ;
At th' opening of his quishes wounded him,
So that the blood down rayled on the ground.
The Macedon perceiving hurt, gan gnash ;
But yet his mind he bent in any-wise
Him to forbear ; set spurs unto his steed,
And turn'd away, lest anger of his smart
Should cause revenger hand deal baleful blows.

But of the Macedonian chieftain's knights,
One Meleager could not bear this sight,
But ran upon the said Egyptian reuk,
And cut him in both knees : he fell to ground :
Wherewith a whole rout came of soldiers stern,
And all in pieces hewed the sely seg.
But happily the soul fled to the stars ;
Where, under him he hath full sight of all
Whereat he gazed here, with reaching look.

The Persians wail'd such sapience to forego ;
The very fone, the Macedonians, wish'd
He would have lived ; king Alexander self
Deem'd him a man unmeet to die at all ;
Who won like praise for conquest of his ire,
As for stout men in field that day subdu'd ;
Who princes taught how to discern a man,
That in his head so rare a jewel bears,
But over all those same Camœnes, those same
Divine Camœnes, whose honour he procur'd,
As tender parent doth his daughter's weal,
Lamented ; and for thanks, all that they can,
Do cherish him deceas'd, and set him free
From dark oblivion of devouring death.

MARCUS TULLIUS CICERO'S DEATH.

THEREFORE, when restless rage of wind and wave
He saw; "By Fates, alas! call'd for," ⁱquoth he,
"Is hapless Cicero; sail on, shape course
"To the next shore, and bring me to my death.
"Perdie these thanks, rescued from civil sword,
"Wilt thou my country pay? I see mine end;
"So powers divine, so bid the Gods above,
"In city saved that consul Marcus shend."

Speaking no more, but drawing from deep heart
Great groans, even at the name of Rome rehears'd,
His eyes and cheeks with showers of tears he wash'd;
And, (though a rout in daily dangers worn)
With forced face the shipmen held their tears;
And striving long, the sea's rough floods to pass,
In angry winds and stormy showers made way,
And at the last safe anchor'd in the road.

Came heavy Cicero a-land; with pain
His fainted limbs the aged sire doth draw,
And round about their master stood his band.
Nor greatly with their own hard hap dismay'd,
Nor plighted faith ^k prone in sharp time to break.
Some swords prepare, some their dear lord assist;
In litter laid, they lead him uncouth ways,
If so deceive Antonius' cruel gleaves
They might, and threats of following routs escape.

ⁱ quod.^k prove; prone.

Thus, lo ! that Tully went, that Tullius,
Of royal robe and sacred Senate prince.
When he afar the men approach espyeth ;
And of his fone the ensigns doth acknow,
And with drawn sword Popilius, threat'ning death ;
Whose life and whole estate in hazard, once
He had preserv'd, when Rome, as yet ¹to-free,
Heard him, and at his thund'ring voice amazed.
Herennius eke more eager than the rest
Present, inflam'd with fury, him pursues.
What might he do ? should he use in defence
Disarmed hands, or pardon ask for meed ?
Should he with words attempt to turn the wrath
Of th' armed knight, whose safeguard he had wrought ?
No ! age forbids ; and, fix'd within deep breast,
His country's love, and falling Rome's image.

“ The chariot turn ! ” saith he ; “ let loose the reins !
“ Run to the undeserved death ! me, lo !
“ Hath Phœbus' fowl, as messenger, forewarn'd,
“ And Jove desires a new heaven's-man to make.
“ Brutus' and Cassius' souls, live you in bliss ?
“ In case yet all the fates gain-strive us not,
“ Neither shall we, perchance, die unrevenged.
“ Now have I lived, O Rome ! enough for me.
“ My passed life nought suff'reth me to doubt
“ Noisome oblivion of the loathsome death.
“ Slay me ! yet all the offspring to come shall know,
“ And this decease shall bring eternal life.
“ Yea, and (unless I fail, and all in vain,
“ Rome, I sometime thy augur chosen was)

¹ to free ; *to-free*.

"Not evermore shall friendly fortune thee
 "Favour, Antonius; once the day shall come,
 "When her dear wights, by cruel spite thus slain,
 "Victorious Rome shall at thy hands require.
 "Me likes, ther-while, go see the hoped heaven."

Speech had he left, and therewith he, good man,
 His throat prepar'd, and held his head unmoved.
 His hasting to those fates the very knights
 Be loth to see, and rage rebated when
 They his bare neck beheld, and his hoar hairs.
 Scant could they hold the tears that forth gan burst,
 And almost fell from bloody hands the swords.
 Only the stern Herennius, with grim look;
 "Dastards, why stand you still?" he saith, and straight
 Swaps off the head with his presumptuous iron.
 Ne with that slaughter yet is he not fill'd;
 Foul shame on shame to heap is his delight.
 Wherefore the hands also doth he off smite,
 Which durst Antonius' life so ⁿ lively paint.
 Him yielding strained ghost, from welkin high,
 With loathy cheer, lord Phœbus gan behold;
 And in black cloud, they say, long hid his head.
 The Latin Muses and the Grayes they wept,
 And for his fall eternally shall weep.
 And, lo! ^o heart-piercing Pitho, strange to tell!
 Who had to him suffic'd both sense and words,
 When so he spake, and drest with nectar soote
 That flowing tongue, when his windpipe disclos'd,
 Fled with her fleeing friend; and, out alas!
 Hath left the earth, ne will no more return.

ⁿ lytely.^o hertpersing.

Popilius flieth ther-while ; and leaving there
The senseless stock, a grisly sight doth bear
Unto Antonius' board, with mischief fed.

OF M. T. CICERO.

FOR Tully late a tomb I gan prepare ;
When Cynthia, thus, bade me my labour spare :
“ Such manner things become the dead,” quoth he,
“ But Tully lives, and still alive shall be.”

N. G.

F I N I S.



IMPRINTED AT LONDON IN FLEET-STREET, WITHIN TEMPLE BAR, AT THE SIGN OF THE
HAND AND STAR, BY RICHARD TOTTELL, THE XXXI DAY OF JULY,
ANNO 1557.

Cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

A TRUE LOVE.

WHAT sweet relief the showers" to thirsty plants we see;
What dear delight the blooms to bees," my true love is to me.
As fresh and lusty Ver" foul winter doth exceed,
As morning bright with scarlet sky" doth pass the evening's weed;
As mellow pears above" the crabs esteemed be,
So doth my love surmount them all," whom yet I hap to see.
The oak shall olives bear," the lamb the lion fray,
The owl shall match the nightingale," in tuning of her lay;
"Ere I my love let slip" out of mine entire heart,
So deep reposed in my breast" is she for her desert.
For many blessed gifts," O happy! happy land!
Where Mars and Pallas strive to make" their glory most to stand.
Yet, land, more is thy bliss," that in this cruel age
A Venus' imp thou hast brought forth," so stedfast, and so sage.
Among the Muses nine" a tenth if Jove would make,
And to the Graces three, a fourth," her would Apollo take.
Let some for honour hunt," and hoard the massy gold,
With her so I may live, and die," my weal cannot be told.

THE LOVER TO HIS DEAR OF HIS EXCEEDING LOVE.

PHOEBE twice took her horns, twice laid them by,
 I all the while on thee could set no eye;
 Yet do I live: if life you may it call,
 Which only holds my heavy heart as thrall.
 Certès for death do I full often pray
 To rid my woe, and pull these pangs away.
 So plains Prometh his womb no time to fail,
 And aye life left, had liefer he might quail.
 I err, or else who this device first found,
 By that gripes name he cleped love unsound.
 In all the town what street have I not seen?
 In all the town yet hath not ^b Cary been.
 Either thy sire restrains thy free out-gate,
 O woman! worthy of far better state;
 Or people-pester'd London likes thee nought,
 But pleasant air in quiet country sought.
 Perchance in olds our love thou dost repeat,
 And in sure place ^c wouldst every thing retreat.
 Forth shall I go, ne will I stay for none,
 Until I may somewhere find thee alone.
 Ther-while keep you of hands and neck the hue,
 Let not your cheeks become or black, or blue:
 Go with well-cover'd head, for you in case
 Apollo spied, burn would he on your face.
 Daphne in grove, clad with bark of bay tree;
 Aye me! if such a tale should rise of thee!

^b Caric.^c woldst.

Calisto found in woods Jove's force too fell;
 I pray you let him not like you so well.
 Heigh! how much dread? here lurks of thieves a haunt!
 Whoso thou beest, pray, seeker proud, avaunt!
 Acteon may teach thee Dictynna's ire;
 Of truth this Goddess hath as fierce a fire.
 What do I speak? O chief part of my mind,
 Unto your ears these words no way do find!
 Would God, when you read this, observe I might
 Your voice, and of your countenance have sight;
 Then for our love good hope were not to seek,
 I ^d might say with myself, she will be meek.
 Doubtless I come, whatever town you keep,
 Or where you won, in woods, or mountains steep,
 I come; and if all 'pear not in my face,
 Myself will messenger be of my case:
 If to my prayer all deaf you dare say no,
 Straight of my death a-guilty shall you go:
 Yet in mid death this same shall ease my heart,
 That, ^e Cary, thou were cause of all the smart.

THE LOVER ASKETH PARDON OF HIS DEAR FOR
 FLEEING FROM HER.

LOVERS, men warn the corps beloved to flee,
 From the blind fire in case they ^f would live free.
 Aye me! how oft have I fled thee, my Day!
 I flee, but love bides in my breast alway.
 Lo! yet again, I grant, I gan remove,
 But both I could, and can say still, I love!

^d mought.

^e Carie.

^f wold.

If woods I seek, comes to my thought Adone;
 And well the woods do know my heavy moan!
 In gardens if I walk, Narcissus there
 I spy, and Hyacinths with weeping cheer.
 If meads I tread, O! what a fire I feel!
 In flames of love I burn from head to heel.
 Here I behold dame Ceres' imp in flight,
 Here lie, methink, black Pluto's steeds in sight.
 Strands^s if I look upon, the nymphs I mind,
 And in mid-sea oft fervent powers I find.
 The higher that I climb in mountains wild,
 The nearer me approacheth Venus' child.
 Towns if I haunt—in short, shall I all say?
 There sundry forms I view, none to my pay.
 Her favour now I note, and now her eyes,
 Her head amiss, her foot, her cheeks, her guise.
 In fine, where matter wants, defaults I fain;
 Whom other fair, I deem she hath some stain.
 What boots it then to flee, sith in night-tide,
 And day-time too, my Day is at my side?
 A shade, therefore, mayst thou be called, by right;
 But shadows dark, thou, Day, art ever bright:
 Nay, rather, worldly name is not for thee,
 Sith thou at once canst in two places be.
 Forgive me, Goddess, and become my shield;
 Ev'n Venus to Anchise herself did yield.
 Lo! I confess my flight: be good therefore;
 Jove oftentimes hath pardon'd me for more.
 Next day, my Day, to you I come my way,
 And, if you suffer me, due pains will pay.

N. VINCENT TO G. BLACKWOOD AGAINST WEDDING.

SITH, Blackwood, you have mind to wed a wife,
I pray you tell wherefore you like that life?
What! that henceforth you may live more in bliss?
I am beguil'd, but you take mark amiss.
Either your fere shall be deform'd, (and can
You blissful be with flower of frying pan?)
Or else of face indifferent, (they say
Face but indifferent will soon decay)
Or fair, who then for many men seems fine;
Ne can you say, "She is all wholly mine."
And be she chaste, if no man chance to sue,
A sort of brats she brings, and troubles new:
Or fruitless, will so pass long years with thee
That scant one day shall void of brawling be.
Hereto heap up undaunted head, stiff heart,
And all the rest: each spouse can tell a part.
Leave then this way to hope for happy life,
Rather be your bed sole, and free from strife;
Of blessed state if any path be here,
It lurketh not when women won so near.

G. BLACKWOOD TO N. VINCENT WITH WEDDING.

SITH, Vincent, I have mind to wed a wife,
You bid me tell wherefore I like that life.
Foul will I not; fair I desire, content
If fair me fail, with one indifferent.

Fair, you alledge a thousand will apply,
 But ne'er so oft requir'd, she will deny.
 Mean beauty doth soon fade, thereof plain he
 Who nothing loves in woman but her blee.
 Fruit if she bring, of fruit a joyful sight :
 If none, what then ? our burden is but light.
 The rest you ming, certès, we grant be great,
 Stiff heart, undaunted head, cause soon to freat.
 But in all things in-born displeasures be ;
 Yea, pleasure we full of displeasure see.
 And marvel you, I look for good estate,
 Hereafter if a woman be my mate ?
 Oh ! straight is Virtue's path, if sooth men say ;
 And likewise that I seek, straight is the way.

THE MUSES: OF THE NINE MUSES.

IMPS of king Jove, and queen Remembrance, lo ! &c.

See the Songs and Sonnets.

MUSONIUS THE PHILOSOPHER'S SAYING.

IN working well, if travail you sustain ! &c.

See the Songs and Sonnets.

MARCUS CATO'S COMPARISON OF MAN'S LIFE WITH IRON.

WHO would believe man's life like iron to be ?
 But proof had been, great Cato, made by thee.
 For if long time one put this iron in ure,
 Following each day his work with busy cure,

With daily use, he may the metal wear,
 And both the strength and hardness eke impair.
 Again, in case his iron he cast aside,
 And careless, long let it untouch'd abide ;
 Swithe^f canker'd rust invades the metal sore,
 And her foul teeth there fast'neth more and more.
 So man, in case his corpse he tire, and faint
 With labour long, his strength it shall attain;
 But if in sluggard sloth the same doth lie,
 That manly might will fall away and die.
 That body's strength, that force of wit remove;
 He shall for man, a weakling woman prove.
 Wherefore, my child, hold 'tween these twain the way,
 Neither^g with too much toil thy limbs decay ;
 In idle ease nor give to vices place :
 In both who measure keeps, he hath good grace.

CLEOBULUS THE LYDIAN'S RIDDLE.

ONE is my Sire ; my Sons, twice six they be ;
 Of Daughters, each of them begets, you see,
 Thrice ten : whereof one sort be fair of face,
 The other doth unseemly black disgrace.
 Nor this whole rout is thrall unto death-day,
 Nor worn with wasteful time, but live alway ;
 And yet the same always, strange case ! do die.
 The Sire, the Daughters and the Sons destroy.
 In case you can so hard a knot unknit,
 You shall I count an Œdipus in wit.

^f sythe : swithe.^g nother.

CONCERNING VIRGIL'S ENEIDS.

By heaven's high gift, in case revived were
 Lysip, Apelles, and Homer the great,
 The most renown'd, and each of them sans peer,
 In graving, painting, and the poet's feat ;
 Yet could they not, for all their vein divine,
 In marble, table, paper, more or less,
 With chisel, pencil, and with pointel fine,
 So grave, so paint, or so by style express,
 (Though they beheld of every age and land
 The fairest books, in every tongue contrived,
 To frame a form, and to direct their hand)
 Of noble Prince the lively shape descried,
 As in the famous work that Eneids hight,
 The name-kouth Virgil hath set forth in sight.

OF MIRTH.

A HEAVY heart with woe" increaseth every smart ;
 A mirthful mind in time of need" defendeth sorrow's dart.
 The sprite of quickness seems" by dreary sadness slain ;
 By mirth a man to lively plight" revived is again.
 Dolour drieth up the bones ;" the sad shall soon be sick ;
 Mirth can preserve the kindly health ;" mirth makes the body quick.
 Deep dumps do nought but dull," not meet for man, but beast :
 A merry heart, sage Solomon" counts his continual feast.
 Sad soul before thy time" brings thee unto death's door ;
 That fond conditions have bereft," late day cannot restore.

As when the covered heaven" shows forth a low'ring face,
Fair Titan with his leam of light" returns a goodly grace ;
So when our burdened breast" is whelm'd with cloudy thought,
A pleasant calm throughout the corpse," by cheerful heart is brought.
Enjoy we then our joys," and in the Lord rejoice !
Faith making fast eternal joy," of joys while we have choice.

TO LADY J. S.

CHARIS the fourth, Pieris the tenth," the second Cypris, Jane,
One to assemblies three adjoined," whom Phœbus fere, Diane,
Among the Nymphs Oreades" might well vouchsafe to place.
But you as great a Goddess serve : " the Queen's most noble grace.
All hail ! and while like Terpsichor," much melody you make,
Which if the field, as doth the court," enjoy'd, the trees would shake.
While Latin you and French frequent," while English tales you tell,
Italian whiles and Spanish you" do hear, and know full well ;
Amid such peers and solemn sights," in case convenient time
You can, good Lady, spare to read" a rural poet's rime ;
Take here his simple saws in brief," wherein no need to move
Your Ladyship, but thus, lo ! speaks" th' abundance of his love.
The worthy feats that now so much" set forth your noble name,
So have in ure they still increas'd," may more increase your fame.
For though divine your doings be," yet thews with years may grow ;
And if you stay, straight now a-days" fresh wits will overgo.
Wherefore the glory got maintain," maintain the honour great ;
So shall the world my doom approve," and set you in that seat
Where Graces, Muses, and Jove's imp," the joyful Venus, reign ;
So shall the bachelor blessed be," can such a Nymph obtain.

TO MISTRESS D. A.

WHAT cause, what reason moveth me?" what fancy fills my brains?
 That you I mind of virgins all" whom Britain's soil sustains:
 Both when to lady Mnemosyne's" dear daughters I resort,
 And eke when I the season slow" deceive with glad disport.
 What force, what power have you so great?" what charms have you late found
 To pluck, to draw, to ravish hearts," and stir out of their stound?
 To you, I trow, Jove's daughter hath" the lovely girdle lent,
 That Cestus hight, wherein there be" all manner graces blent.
 Allurements of conceits, of words" the pleasurable taste,
 That same I guess hath she given you," and girt about your waist,
 Beset with suit^h of precious pearl," as bright as sunny day:
 But what! I am beguil'd and gone," I ween, out of the way.
 These causes, lo! do not so much" present your image prest,
 That will I, will I, night and day" you lodge within this breast;
 Those gifts of your right worthy mind," those golden gifts of mind,
 Of my fast fixed fancy form" first moving cause I find.
 Love of the one, and threefold power," faith sacred, sound, sincere;
 A modest maiden's mood; an heart" from cloud of envy clear;
 Wit, fed with Pallas' food divine;" will, led with lovely lore;
 Memory, containing lessons great" of ladies five and four;
 Words, sweeter than the sugar sweet," with heavenly nectar dress'd;
 Nothing but comely can they carp," and wonders well express'd.
 Such damsels did the ancient world" for poets' pens suffice,
 Which now a-days well nigh as rare" as poets fine arise.
 Wherefore by gracious gifts of God," you more than thrice y-blest;
 And I, well blest myself suppose," whom chaste love impress'd

In friendship's lace, with such a lass" doth knit, and fast combine.
 Which lace no threat'ning fortune shall," no length of time untwine.
 And I that day with gem snow-white" will mark, and eke depaint
 With princely pen, which, Audley, first' gan me with you acquaint.

OF MISTRESS D. A.

D ESSERTS of nymphs that ancient poets show
 A re not so couth as hers, whose present face,
 M ore than my muse, may cause the world to know
 A nature nobly given, of worthy race,
 S o trained up as honour did bestow.
 C yllene in sugar'd speech gave her a grace;
 E xcel in song, Apollo made his dear;
 N o finger feat Minerve hid from her sight;
 E xpress'd in look she hath so sovereign cheer

A s Cyprisⁱ once breath'd on the Spartan bright.
 W it, wisdom, will, word, work, and all, I ween,
 D are no man's pen presume to paint outright.
 L o! *lustre and light, which if old time had seen,
 E nthroned shine she should with Goddess Fame.
 Y ield, Envy, these due praises to this Dame.

A NEW YEAR'S GIFT TO THE LADY M. S.

Now flaming Phœbus passing through" his heavenly region high,
 The utt'rest Ethiopian folk" with fervent beams doth fry;
 And with the sun the year also" his secret race doth run,
 And Janus with his double face" hath it again begun.

ⁱ Cyprian: *Cypris*.^{*} luster.

O Thou! that art the head of all," whom ¹ months and years obey,
 At whose command be both the stars," and surges of the sea;
 By power divine now prosper us" this year with good success!
 This well to lead, and many mo," us with thy favour bless.
 Grant with sound soul, in body sound," that here we daily go,
 And after in that country live," whence banish'd is all woe.
 Where hunger, thirst, and sorry age," and sickness may not mell;
 No sense perceives, no heart bethinks," the joys that there do dwell.

ANOTHER TO LADY M. S.

So happy be the course of your long life,
 So run the year into his circle rife,
 That nothing hinder your well-meaning mind:
 Sharp wit may you, remembrance ready find,
 Perfect intelligence, all help at hand,
 Still stay'd your thought in fruitful studies stand.
 Head framed thus may th' other parts well frame;
 Divine demeanour win a noble name
 By payseed doom, with leisure and good heed,
 By upright dole, and much-availing deed,
 By heart unthirl'd, by undiscomfit cheer,
 And breast discharged quite of coward fear;
 By sober mood, and order's comely rate,
 In weal and woe by holding one estate;
 And, to that beauty's grace Kind hath you lent,
 Of body's health a ^m perfect plight be blent.
 Dame Fortune's gifts may so stand you in stead,
 That well and wealfully your life be led,
 And He who gives these graces, not in vain,
 Direct your deeds, his honour to maintain.

¹ mooneths.

^m perfite.

TO LADY K. S.

To you, Madàme, I wish both now," and eke from year to year,
 Strength with Debore, with Judith faith," with Maudlin zeal, Ann's chere;
 With blessed Mary modest mood," like Sibyl life full long;
 A mind with Sacred ^r Spirit inspired," wit fresh, and body strong.
 And when of your fore 'pointed fate" you have outrun the race,
 Among^s all these in Jove's high reign" of blisses have a place.

TO LADY E. S.

As this first day of Janus, youth" restores unto the year,
 So be your mind in courage good" revived, and hearty chere;
 And as dame Tellus lab'reth now" her fruits conceived to breed,
 Right so of your most forward wit" may great avail proceed.
 So lucky be the year, the ^t months," the weeks, the days, the hours,
 That them with long recourse you may" enjoy in blissful bow'rs.

TO MISTRESS D. A.

GORGEOUS attire, by art made trim and clean,
 Chain, bracelet, pearl, or gem of Indian river,
 To you I nil, ne can, good Damascene,
 This time of Janus' Calends here deliver.
 But what! my heart, which though long since certain
 Your own it was, aye present at your hest,
 Yet here itself doth it resign again,
 Within these numbers clos'd. Where think you best

^r sprite.^s Emong.^t mooneths.

This to repose? There, I suppose, where free
 Minerve you place: for it hath you embrac'd
 As th' Heliconian nymphs, with whom even he
 That burns^u for some, Apollo, liveth chaste.
 Presents in case by rareness you esteem,
 O, Lord! how great a gift shall this then seem.

TO MISTRESS S. H.

To you this present year full fair["] and fortunate fall,
 Returning now to his prime part,["] and good luck therewithal:
 May it proceed, and end, and oft["] return, to glad your heart,
 O! Susan, whom among my friends["] I count by your desert.
 Joy may your heavenly sprite endure,["] fresh wit, in that fine brain;
 Your knowledge of good things increase,["] your body safe remain.
 A body of such shape as sheweth["] a worthy wight by kind;
 A closet fit for to contain["] the virtues of that mind.
 What shall I yet moreover add?["] God grant with pleasant mate
 A pleasant life you lead: well may["] that man rejoice his fate.

TO HIS FAMILIAR FRIEND.

No image carved with cunning hand,["] no cloth of purple dye,
 No precious weight of metal bright,["] no silver plate give I.
 Such gear allures not heavenly hearts;["] such gifts, no grace they bring:
 I, lo! that know your mind will send["] none such! what then? nothing.

^u burn: *burns*.

DESCRIPTION OF VIRTUE.

WHAT one art thou, thus in torn weed y-clad?

See, Songs and Sonnets.

PRAISE OF MEASURE KEEPING.

THE ancient time commended not for nought.

See, Songs and Sonnets.

MAN'S LIFE AFTER POSSIDONIUS, OR CRATES.

WHAT path list you to tread? what trade will you assay?

See, Songs and Sonnets.

METRODORUS' MIND TO THE CONTRARY.

WHAT race of life run you? what trade will you assay?

See, Songs and Sonnets.

OF LAWS.

WHEN princes' laws, with reverend right," do keep the commons under,
As meek as lambs they do their charge," and scatter not asunder.
But if they raise their heads aloft," and law her bridle slake,
Then like a tiger fell they fare," and lust for law they take.
Where water doth prevail, and fire," no mercy they express;
But yet the rage of that rude rout," is much more merciless.

OF FRIENDSHIP.

OF all the heavenly gifts that mortal men commend.

See, Songs and Sonnets.

THE GARDEN.

THE issue of great Jove," draw near, you Muses nine !
Help us to praise the blissful plot" of garden ground so fine.
The garden gives good food," and aid for leches cure ;
The garden full of great delight," his master doth allure.
Sweet salad herbs be here," and herbs of every kind ;
The ruddy grapes, the seemly fruits," be here at hand to find.
Here pleasance wanteth not" to make a man full fain ;
Here marvellous the mixture is," of solace and of gain.
To water sundry seeds," the furrow by the way
A running river trilling down" with liquor can convey.
Behold ! with lively hue fair flowers" that shine so bright,
With riches, like the orient gems," they paint the mould in sight.
Bees humming with soft sound," their murmur is so small,
Of blooms and blossoms suck the tops," on dewed leaves they fall.
The creeping vine holds down" her own be-wedded elms,
And wand'ring out with branches thick," reeds folded overwhelms.
Trees spread their coverts wide" with shadows fresh and gay,
Full well their branched boughs defend" the fervent sun away.
Birds chatter, and some chirp," and some sweet tunes do yield ;
All mirthful with their songs, so blithe" they make both air and field.

The garden it allures," it feeds, it glads the sprite;
From heavy hearts all doleful dumps" the garden chaseth quite.
Strength it restores to limbs," draws and fulfils the sight;
With cheer revives the senses all," and maketh labour light.
O! what delights to us" the garden ground doth bring!
Seed, leaf, flow'r, fruit, herb, bee, and tree," and more than I may sing.

AN EPITAPH OF SIR JAMES WILFORD, KNIGHT.

THE worthy Wilford's body, which alive
Made both the Scot and Frenchman sore a-drad;
A body, shaped of stomach stout, to strive
With foreign foes; a corpse that courage had
So full of force, the like no where was rife;
With heart, as free as ere had gentle knight,
Now here in grave (thus changeth aye this life)
Rests, with unrest to many a woful wight!
Of largess great, of manhood, of forecast,
Can each good English soldier bear record.
Speak Lauderdale, tell Muttrel, marvels past;
Cry Musselborough, praise, Haddington, thy lord,
From thee that held both Scots, and freaks of France;
Farewell! may England say; "Hard is my chance."

ANOTHER OF THE SAME KNIGHT'S DEATH.

FOR Wilford wept first men; then air also;
For Wilford felt the waters wayful woe.

The men so wept, that books abroad which be
 Of mourning metres full, a man may see.
 So wail'd the air, that clouds consum'd remain'd ;
 No drops, but drouth the parched earth sustain'd.
 So greted floods, that where there rode before
 A ship, a car may go, safe on the shore.
 Left were no ^x more but heaven and earth, to make
 Throughout the world this grief his rigour take.
 But since the heaven this Wilford's ghost doth keep,
 And earth his corpse, say me ! why should they weep ?

AN EPITAPH OF THE LADY MARGARET LEE, 1555.

MAN by a woman learn" this life what we may call !
 Blood, friendship, beauty, youth, attire," wealth, worship, health and all,
 Take not for thine ; nor yet" thyself as thine be-know ;
 For having these, with full great praise," this Lady did but show
 Herself unto the world ;" and in prime years, beware !
 Sleeps : doleful sister, who is wont" for no respect to spare,
 Alas ! withdrew her hence," or rather softly led,
 For with good-will, I dare well say," her way to HIM she sped,
 Who claimed that he bought," and took that erst he gave ;
 More meet than any worldly wight" such heavenly gems to have.
 Now ^y would she not return," in earth a queen to dwell:
 As she hath done to you, good friend," bid Lady Lee, "Farewell."

^x mo.

^y wold.

UPON THE TOMB OF A. W.

MIRROR of matrons, flower of spouse-like love !
Of fair brood fruitful nurse, poor people's stay,
Neighbours' delight, true heart to HIM above,
In yielding worlds increase took her decay ;
Who printed lives yet in our hearts alway :
Whose closet of good thews laid here a space,
Shall shortly with the soul in heaven have place.

UPON THE DECEASE OF W. CHAMBERS.

Now, blithe Thaley, thy feastful lays lay by,
And to resound these doleful tunes apply.
Cause of great grief the tyrant death imports,
Whose ugly idol to my brains resorts.
A graceful imp, a flower of youth, away
Hath he^z bereft, alas ! before his day.
Chambers ! this life to leave, and thy dear mates,
So soon do thee constrain envious fates ?
Oh ! with that wit, those manners, that good heart,
Worthy to live old Nestor's years thou wert !
You wanted outward eyes, and yet aright
In stories, poets, orators, had sight ;
What-so you heard by lively voice express'd,
Was soon repos'd within that mindful breast.
To me more pleasant Plautus never was,
Than those conceits that from your mouth did pass.

Our study-mates great hope did hold alway,
You ^a would be our school's ornament one day.
Your parents then, that thus have you forgone,
Your brethren eke must make their heavy moan ;
Your loving feres cannot their tears restrain :
But I before them all have cause to plain,
Who in pure love was so conjoined with thee,
Another Grimald didst thou seem to be !
Ah, Lord ! how oft wish'd you with all your heart,
That us no chance asunder might depart !
Happy were I, if this your prayer took place ;
Aye, me ! that it doth cruel death deface !
Ah, Lord ! how oft your sweet words I repeat,
And in my mind your wonted life retreat !
O, Chambers ! O, thy Grimald's mate most dear,
Why hath fell fate ta'en thee, and left him here ?
But whereto these complaints in vain make we !
Such words in winds to waste what moveth me ?
Thou hold'st the haven of health with blissful Jove :
Through many waves and seas yet must I rove,
Not worthy I so soon with thee to go :
Me still my fates retain, be-wrapp'd in woe.
Live ! our companion once, now live for aye !
Heaven's joys enjoy, while we die day by day.
You, that of faith so sure signs here express'd,
Do triumph now, no doubt, among the bless'd !
Have changed sea, for port ; darkness, for light ;
An inn, for home ; exile, for country right ;
Travail, for rest ; strange way, for city glad ;
Battle, for peace ; free reign, for bondage bad.

^a would.

These wretched earthly stounds, who can compare
To heavenly seats, and those delights most rare?
We frail, you firm; we with great trouble toss'd,
You bathe in bliss, that never shall be lost.
Wherefore, Thaley, renew thy feastful lays.
Her doleful tunes my cheered Muse now stays.

OF N. CH.

WHY, Nicholas, why dost thou make such haste
After thy brother? Why goest thou so? To taste
Of changed life with him the better state?
Better? yea, best of all that thought can rate.
Or did the dread of wretched world drive thee,
Lest thou this after fall should hap to see?
Mavortian moods, Saturnian furies fell,
Of tragical turmoils the heinous hell.
O! whose good thews in brief cannot be told,
The heartiest mate that ever trod the mould,
If our "Farewell," that here live in distress,
Avail; "Farewell!" the rest tears do suppress.

A FUNERAL SONG UPON THE DECEASE OF ANNES,
HIS MOTHER.

YEA! and a good cause why thus should I plain!
For what is he can quietly sustain
So great a grief with mouth as still as stone?
My love, my life of joy, my jewel is gone.

This hearty zeal, if any wight disprove
 As woman's work, whom feeble mind doth move;
 He neither knows the mighty Nature's laws,
 Nor touching elder's deeds hath seen old saws.
 Martius to vanquish Rome was set on fire,
 But vanquish'd fell at mother's boon his ire.
 Into Hesperian land Sertorius fled,
 Of parent aye chief care had in his head.
 Dear weight on shoulders Sicil brethren bore,
 While Ætna's giant spouted flames full sore.
 Not more of Tyndar's imps hath Sparta spoke,
 Than Arge of charged necks with parent's yoke.
 Nor only them thus did foretime intreat;
 Then was the nurse also in honour great.
 Cajet, the Phrygian from amid fire-flame
 Rescued, who gave to Latin stronds the name.
 Acca, in double sense Lupa y-cleped,
 In Roman calendars a feast hath heaped.
 His Capra Jove among the stars hath pight
 In welkin clear, yet, lo! she shineth bright.
 Hyades as gratefully Lyæ did place,
 Whom in prime-tide supports the bull's fair face.

And should not I express my inward woe,
 When you, most loving dam, so soon hencee go?
 I in your fruitful womb conceived, born was
 While wandering moon ten months did overpass.
 Me, brought to light, your tender arms sustain'd,
 And with my lips your milky paps I strain'd.
 You me embraced; in bosom soft you me
 Cherished, as I your only child had be!

Of issue fair, with numbers were you blest,
Yet I the best beloved of all the rest.
Good luck certain fore-reading mothers have;
And you of me a special judgment gave.
That when firm pace I fixed on the ground,
When tongue gan cease to break the lispng sound,
You me straightway did to the Muses send,
Ne suffered long a loitering life to spend.
What gain the wool, what gain the wed had brought,
It was his meed that me there daily taught.
When with Minerve I had acquaintance won,
And Phœbus seem'd to love me as his son,
Brownshold I bade, at parents' hest, farewell;
And gladly there in schools I gan to dwell
Where Granta gives the Ladies nine such place,
That they rejoice to see their blissful case.
With joys at heart in this Parnasse I bode,
While through his signs five times great Titan glode;
And twice as long by that fair ford, whereas
Swan-feeder Thames no further course can pass.
O! what desire had you therewhile of me!
Mid doubtful dreads what joys were wont to be!
Now linen clothes, wrought with those fingers fine,
Now other things of your's did you make mine;
Till your last threads gan Clotho to untwine,
And of your days the date extreme assign.

Hearing the chance, your neighbours made such moan,
A dear-worth dame they thought their comfort gone.
Kinswomen wept; your charge, the maidens, wept;
Your daughters wept, whom you so well had kept.

But my good sire gave with soft words relief,
And cloaks with outward cheer his inward grief;
Lest by his care your sickness should augment,
And on his case your thoughtful heart be bent.
You not forgetting yet a mother's mood,
When at the door dart-thirling death there stood,
Did say; "Adieu, dear spouse, my race is run;
"Whereso he be, I have left you a son!"
And Nicholas you nam'd, and nam'd again,
With other speech, aspiring heavenly reign,
When, into air your sprite departed fled,
And left the corpse a-cold in lukewarm bed.
Ah! could you thus dear mother leave us all?
Now should you live, that yet before your fall
My songs you might have sung; have heard my voice,
And in commodities of your own rejoice.
My sisters, yet unwedded, who shall guide?
With whose good lessons shall they be applied?
Have, Mother, monuments of our sore smart,
No costly tomb arear'd with curious art,
Nor Mausolean mass hung in the air,
Nor lofty steeples that will once appair;
But wayful verse, and doleful song accept.
By verse the names of ancient peers be kept;
By verse lives Hercules, by verse Achil;
Hector, Enè, by verse be famous still.
Such former years, such Death hath chanced thee;
Clos'd with good end, good life is wont to be.
But now, my sacred parent, fare you well,
God shall cause us again together dwell,

What time this universal globe shall hear
 Of the last tromp the ringing voice: great fear
 To some; to such as you, a heavenly cheer. }
 Till then repos'd, rest you in gentle sleep;
 While HE, to whom you are bequeath'd, you keep.

UPON THE DEATH OF THE LORD MAUTRAVERS, OUT OF
 DOCTOR HADDON'S LATIN.

THE noble Henry, he, that was" the Lord of Mautravers named,
 Heir to the house of th' Arundels" so long a time now famed;
 (Who from Fitz-Alans doth recount" descent of worthy race:
 Fitz-Alans, Earls of high estate," men of a goodly grace)
 Whom his renowned father had" seen flourish and excel
 In arm, in arts, in wit, in skill," in speaking wonders well;
 Whose years to timely virtue had," and manly graveness ^araught,
 With sudden ruin is downfall'n" and into ashes brought:
 While glory his courageous heart" enflames to travail great,
 And in his youthful breast there reigns" an over-fervent heat;
 The peerless princess Mary, Queen," her message to present,
 This ^b Briton lord as one most meet" to Cæsar's brother sent.
 On coursing steeds he ^crides the way," in ship he fleeteth fast,
 To royal Cæsar's court he comes," the pains and perils past.
 His charge enjoin'd performeth he," attain'd exceeding praise,
 His name and fame so fully spread," it dures for after days.
 But, lo! a fervent fever doth" amid his triumphs fall,
 And with heart-griping grief consumes" his tender limbs, and all.
 O rueful youth! thy health too far" forgot, and too much heed
 To country and to parent given," why makest thou such speed?

^a caught: *raught*.

^b Britan.

^c rids.

O stay yourself! your country so" to serve doth right require,
 That often serve you may, and then" at length succeed your sire.
 But thee, perchance, it likes thy life" the price of praise to pay,
 Nor death dost dread, where honour shines" as bright as sunny day.
 Certes! no greater glory could" than this to thee betide,
 Though Jove six hundred years had made" thy fatal thread abide.
 Of journeys and ^c of travails huge," the cause thy country was;
 Thy funeral to honour forth" great Cæsar's court gan pass.
 And thus, O thus, good Lord! this imp" of heaven most worthy wight,
 His happy life with blissful death" concluded hath aright.
 When in fourth year queen Mary's reign" proceeded, and what day
 Was last of July month, ^d the same" his last took him away.
 From years twice ten if you in count" will but one year abate,
 The very age then shall you find" of Lord Mautravers' fate.
 Likewise was Titus Cæsar hence" withdrawn in his prime years;
 Likewise the young prince Edward went," and divers other peers.

Father, forbear thy woful tears!" cease England to lament!
 Fates favour none; the enemy death" to all alike is bent.
 The only mean that now remains" with eloquence full fine,
 Hath Shelley used in setting forth" this baron's name divine.
 Your Haddon eke who erst in your" life-time bore you good heart,
 Presenteth you this monument" of wonted zeal some part.
 But now farewell, of English youth" most chosen gem, farewell!
 A worthier wight save Edward did" in England never dwell.

UPON THE SAID LORD MAUTRAVERS' DEATH.

METHOUGHT of late when Lord Mautravers died,
 Our Common-weal, thus, by herself she cried:
 "Oft have I wept for mine, so laid asleep,
 "Yet never had I juster cause to weep!"

^c of.

^d moneth.

THE DEATH OF ZOROAS, AN EGYPTIAN ASTRONOMER,
IN THE FIRST FIGHT THAT ALEXANDER HAD
WITH THE PERSIANS.

Now clatt'ring arms, now raging broils of war.

See, Songs and Sonnets.

MARCUS TULLIUS CICERO'S DEATH.

THEREFORE when restless rage of wind and wave.

See, Songs and Sonnets.

OF M. T. CICERO.

For Tully late a tomb I gan prepare.

See, Songs and Sonnets.

FINIS.

VARIOUS READINGS.

SURREY.

I. Page 1.

- Line
1st 4^o 2, *And clad.* l. 4, *And new.* l. 43, my *sprettes.*
1564 17, that I do *frye.* l. 10, *inflame* hath made. l. 43, my *spirites* do all resort.
1567 17, that I do *frye.* l. 10, *inflame* hath made. l. 43, my *spirites* do all resort. l. 15, my *hart* increaseth.
1574 1, the tender green. l. 10, *inflame* hath made. l. 15, my *hart* increaseth.

II. Page 3.

- 1st 4^o 8, fishes *flote.* l. 9, she *slinges.*
1567 } 1, The soote seasons.
1574 }

III. Page 4.

- 1st 4^o 2, scourge me *causde to ronne.* l. 18, chase that was their *quest.* l. 24, The woe wherein my heart was *fed.*
1564 } 12, The present heat.
1567 }
1574 }

IV. Page 5.

- 1st 4^o 5, He makes the one. l. 10, *depe* dark hel. l. 32, delight the eye.
4th 4^o 10, *depe* dark hell. l. 11, where I am called. l. 13, *welners* won.
1564 3, Deceit is his delight. l. 6, *others* heart. l. 30, resolving of his fume. l. 32, Such *pleasure.* l. 33, the *tracte.* l. 35, *beloved.* l. 36, *removed.* l. 41, near the fire. l. 44, *mase* a heart.
1567 3, Deceit is his delight. l. 6, *others* heart. l. 30, resolving of his fume. l. 32, Such *pleasure.* l. 33, the *tracte.* l. 35, *beloved.* l. 36, *removed.* l. 44, *mase* a heart. l. 50, *despeired* health.
1574 3, Deceit is his delight. l. 6, the *others* heart. l. 10, *deep* dark hell. l. 30, resolving of his fume. l. 32, Such

- Line
pleasure. l. 33, the *tracte.* l. 35, *beloved.* l. 36, *removed.* l. 41, near the fire. l. 44, *mase* a heart l. 50, *despeired* health.

V. Page 7.

- 1st 4^o 6, winter *woe.* l. 34, *Unwillingly* I went. l. 39, here ye may. l. 41, *empressed* mind.
1564 10, feel a *place.* l. 11, all *kinde.* l. 27, was wrought. l. 37, of the which.
1567 10, feel a *place.* l. 11, all *kinde.* l. 27, was wrought. l. 37, of the which. l. 48, *this* befall.
1574 10, feel a *place.* l. 27, was wrought.

VI. Page 9.

- 1st 4^o 7, and *restraine.*
1564 9, And *coured* love.
1567 } 9, And covered love.
1574 }

VII. Page 9.

- 1st & 2, A well so *hote* that *whoso* tastes the
4th 4^o same. l. 5, my *hate.* l. 6, *This* creeping fire my cold *lims* so opprest. l. 7, *That* in the heart that *harborde* freedom late. l. 9, *Another* so colde in frozen ice. l. 14, *My* service thus is grown into disdain.
1564 } All follow the same readings, with
1567 } this addition; line 4, *fixed* flame.
1574 }

VIII. Page 10.

- 1st & 4, *did* geve her. l. 7, in Britain she
4th 4^o doth rest. l. 8, With *Kinges* child where she *tasteth* costly food.
1564 } All follow the same readings, except
1567 } that 1567 reads, at l. 11, *first* gave
1574 } her.

IX. Page 10.

- 1st 4^o 14, To day *redy* ripe.
4th 4^o 3, *Flowering* to day.

- Line
 1564 }
 1567 } 11, *Enemy to youth.*
 1574 }
- X. Page 11.
- 1564 }
 1567 } 11, *doubtful case.*
 1574 } 4, the stars *above* doth bring. l. 11, in
 a *doleful case.* l. 10, doth plea-
 sure bring.

- XI. Page 12.
- 1st & }
 4th 4^o } 3, *pleasant plot.*
 1564 } 3, *The pleasant plot.* l. 4, *blossomed.*
 1567 }
 1574 } 3, *The pleasant plot.* l. 7, the *hartless*,
 short debate.

- XII. Page 12.
- 1st & }
 4th 4^o } 1, the sun doth parch.
 1564 }
 1567 } Title, *A vow to love.* l. 1, The sun
 1574 } doth parch.

- XIII. Page 13.
- 1st & }
 4th 4^o } 7, *But on her face.* l. 8, *Yet sins she.*
 l. 9, *Her golden tresses clad.* l. 10, *Her*
smiling lokes that hid thus l. 13, in
 winter's breath a frost.
 1564 } 7, *But on her face* l. 8, *Yet sins she.*
 l. 9, *Her golden tresses clad.* l. 10,
 1567 } *Her smiling lokes that hid thus.* l. 12,
governe me, alacke. l. 13, in win-
 1574 } ter's breath a frost. 1574, l. 7, *my*
eyes.

- XIV. Page 14.
- 1st 4^o }
 4th 4^o } 8, of *all.* l. 9, *Now certesse Ladie.*
 1564 }
 1567 } 8, Of *all other* graces. l. 9, *Now*
 1574 } *certesse Lady.* l. 12, let not the
 mind infect.
 All the editions, except 1574, have in
 l. 5 *unknownen*, and l. 7 *sowen*.

- XV. Page 14.
- 1st 4^o }
 4th 4^o } 4, In a greater *feast.* l. 40, the win-
 ter *night away.* l. 46, thou *doest.*
 1564 } 40, the winter *night away.*
 .. Title, *Prisoner in Windsor.* l. 4,
 greater *feast.* l. 11, that *tigres* could
 but rue. l. 30, *swiftly breathed*
 horse. l. 31, With cry of *hounde.*
 l. 40, the winter *night away.* l. 47,

- Line
 1567 } Whom in *this walles.* l. 49, *Eche*
alas!
 13, *The plaine play.* l. 16, *kepes the*
leads above. l. 30, *swiftly breathed*
 horse. l. 31, With cry of *hound.*
 l. 40, the winter *nyghte away.* l. 47,
 Whom in *this walles.* l. 49, *Eche alas!*
 1574 } .. Title, *Prisoner in Windsor.* l. 4,
 In greater *feast* than *Priam* sons.
 l. 13, *The plaine play.* l. 16, *keepes*
 the leads above. l. 30, *swiftly breathed*
 horse. l. 31, With cry of *hound.*
 l. 39, *kepe* so just. l. 40, the winter
night away. l. 47, Whom in *this*
walles. l. 49, *Eche stone alas!*

- XVI. Page 16.
- 4th 4^o } 9, the *boysteous* winds.
 1564 } 9, *boisteous.* l. 12, *Appeas'd the*
Goddess. l. 23, *my time.*
 1567 } 5, *hath wasted.* l. 9, *boisteous.* l. 12,
Appeas'd the Goddess. l. 17, *over-*
come. l. 23, *And think my time.*
 1574 } .. Title, "with worthiness of his love."
 l. 5, *hath wasted.* l. 13, *And how*
in those. l. 17, *overcome.*

- XVII. Page 18.
- 1st 4^o } 7, with *remembrance.*
 1564 } .. Title, "the seas." l. 7, *remem-*
beraunce. l. 36, To chase from me
 annoy.
 1567 } .. Title, "the seas."
 1574 } .. Title, "the seas." l. 36, To chase
 from me annoy.

- XVIII. Page 19.
- 1st 4^o } 23, himself *fordid.* l. 37, *should fall.*
 l. 78, *Chreseids love.* l. 80, *belonged*
 well.
 1564 } 52, Is me *befalled.* l. 54, *have given*
cause. l. 78, *Priamus' son.*
 1567 } 15, *saieth he.* l. 23, himself *forbyd.*
 1574 } 15, *saieth he.* l. 54, *have given cause.*
 l. 78, *Cresides love.*

- XIX. Page 22.
- 1st & }
 4th 4^o } 24, *methink I say.*
 1564 } 13, *will him preserve.* l. 24, *methink I*
say. l. 30, *discharged clean.*
 1567 } 13, *will him preserve.* l. 19, *seme.*
 l. 24, *methink I say.* l. 30, *discharg-*
ed clean. l. 42, *doe safely send.*

1574 ^{Line} 13, will him preserve. l. 24, *me thinke*
I say. l. 30, *discharged clean.*

XX. Page 24.

XXI. Page 25.

4th 4^o 12, will have *you fersé.*
1564 } 26, check in *your degree.*
1574 }

XXII. Page 26.

1st 4^o 7, for my beloved friend.
2^d 4^o 7, for my beloved frinde. l. 16, thou
heldest the most.
1564 7, for my beloved friend. l. 16, yeldest
the most.
1567 7, for my beloved friend. l. 13, lov'd
so long. l. 16, yeldst the most.
1574 2, If in my age. l. 7, my beloved
friend. l. 16, thou yeldst the most.

XXIII. Page 27.

1564 5, By *glinsing.* l. 12, *Throwen all.*
l. 23, *A commou plague.*
1567 5, By *glinsing.* l. 23, *A common*
plague.
1574 5, By *glynsing* with such grace.

XXIV. Page 29.

XXV. Page 30.

1564 41, *fier cannot.* l. 44, *The constancy*
of mind.
1567 22, *blustring.* l. 41, *fier cannot.* l. 44,
The constancye of the mind.
1574 29, *That I will leave the hind.* l. 44,
The constancye of mind.

XXVI. Page 32.

1st 4^o 14, did never truly go. l. 20, let *flye.*
1564 } ..Title, "*towardes their lovers.*" l. 20,
1567 } *A wery man.* l. 21, *wresteth.*
1574 } ..Title, "*towards their lovers.*" l. 3,
an hardy heart. l. 20, *A wery man.*
l. 21, *wresteth.*

XXVII. Page 33.

1st 4^o ..Title, "*Of the dissembling Lover.*"
l. 18, *The truth.*

XXVIII. Page 34.

1564 } 14, all *thing* decays.
1567 }
1574 } 3, that fed *my eyes.*

XXIX. Page 35.

1st 4^o ^{Line} 39, This gentle beast *likewise.* l. 56,
of *currant* sort that *should* have.
l. 63, shall *ruse.* l. 64, *This* your
refuse shall *bode* them *ne* defence.
l. 70, I would *ye* wist.
2^d & } 79, I would *ye* wist.
3^d 4^o }
1564 49, am *fed.* l. 59, that *foreth.* l. 76,
It botes me *nat.*
1567 59, that *foreth.* l. 70, his *sayle.*

XXX. Page 37.

1st 4^o 2, why shew I *not:* l. 3, *amongest*
them all. l. 7, that *serve* at all as-
sayes. l. 34, her *lovely* loke. l. 45,
plonged am I.
1564 2, why shew I *not* my pain. l. 25,
so *could* I force. l. 26, *themselves.*
l. 37, that *rueth.* l. 41, *But when.*
l. 44, thus lovers *trye* their knot.
l. 57, my *dedly* corpse. l. 58, she
kept.
1567 2, Why shew I *not.* l. 25, so *could* I
force. l. 37, that *rueth.* l. 44, the
more *desyre:* thus lovers *trye* their
knot. l. 50, *that* after weal. l. 52,
the double. l. 57, my *dedly* corpse.
l. 8, she *kept.*
1574 2, why shew I *not.* l. 9, so *doth* con-
train. l. 25, so *could* I force. l. 37,
that *rueth* all my rest. l. 41, *But*
when. l. 44, the more *desyre;* thus
lovers *trie* their knot. l. 46, *As in*
the ship. l. 50, *that* after weal. l. 57,
my *dedly* corpse. l. 58, she *kept.*

XXXI. Page 40.

1st 4^o 3, The *richesse* left.
1567 } 15, *Content thyself* with *thine* estate.
1574 }

XXXII. Page 40.

1st 4^o 10, *fallen* turrets steep.
1574 6, *advisedly* hath his home.

XXXIII. Page 41.

1564 1, *Persie.* l. 2, l. *Asie.* l. 5, worthy
sepulchre.
1567 1, *Persie.* l. 5, worthy *sepulchre.*
1574

XXXIV. Page 42.

1st 4^o 8, *wepe* envious tears.

- Line
 1564 1, *the* death. l. 13, *vapored* eyes.
 1567 12, *the* corpse.
 1574 3, with hate *hath* swoln. l. 6, *the*
 guiltless blood. l. 12, *the* corpse.

XXXV. Page 43.

- 1st 4^o 27, But *when* to the heavens.
 1564 27, But *when* to the heavens.
 1574 2, *encreaseth* by disdain. l. 27, But
when to the heavens.

XXXVI. Page 44.

- 1st 4^o .. Title, "A prayse of Sir Thomas Wiate
 th' elder for his excellent learning."
 1564 }
 1567 } 4, their *temple*. l. 7, *deferre*.
 1574 }

XXXVII. Page 45.

- All the 4^{os}, l. 9, who *scace*.
 1564 2, *filthy* lusts. l. 9, who *scace*.
 1574 1, *Thassyrians* king.

XXXVIII. Page 45.

- Line.
 1st 4^o 7, with *paines* opprest.
 1564 1, *layed* in. l. 4, that now I *sight*—
 cause of *thoughts*. l. 16, worn to
 thin. l. 19, *The* white and hoarish
 hairs.
 1567 4, that now I *sight*—cause of *thoughts*,
 l. 19, *The* white and hoarish hairs the
 messenger of age.
 1574 4, That now I *sight*—as cause of
thoughts did rise. l. 12, with *paines*
 opprest. l. 16, worn to thin. l. 19,
The white—the messenger of age.

XXXIX. Page 46.

XL. Page 47.

XLI. Page 47.

- 1st 4^o 13, *Wherein* I am now.
 1564 }
 1567 } 2, *enemy* to mine ease. l. 11, *wandered*
 1574 } long.

SIR THOMAS WYATT.

XLII. Page 51.

- 1564 1, The *one* long love.
 1567 1, The *one* long love that in *me* thought.
 l. 4, *displayeth* his banner.
 1576 1, The *one* long love. l. 4, *displaieth*
 his banner. l. 9, to *the* hartes forrest.

XLIII. Page 52.

- 1567 } 4, and tears *continually*. l. 10, *with*-
 1574 } out doing grief.

XLIV. Page 52.

- 1st 4^o 7, *Of* my lost years.

XLV. Page 53.

- 1st 4^o 10, and *erryng* here and there.

XLVI. Page 53.

- 1564 5, *So* *fieth*.
 1567 } 5, *So* *fiyeth*. l. 8, *lacking* my liberty.
 1574 } l. 10, *his* cloudy look.

XLVII. Page 54.

XLVIII. Page 55.

XLIX. Page 55.

L. Page 56.

- 1567 }
 1574 } 9, so *chanced* me.

LI. Page 56.

- 1564 }
 1567 } 9, that *blame* men most.
 1574 }

LII. Page 57.

LIII. Page 58.

- 1st 4^o 6, thou *standest* like one afraid.
 1564 }
 1567 } 6, thou *standst* like one afraid.
 1574 } 1, Because I *keep* thee. l. 6, thou
standest like one afraid.

LIV. Page 58.

- Line
1st 4^o* 4 (See note on the place). l. 11, and
1576 } thus I hate myself.
10, yet I *askt* for health.

LV. Page 59.

- 1st 4^o 5 (See note on the place). l. 12, that
lead me.
1564 8, *And* endless wind. 11, *Wretched*
with error.
1567 9, rain of *tear*. l. 11, *Wretched* with.
l. 12, that lead me.
1574 8, *And* endlesse. l. 9, rain of *teare*.
l. 11, *Wretched* with error. l. 12,
that lead me.

LVI. Page 59.

- 1st 4^o .. Title, *Of douteous love*. l. 5, under
this guise.
1564 4, *worldly* paradise.

LVII. Page 60.

LVIII. Page 61.

- 1567 } .. Title, "*The Lady*, to answer directly
1576 } with yea or no."

LIX. Page 61.

LX. Page 62.

- 1st 4^o 1, *The wandring* gadling.
1564 }
1567 } 8, *that would have my place*.
1574 }

LXI. Page 62.

LXII. Page 63.

LXIII. Page 63.

- 1564 }
1567 } 19, *Nay for* in faith.
1574 }

LXIV. Page 64.

- 1564 7, *Where I seek*.
1567 } 6, *yet doth remain*. l. 7, *Where I*
1574 } *seek*. l. 16, *Or else is*.

LXV. Page 65.

- Line
1st 4^o 21, spite of *thy* hap.
1564 } 17, cruel *wiles*. l. 18, *Wenning* to
1567 } lower. l. 20, *would have me* wrapt.
1574 } l. 18, *Wenning* to lower. l. 20, *would*
have wrapt.

LXVI. Page 66.

- 1574 4, *Finish my*. l. 10, *Glad is he* gone.

LXVII. Page 66.

- 1564 5, *remember*. l. 9, nor *theat* of sun.
1574 9, *Nor theat* of sun.

LXVIII. Page 67.

- 1574 6, when he hath *tane a course*.

LXIX. Page 68.

- 1st 4^o 42, hath *turned*. l. 43, *thorough* di-
vers regions. l. 47, *Laborous* pains.
l. 89, by much *nurture*. l. 90, and
honour did *bring them* above. l. 114,
drawen. l. 116, *overthrowen*. l. 117,
gnawen.
1564 1, Mine old dear *enemy*. l. 47, *laborous*
pains. l. 55, *And not they* this.
l. 69, *That noy doth me*. l. 71, Mine
adversarie. l. 72, *tother part*. l. 76,
and make. l. 84, a *dastard*. l. 114,
drawen. l. 116, *overthrown*. l. 136,
That gave him her.
1567 1, Mine old dear *enemy*. l. 26, mind
erased. l. 42, hath *turned*. l. 47,
laborous pains. l. 55, *And not they*
this. l. 71, Mine *adversarie*. l. 72,
tother part. l. 76, *make a clattering*
knight. l. 84, a *dastard*. l. 114,
drawen. l. 116, *overthrowen*. l. 117,
gnawen. l. 136, *That gave him her*.
1574 1, Mine old dear *enemy*. l. 26, mind
erased. l. 42, hath *turned*. l. 47,
laborous pains. l. 72, *tother part*.
l. 76, *make a clattering* knight. l. 84,
a *dastard*. l. 116, *overthrown*. l. 136,
That gave him her.

* The 2^d 4^o is imperfect from fol. 22 to fol. 24, from the 3^d line of N^o 54 to line 11 of N^o 68.

LXX. Page 73.

Line
 1564 }
 1567 } 30, Perchance or it be long.
 1574 }

LXXI. Page 75.

1567 3, Such sigh.
 1574 2, where shall I set. l. 3, Such sigh.
 l. 13, how to move.

LXXII. Page 77.

LXXIII. Page 77.

LXXIV. Page 77.

1564 }
 1567 } 5, and little there she dreadeth.
 1574 }

LXXV. Page 78.

1564 }
 1567 } 12, Within the trap.
 1574 }

LXXVI. Page 79.

1st 4^o 8, meashed in the breers.
 1564 5, is both sprong.
 1567 5, is both sprong.
 1574 5, is both sprong. l. 7, And all this labour.

LXXVII. Page 79.

1567 }
 1574 } 6, after the storm.

LXXVIII. Page 79.

LXXIX. Page 80.

LXXX. Page 80.

LXXXI. Page 81.

1st 4^o 2, Of gentle mind.
 1564 }
 1567 } 4, faultles to disclose.
 1574 }

LXXXII. Page 81.

1564 }
 1567 } 13, Ye shall not nature. l. 15, Whom
 1574 } as unknownen.

LXXXIII. Page 83.

1567 26, to wray your woe. l. 27, ner the narre: (the other edit. nere, or, neare the narre.)

LXXXIV. Page 84.

Line
 1st 4^o 6, Nor think. l. 20, ne for no new.

LXXXV. Page 85.

1567 } 7, my swelling pains. l. 19, hand of
 1574 } pain.

LXXXVI. Page 86.

1st 4^o 1, If ever man: (all the other editions, If every man.) l. 12, that fundered. l. 16, to my comfort. l. 37, Sith Fortunes.

2^d & }
 3^d 4^o } 17, Sith Fortunes.
 1567 30, pleasant looke.

LXXXVII. Page 88.

1574 ..Title, "that hath given."

LXXXVIII. Page 89.

1st 4^o 3, Ainst chaind. l. 5, in thy thought.
 2^d & }
 3^d 4^o } 3, Ainst chainde. l. 5, then thy thought.
 1564 4, yelding things. l. 5, then by thought.
 1567 2, snakes hath time. l. 4, yelding things. l. 5, then by thought.
 1577 2, snakes hath time. l. 4, yelding things.

LXXXIX. Page 89.

1st 2^d }
 and } 1, The enemy of life.
 3^d 4^o }
 1574 1, The enemy to life.

XC. Page 90.

1st 4^o 25, Fortune hath kept her promise.
 1574 15, shewed herself. l. 16, wonderously.

XCI. Page 91.

XCII. Page 93.

1574 2, so wondrous a fashion.

XCIII. Page 94.

1st 4^o 4, out of his proper place. l. 6, Directly down into.
 1564 10, that flyeth.
 1567 10, that flieth.
 1574 10, that flieth. l. 24, I may not feade.

XCIV. Page 94.

- Line
 1st 4^o 4, Why *doest* thou stick.
 1564 } 4, Why *doest* thou—thou *made* sore.
 1567 }
 1574 4, thou *made*.

XCV. Page 95.

XCVI. Page 97.

XCVII. Page 97.

- 1st 4^o 6, *The* tress also.
 1567 } .. Title, *A Prescription* of such a one.
 1574 }

XCVIII. Page 97.

- 1st 4^o .. Title, "How *unpossible* it is to find
 quiet in *his* love."
 3 and 4, *That* love, or wait it alike doth
me payne,
And Tygre like so swift it is in
 parting.
 1564 } 8, take her lodging.
 1567 }
 1574 } .. Title, "to find *quietnesse* in love."

XCIX. Page 98.

- 1st 4^o 7, *Burneth* and *playneth* as one that
sildam
 8, *Liveth* in rest; still in displeasure.
 1564 9, they *flete* and pass.
 1567 2, and that once hath bene. 1. 5, for-
 tune is depriver.
 1574 2, and that once hath ben. 1. 9, they
flete and pass.

C. Page 99.

CI. Page 99.

- 1567 } 9, The *boisteous* winds.
 1574 }

CII. Page 100.

- 1st 4^o 6, *sparkelyng* voice. 1. 12, If burning
a farre of, and freezing near. 1. 13,
 that by love myself *I stroy*.
 3^d 4^o 6, *sparkelyng* voice.
 1567 } 6, *speaking* voice.
 1574 }

CIII. Page 100.

- 1564 } 10, And in *time* claim.
 1567 }
 1574 }

CIV. Page 101.

- 1st 4^o 6, to be *repayd* after. 1. 7, now since
 in thee is *there*.

CV. Page 102.

- Line
 1st 4^o 8, And *something* tell.
 1564 } 3, that *he* doth. 1. 5, *shatered* eyen.
 1567 } 1. 8, in the gall. 1. 10, can sore
 1574 } within. 1. 12, doth *ne* harm.. 1. 15,
 But you *which*.

CVI. Page 103.

- 1574 5, To mine *owne* hap.

CVII. Page 103.

- 1st 4^o 2, *which* pities. 1. 12, therefore assail
her.

CVIII. Page 104.

- 1st 4^o 18, he *hides* himself straight. 1. 35, I
 did *leese*. 1. 36, that *mought*. 1. 43,
thenflamed breast. 1. 52, Of *feares*
 delight. 1. 55, *These* kinds. 1. 58, It
sits me well. 1. 61, of those fair eyes.
 1. 63, that *toucheth* me so within.
 1. 74, *curteis* gift. 1. 77, *lingred* pain.
 1. 82, *these* arms. 1. 88, furor *undis-*
crete. 1. 87, is hid *me fro*. 1. 99, she
 hath *red*.
 2^d & 52, Of *feares* delight. 1. 58, It *sits* me
 3^d 4^o well.
 1564 3, some *succoure*. 1. 46, his baited
 net. 1. 52, of *teares*. 1. 58, It *sits*
 me well. 1. 61, *these* fair eyes. 1. 72,
 to near.
 1567 3, some *succour*. 1. 46, his baited net.
 1. 52, Of *teares*. 1. 6., *these* fair
 eyes. 72, too near.
 1574 .. Title, "Of his *Lover*." 1. 3, some
succour. 1. 46, his baited net. 1. 52,
 Of *teares*. 1. 61, that *these* fair eyes
 do treat. 1. 82, *these* arms.

CIX. Page 107.

- 1st 4^o 12, this shall thou gain.
 1567 } 2, but *this* also.
 1574 }

CX. Page 108.

- 1567 14, That *they*.
 1574 14, That *they* have.

CXI. Page 109.

- 1564 8, and *cruelly*.

Line
1567 } 8, And cruelly. l. 14, my own.
1574 }

CXII. Page 110.

CXIII. Page 111.

1st 4^o } 7, alas! with weeping chere. l. 12, thy
grief. l. 17, say ye.
2^d 4^o } 17, Say ye.
3^d 4^o } 17, Say ye.
1564 } 19, thou drivest.
1567 } 19, thou drivest. l. 23, wasteth my life.
1574 }

CXIV. Page 112.

CXV. Page 113.

1st 4^o } 12, Thou doest oppress. l. 13, thou
1464 } doest. l. 20, May thret thy cruel hart.
1567 }
1574 }

CXVI. P. 114.

1st 4^o } 2, So sore altred. l. 4, thou leadst.
1567 } 3, that drivest me.
1574 }

CXVII. Page 114.

1564 } 3, given thee free.
1567 }
1574 } 3, given thee free. l. 12, what I de-
serve. l. 25, the heats.

CXVIII. Page 115.

CXIX. Page 116.

CXX. Page 116.

1574 } 6, if she takes it.

CXXI. Page 116.

1564 } 1, ought helpeth.
1567 }
1574 }

CXXII. Page 117.

1st 4^o } 4, though thy empire. l. 5, fardest
Thylee. l. 13, thou may be.

1564 } 5, fardest Thilee.
1567 }
1574 }

CXXIII. Page 118.

1st 4^o } 18, That which oppressed me. l. 23, of
these two evyls.

Line
1564 } 4, the chose. l. 22, life lengthens pain.
1567 }
1574 }

CXXIV. Page 119.

1564 } Title, Againe hearers.

CXXV. Page 119.

1564 } 8, thine Enemy.
1567 }
1574 }

CXXVI. Page 119.

CXXVII. Page 120.

CXXVIII. Page 120.

1st 2^d } 1, Stond whoso list. l. 2, Of high
& } astate.
3^d 4^o }
1564 } 4, the wanton joyes. l. 8, to yarely
1567 } pass.
1574 }

CXXIX. Page 121.

1st 4^o } 4, Amid the presse of lordly lokes.

CXXX. Page 121.

1st 4^o } 6, I unpossest, so hangeth in balance.

CXXXI. Page 121.

CXXXII. Page 122.

CXXXIII. Page 122.

2^d 4^o } 7, For one of.
3^d 4^o }

CXXXIV. Page 123.

1st 4^o } 35, life doth last. l. 49, she chered her.
l. 64, sely fote. l. 68, her power
surety. l. 69, For semyng wealth.
l. 71, find the worst. l. 81, live in
delite. l. 87, hath his witte so badde.
l. 94, hath ever spotted. l. 100,
Madde if ye list. l. 102, And deep
yourself.
2^d 4^o } 68, her power, suerty.
3^d 4^o } 68, her power, suerty.
1564 } 27, boylde meat. l. 35, doth last. l. 57,
Yet nature taught. l. 76, Grant that
ye seek—nor strife.

- Line
1567 27, *boylde* meat. l. 35, *doth* last. l. 57, *Yet nature taught*. l. 76, Grant that *ye seek—nor strife*. l. 87, *For now*. l. 100, *Made if ye list*. l. 103, all and *some*.
1574 27, *boilde* meat. l. 35, *life doth* last. l. 57, *Yet nature taught*. l. 76, Grant that *ye seek—nor strife*. l. 87, *For now*. l. 89, *a hare*. l. 91, *do mislyke*. l. 100, *Made if ye list*. l. 103, all and *some*.

CXXXV. Page 126.

- 1st 4^o 7, *It is not because*. l. 90, *savvy sauce*.
1564 22, that *seth* their part. l. 31, *look as saint*. l. 72, *That sayleth*. l. 82, *that with my bow stalk*. l. 98, *For money prison*.
1567 22, That *seth* his part. l. 31, *look as saint*. l. 33, *to payne*. l. 52, *drunk on ale*. l. 72, *That sayleth*. l. 82, *that with my bow stalk*. l. 98, *For money prison*.
1574 21, all *vile* for to retain. l. 22, that *seth* their part. l. 31, *look a saint*. l. 72, *That sayleth rechless*. l. 75, *To be right of*. l. 82, *then with my bow stalk*. l. 98, *For money prison*.

CXXXVI. Page 130.

- 1st 4^o 14, *Why doest*. l. 16, *ale so noppny*. l. 29, *as thou doest spend*. l. 39, *And of the deed*. l. 45, *By which returne be sure to winne a cant*. l. 60, *all thy charge disburs*. l. 66, *thine arm*. l. 67, *see thou be not*. l. 68, *thy cousin thy sister*. l. 72, *turn it to a*

- Line
laughter. l. 89, *this thing I shall thee give*.
1564 18, for *swines* so groins. l. 36, *wind goth truth*. l. 48, *land or fee*. l. 66, *in thine arm*. l. 72, *trane thou it to a laughter*.
1567 18, for *swines* so groins. l. 36, *wind goth truth*. l. 48, *land or fee*. l. 64, *where thou list*. l. 66, *in thine arm*. l. 72, *traine thou it to a laughter*. l. 73, *But wary I say*.
1574 18, for *swines* so groins. l. 32, *who can seek to please*. l. 36, *wind goth*. l. 44, *Unless yet be*. l. 48, *land or fee*. l. 64, *where thou list*. l. 66, *thine arm*. l. 72, *trane thou it to a laughter*. l. 73, *But wary, I say*. l. 81, *that I would*.

CXXXVII. Page 133.

- 1st 4^o 1, *wanderyng Trojan knight*. l. 6, *Of heaven*. l. 7, *by more power*. l. 36, *one hundred yere*. l. 48, *And in twelve yere*. l. 52, *twice eleven*.
1564 9, of *livinges* the mother. l. 24, *the other hight*. l. 36, *one hundred yere*. l. 48, *And in twelve yere*. l. 75, *the movings of these*.
1567 9, of *livinges* the mother. l. 24, *the other hight*. l. 36, *one hundred yere*. l. 48, *And in twelve yere*. l. 75, *the moving*.
1574 4, on *holden harp*. l. 9, of *livings* the mother. l. 23, *describde by stars*. l. 24, *the other hight*. l. 30, *that in the same*. l. 36, *one hundred yere*. l. 48, *And in twelve yere*. l. 73, *of their first moving sky*. l. 75, *But mark we wil als*. l. 75, *the moving of these seven*.

UNCERTAIN AUTHORS.

CXXXVIII. Page 139.

- 1st 4^o 18, Should *shote* his arrows.
1564 18, Should *shote* his. l. 34, *my heart that pinched*. l. 45, *Any fortune power*. l. 50, *my whote delight*. l. 53, *Full of*. l. 55, *But it cannot*.

- 1567 18, Should *shote* his. l. 45, *any fortune power*. l. 50, *my whote delight*. l. 56, *by thy wind*. l. 65, *But it cannot*.
1574 18, Should *shote* his arrow. l. 34, *my heart that pinched*. l. 45, *any for-*

Line.
tune power. l. 63, *But it cannot last.*

CXXXIX. Page 110.

CXL. Page 142.

- 1564 6, riches *looses* his. l. 21, it *thoughe*.
1567 4, The lack *as* l. 5, *If goods shall be*. l. 6, riches *louses* his.
1574 4, The lack *as*. l. 5, *If goods shall be*. l. 6, riches *looses* his.

CXLI. Page 144.

- 1st 4^o 13, that *seme so swift that runne*. l. 39, *be armed* against the day.
1564 13, *seme so swift that run*. l. 40, *good pres to pass*
1567 4, *stablish his estate*. l. 13, *seme so swift that run*. l. 15, *day dawneth*. l. 40, *good prest to pass*.
1574 13, *seme so swift that run*. l. 15, *day dawneth*. l. 40, *good prest to pass*.

CXLI. Page 145.

- 1564 } 18, *Each little lively couch'd*.
1567 }
1574 18, *Each little lively couch'd*. l. 32, *in great despite*.

CXLI. Page 147.

- 1564 11, rather had *my life*.
1574 4, *my rendring song*. l. 11, rather had *my life*.

CXLIV. Page 147.

- 1564 ..Title, *Of his life he wasteth death*. l. 10, *The merrier mind*.
1567 ..Title, *Of his life*. l. 10, *The merrier mind*.
1574 ..Title, *Of his life he wasteth*. l. 10, *The merrier mind*.

CXLV. Page 148.

- 1st 4^o 2, as *you will*. l. 6, *hath throwen*. l. 10, *nor toke no charge*. l. 19, *I toke no heed*.
3^d 4^o 2, as *you will*.
1564 } 43, as a man in a mase. l. 56, I can-
1567 } not *flye*.
1574 }

CXLVI. Page 150.

- Line
3^d 4^o 20, is not as *fleying fame*.
1564 } 20, *flyeng fame*.
1567 }
1574 13, but craves *so fast*. l. 19, *Let some affirm*. l. 20, *flyeing fame*. l. 26, *The causes of things*.

CXLVII. Page 152.

- 1st 4^o 2, *Ye slea the quick*. l. 10, *enhance*.
1564 } 2, and the dead *defame*.
1567 }
1574 2, and the dead *defame*. l. 9, *in ruin and decay*.

CXLVIII. Page 153.

CXLIX. Page 153.

- 1st 4^o 20, A *fleying bird*.
1564 10, *Ye greater poison*. l. 19, *did flee*. l. 20, A *flying bird* but seldom *see*. l. 26, the *spot of youthful plays*.
1567 10, *Ye greater poison*. l. 19, *did flee*. l. 20, but seldom *see*. l. 26, the *spot of youthful plays*. l. 32, *had brought*.
1574 10, *Ye greater poison*. l. 19, *did flee*. l. 20, but seldom *see*. l. 26, the *spot of youthful plays*. l. 27, *still did run*. l. 32, *had brought*.

CL. P. 155.

- 1st 4^o 1, was a *fayer maid*. l. 19, he *toke* no cure. l. 29, *long be shave*. l. 36, *In middes*. l. 49, *thou wentest*. l. 62, *And herken*. l. 102, 103, 104, *Whom cruel love hath slain*
By Phillida unjustly thus
Murdred with false disdaine.
1564 25, *Therefore wax he*. l. 26, *clod of clay*. l. 29, *be shave*. l. 32, *love had shent*. l. 60, *Thou reapest*.
1567 25, *Therefore wax he*. l. 29, *be shave*. l. 32, *love had shent*. l. 49, *thou wenest*. l. 60, *thou reapest*.
1574 25, *Therefore wax he*. l. 26, *clod of clay*. l. 29, *be shave*. l. 32, *love had shent*. l. 60, *Thou reapest*.

CLI. Page 159.

- 2^d 4^o 4, *Break of Virtue's*.

Line
 1564 }
 1567 } 4, *To break Virtue's course.*
 1574 }

CLII. Page 160.

1st 4^o 9, *For such as long ago.*

CLIII Page 161.

1st 4^o 9, *hath throwen me.* l. 29, *sharp shower—which threatened is.*
 1564 2, *from the well.* l. 19, *Knocked, it shall be heard.* l. 28, *For love of life.*
 1567 2, *from the well.* l. 19, *Knocked, it shall be heard.* l. 28, *For love of life.*
 1574 2, *from the well.* l. 18, *for help with faith.* l. 19, *Knocked, it shall be heard.* l. 28, *For love of life.*

CLIV. Page 162.

1st 4^o 30, *mannes hert may grieve.* l. 46, *of void wandering.* l. 93, *my bliss toke end.* l. 96, *almost to naught.* l. 109, *I suffred wrong.* l. 134, *I lingred forth.* l. 160, *all was for naught.* l. 163, *I meane those eyes.* l. 208, *my joys then stode.* l. 232, *Mishappe I meane, that wretched wight.* l. 239, *my joyes gone.* l. 243, *such suretie.* l. 247, 248, *O brittle joy! O sliding bliss! O frail pleasure! O wealth unstable!* l. 271, *enmy of my life.* l. 284, *or I was ware.* l. 305, *I wold my life.*

3^d 4^o 284, *or I was ware.*

1564 5, *smit that stroke.* l. 9, *Nye twenty.* l. 66, *And since could I.* l. 119, *And of alone.* l. 162, *on these eyes.* l. 167, *and at alrayde.* l. 199, *I will sing more.* l. 220, *led her life.* l. 247, *this line is wanting.* l. 262, *me in this.*

1567 5, *smit that stroke.* l. 66, *And since could I.* l. 162, *on these eyes.* l. 167, *and at alrayde.* l. 247, *this line is wanting.* l. 262, *me in this.*

1574 3, *ease the smarts.* l. 5, *smit that stroke.* l. 9, *Nye twenty.* l. 56, *with jealousy.* l. 66, *And since could I.* l. 162, *on these eyes.* l. 167, *and at alrayde.* l. 200, *hath thy.* l. 220, *led her life.* l. 226, *hy fair bechest.* l. 247, *this line is wanting.* l. 262, *me in this.* l. 300, *hath not redress.*

CLV. Page 173.

Line
 1564 }
 1567 } 7, *That the nerer gazer may that rue.*
 1574 }

CLVI. Page 173.

1st 4^o 7, *And that was ready, is.*
 1574 6, *And lese that I win.*

CLVII. Page 174.

1st 4^o 10, *Although the cask be never so strong.*
 1567 11, *Wit will wake when.*
 1574 16, *Will at thing devours.*

CLVIII Page 175.

1st 4^o ..Title, "Knight" wanting. l. 4, *Through deep disdain his life to train.* l. 10, *to win the praise.*

1564 }
 1567 } 1, *should forset.*
 1574 1, *should forsel.* l. 2, *As compass was.*

CLIX. Page 176.

1st 4^o 16, *which miss thee now.*
 1564 3, *Say nay and be no.* l. 4, *that thou shalt come.* l. 5, *this line wanting.* l. 17, *the livery blood.*
 1567 3, *Say nay and be no.* l. 4, *that thou shalt come.* l. 5, *this line wanting.*
 1574 3, *Say nay and be no.* l. 4, *that thou shalt come.* l. 5, *this line wanting.* l. 6, *thy word to sware.*

CLX. Page 177.

1st 4^o 12, *The chosers wit was there abused.*
 1564 14, *of wayling tears.* l. 29, *to his reason's laws.* l. 34, *net masketh.*
 1567 14, *of wayling tears.* l. 29, *to his reason's laws.* l. 34, *net masketh.*
 1574 14, *of wayling tears.* l. 29, *to his reason's laws.* l. 34, *net masketh.*

CLXI. Page 178.

1st 4^o 2, *And after paynes.* l. 17, *my part do shew.* l. 20, *to spend my spirites.*
 1564 11, *grudge in grief.* l. 13, *for gayne.* l. 24, *teare of truth.* l. 42, *Whose standard.*
 1567 13, *for gayne.* l. 24, *teare of truth.* l. 45, *so fast yfold.*
 1574 11, *grudge in grief.* l. 13, *for gayne.* l. 24, *teare of truth.* l. 29, *For ears.*

Line

tine. l. 42, *Whose*. l. 45, so fast
y fold.

CLXII. Page 180.

- 1st 4^o ..Title, "that played fast and loose,"
wanting.
2^d & 3^d 4^o } ..Title, "fast or lose."
1564, 1567, }
1574 }

CLXIII. Page 180.

- 1st 4^o 9, on the *golde* mean. l. 20, Such
chance *have* proud. l. 23, *ben* ba-
trid eft. l. 24, that *stoden* under.
l. 38, When clouds *ben* driven. l. 39,
ne *shoteth* still. l. 44, to *hoyse* thy
sail.
1564 6, a waiting *gest*. l. 24, When they
stode still that *stoden*. l. 44, to *hoyse*.
1567 24, When they *stode* still that *stoden*.
l. 44, to *hoyse*.
1574 6, a waiting *gest*. l. 20, such chance
have proud. l. 24, When they *stood*
still, that *stoden* under. l. 38, When
clouds *be* driven. l. 43, when wind
do serve. l. 44, to *hoyse* thy sail.

CLXIV. Page 182.

- 1564 2, of lovers *is* the gain. l. 3, the place,
the time. l. 12, as *of* such. l. 24,
the *bonding* for to bind.
1567 2, of lovers *is* the gain. l. 12, as *of*
such. l. 24, *the* *bonding* for to bind.
1574 2, of lovers *is* the gain. l. 3, the place,
the time and hour. l. 12, as *of* such.
l. 24, *the* *bonding* for to bind.

CLXV. Page 183.

- 1st 4^o 15, by prowess some *to* rise.
1564 1, *boisteous* windy blasts. l. 8, from
this fray. l. 11, defended with the
lawes. l. 15, some *to* *rayse*.
1567 1, *boisteous* windy blast. l. 8, from
this fray. l. 11, defended with the
lawes. l. 15, some *to* *rayse*.
1574 ..Title, "felicity of the mind." l. 1,
boisteous windy blast. l. 8, from *this*
fray. l. 11, defended with the *lawes*.
l. 14, they *tooke* their root. l. 15,
some *to* *rayse*.

CLXVI. Page 184.

- 1st 4^o ..Title, pleasures *fade*. l. 3, boughs

Line

don spread. l. 4, clean *sonke* down.
l. 14, *The* winter eats.

- 3^d 4^o 1, *ne* *lenger* dare abide.
1564 } 3, the boughs *don* spread. l. 16, storms
1567 } *don* make.
1574 } 3, the boughs *don* spread. l. 16, storms
don make. l. 19, that we *lost* have.
l. 21, every wight *do* cast. l. 25, re-
deem *them* from his hands.

CLXVII. Page 186.

- 1st 4^o 8, with *storme* and shower. l. 40,
wold still prevail. l. 52, To reave
fro me. l. 54, Where I was *lose*.
1564 } 20, When I *darte* then.
1567 }
1574 } 4, To fix in mind *on* beauty so. l. 20,
But when I *durst*. l. 40, I thought
free *chose*.

CLXVIII. Page 188.

- 1564 55, *fame* shall live.
1567 12, that *lambe* of joy. l. 55, *fame* shall
live.
1574 12, that *lambe* of joy. l. 19, never seen,
or heard. l. 21, she is a *Diana*. l. 29,
colour come and. l. 55, *fame* shall
live.

CLXIX. Page 191.

- 1564 } 13, thou *livest* in rest. l. 14, thy *patched*
1567 } house.
1574 }

CLXX. Page 191.

- 1st 4^o 4, unto thy love *unknownen*. l. 18, *ene-*
mies hands. l. 24, that *liveth* under
sun. l. 28, the *Susters* three.
1564 } 3, fallen *in* thy lot to moan. l. 24,
1567 } that *restes* under the sun.
1574 }

CLXXI. Page 192.

- 1st 4^o ..Title, "A comfort to the complaynt
of Thestylis."
1564 6, though their *sail* be rent. l. 28,
she that *paine* thee so.
1567 6, though their *sail* be rent. l. 13,
sharp *storme* do find. l. 28, she that
paine thee so.
1574 6, though their *sail* be rent. l. 20, so
shall *my* heart. l. 28, she that *pain-*
eth thee so.

CLXXII. Page 194.

- Line
1st 4^o 5, he might her *play*, and move.
1567 } ..Title, *kissing of his*. l. 1, my sely
1574 } dog, God *wot*.

CLXXIII. Page 194.

- 1st 4^o 4, Graven *the* within.

CLXXIV. Page 195.

- 1st 4^o 16, by proof *unknownen*. l. 22, I *wold*
not they *shold*.
1564 12, causeless *thy* be sad. l. 14, That
guylded the sterel. l. 25, of *the* crime.
1567 14, That guylded the stere—lie *freted*
in the barge. l. 25, of *the* crime.
1574 ..Title, "*estate of Lovers*." l. 14, That
guided the steer—lie *freted* in the
barge. l. 25, of *the* crime.

CLXXV. Page 196.

- 4th 4^o 12, a *Salomon*. l. 13, *shold* now defame.
1564 } 4, witness *to* the same. l. 13, *should*
1567 } defame his deeds. l. 22, *ygraved*
1574 } in brass.

CLXXVI. Page 197.

- 1st 4^o 8, How *shold* I boldly.
1574 6, seldom *nere* decays.

CLXXVII. Page 197.

- 1564 } ..Title, "*embraceth Vertue*." l. 10,
1567 } *amids* the fire.
1574 }

CLXXVIII. Page 199.

- 1st 4^o 1, *lo!* *here* the very bones. l. 17, *do*
give me. l. 18, woful *spirite*.
1564 10, or *never* it was day. l. 17, till *that*
death.
1567 5, did enter *into* this pine. l. 10, or
never it was day. l. 17, till *that* death.
1574 5, did enter *into* this pine. l. 10, or
never it was day. l. 17, till *that* death.

CLXXIX. Page 200.

CLXXX. Page 200.

- 1st 4^o 18, *Lieth* lurking in the leaves.
1564 }
1567 } 27, weeping *eye*.
1574 }

CLXXXI. Page 202.

- Line
1st 4^o 30, under *his* targe. l. 53, I have *ben*
the mark.
1564 13, his *hand* all. l. 16, to bring *them*
forth. l. 27, Beauty *walke* up and.
l. 30, under *his* targe. l. 33, *The*
pushed. l. 36, And *dimps* the air.
l. 37, *is now* soldiers. l. 47, Mercy
mylde—speed to *set*.
1567 13, his *hand* all. l. 16, *them* forth.
l. 30, under *his* targe. l. 33, *The*
pushed. l. 36, And *dimps* the. l. 47,
mercy *milde*.
1574 16, to bring *them* forth. l. 19, *espared*
not. l. 30, under *his* targe. l. 36,
And *dimps* the. l. 37, *is now* soldiers.
l. 47, mercy *milde*.

CLXXXII. Page 204.

- 1st 4^o 6, all *be* fled. l. 7, *tract* of time. l. 18,
This youthly *fole* rhyme. l. 40, had
not *ben* born.
1564 18, idle *time*. l. 23, will *lodge* him
now. l. 45, the *bare hed* skull.
1567 18, idle *time*. l. 45, the *bare hed* skull.
1574 18, idle *time*. l. 23, will *lodge* him
now. l. 30, a *shreding* sheet. l. 45,
bare hed skull.

CLXXXIII. Page 207.

- 1st 4^o 4, virtues *wolden* deign.
1564 } 4, *woulded* deign. l. 5, with *folly* of
1567 } worldly grace.
1574 4, *woulded* deign. l. 5, with *folie* of
worldly grace. l. 9, But that *they*
gave.

CLXXXIV. Page 207.

- 1st 4^o 11, To leave me *oft*. l. 12, as shall be
knownen. l. 25, I mean *thy* lover.
l. 26, *pretended* folly.
2^d 4^o } 17, *Yet or the blossoms gan fall*.
3^d 4^o }
1564 } 14, Within *my* garden. l. 16, moisture
1567 } never wanted. l. 17, *Yet or the blos-*
soms gan fall. l. 26, *thy pretended*
folly.
1574 14, Within *my* garden. l. 17, *Yet ere*
the blossoms *gan fall*. l. 26, By *the*
pretenced folly.

CLXXXV. Page 209.

- 1564 15, that *whan* the. l. 6, *waters* flows.
l. 8, As *Chamelon*.

- Line
 1567 } 15, that *when* the. l. 8, As *Chamelon*.
 1574 }
- CLXXXVI. Page 210.
- 1564 } 1, *The shining season to come*. l. 3,
 1567 } *though fortune won*.
 1574 }
- CLXXXVII. Page 210.
- 1st 4^o } 6, all times *doest* requite.
 2^d 4^o }
 3^d 4^o } 3, *depravers* of sweet joys.
 1564 }
 1567 }
 1574 }
- 1, O *temerous taunters*. l. 3, *Jangling jesters—depravers* of sweet joys. l. 6, *doth* requite.
- CLXXXVIII. Page 210.
- 1574 7, Whose beauty *lightned* in thy time.
- CLXXXIX. Page 211.
- CXC. Page 212.
- 1st 4^o 1, Cruel and unkind. l. 3, *The ground* of my grief. l. 4, *To tickle* to trust. l. 7, *The sack* of self-will. l. 8, *thus so* causeless. l. 10, *Dark den* of deceit. l. 11, that *carrieth* under cloak. l. 19, *Spring* of very spite. l. 22, *Graff withouten* growth. l. 23, *The heap* of mishap. l. 27, *Sawest thou* not other *that* for thy love. l. 29, *From out my heart*.
- 1564 3, *Tickle* to trust. l. 5, that *truth* cannot remove. l. 6, *Sarke* of self-will. l. 12, *Cruely* and craft. l. 14, *That makest men muse*. l. 15, *Swollen* by self-will most *stone*. l. 26, *hast thou* no heart at all. l. 28, *mought* befall.
- 1567 3, *Tickle* to trust. l. 5, that *truth* cannot remove. l. 14, *Men muse*. l. 15, *Swollen* by self-will. l. 26, *hast thou* no heart.
- 1574 3, *Tickle* to trust. l. 5, that *truth* cannot remove. l. 6, *Sarke* of self-will. l. 15, *Swollen* by self-will most *stone*. l. 26, *hast thou* no heart. l. 28, *mought* befall. l. 29, *Fro out* of my heart.
- CXCI. Page 213.
- 1st 4^o 3, high *astate*. l. 22, his *moneys*

- Line
 slave. l. 30, would *straightwaies* make me glad. l. 36, *in earth* that is.
- 1564 29, *As if*. l. 31, *And when that in heart* I *feel*. l. 36, *in earth*.
- 1567 22, his *moneys* slave. l. 29, *As if*.
- 1574 22, his *monies* slave. l. 29, *As if*. l. 30, would *straightwaies*. l. 31, *And when that in heart* I do *feel*. l. 35, I *on earth*. l. 36, *in earth*.
- CXCII. Page 214.
- 1st 4^o The third stanza wanting.
- 1564 21, *There was time*.
- 1574 21, *There was time*. l. 42, *weep at one my fill*.
- CXCIII. Page 217.
- 1564 } 18, *lye* in her hands. l. 20, my *filte*
 1574 } to her.
- CXCIV. Page 218.
- 1st 4^o 2, That things be *ruled*. l. 11, which *kilth* the fruit. l. 12, *And is a medicine*. l. 15, *The aier* which.
- 1564 8, pass their *boundes*. l. 22, *loads-man* to *mariner*.
- 1567 12, *And is Medicine*.
- 1574 20, *virtue hate* her light.
- CXCV. Page 219.
- 1st 4^o 13, Who *wold* have thought.
- 1574 8, Such *chaunces*. l. 18, my *chiefest* unrest. l. 21, my *chiefest* desire.
- CXCVI. Page 221.
- 1st 4^o 36, had *caused* my smart. l. 43, is *growen* to gall.
- CXCVII. Page 223.
- 1st 4^o 6, To make it *known*.
- CXCVIII. Page 223.
- 1574 11, To *blinde that* thing, in freedom which was free.
- CXCIX. Page 224.
- 1564 } 3, a *florishing* heart.
 1567 }

1574 ^{Line} 3, A *florishing* heart. l. 7, As you
my proof.

CC. Page 224.

1st 4^o 4, favour or *the spite*. l. 7, by *chaunge*
as to deceive.

2^d 4^o } 7, by *chaunge* as to deceive.

1574 } 7, by *change* as to deceive.

CCI. Page 225.

1574 9, *that when* thou list.

CCII. Page 225.

1st 4^o 5, shores *unknownen* nere.

3^d 4^o } 5, shores *unknownen* neare.

1567 } 13, and *malice* heart.

1574 }

CCIII. Page 226.

1st 4^o 13, where love had *framed* such *fethe*.

1564 } 10, time *do* last.

1567 }

1574 }

CCIV. Page 226.

1574 27, To lack *that* he would *fainest* have.

CCV. Page 227.

1567 } 23, *that laught* at me.

1574 }

CCVI. Page 228.

1st 4^o 12, had *turned* him so.

1564 40, that was *his maistres*. l. 54, so
worthy a woman *was* she.

1567 40, that was *his*. l. 52, *for* to content.
l. 54, so worthy a woman *was* she.
l. 78, him *his* servant.

1574 4, whom all the *story*. l. 14, comfort
stode. l. 39, he *were* won. l. 40, *was*
his maistres good. l. 52, *for* to con-
tent. l. 54, so worthy a woman *was*
she. l. 62, whom that he loved *to*.
l. 78, him *his* servant.

CCVII. Page 232.

1564 3, climbing *fickleness*. l. 15, receive
it in. l. 18, *Forth Pilgrim, forth*
beast.

1567 ^{Line} 3, climbing *fickleness*. l. 18, *Forth*
Pilgrim forth *beast*.

1574 3, climbing *fickleness*. l. 15, receive
it in *buxomness*. l. 18, *Forth Pilgrim*
forth *beast*.

CCVIII. Page 233.

1574 20, *Then shall see* to *ashes*. l. 23, *de-*
cay I may too.

CCIX. Page 234.

1st 4^o 22, *doth* soonest grow.

1564 15, And *turned* all. l. 20, the *clarke*
doth.

1567 .. Title, *Of continual* pains. l. 15, And
turned all. l. 22, greatest *games* do.

1574 .. Title, *shewing of continual* pains. l. 8,
do cause me draw. l. 15, And *turned*
all. l. 22, greatest *games* do.

CCX. Page 235.

1st 4^o 5, and on the *holte*. l. 13, till on his
back *leapeth* she.

1564 } 4, and *his* sawtry he *deade*.

1567 }

1574 }

CCXI. Page 236.

1st 4^o 3, that *fearth* no sword. l. 13, calm
or blast.

CCXII. Page 236.

1st 4^o 23, the *R* so *depe* can *avoyde*. l. 32,
thou *shouldest* sleep. l. 41, *treade*
with. l. 42, and *I* dare. l. 59, the
wretched.

1564 13, her blame *might* rise. l. 31, worms
do crye. l. 41, to *trade*. l. 66, *So*
as all be blameless.

1567 13, her blame *might* rise. l. 31, worms
do crye. l. 41, to *trade*.

1574 13, her blame *might* rise. l. 31, worms
do crye. l. 41, to *trade*. l. 66, *So* *as*
ull be blameless.

CCXIII. Page 239.

The Title in all the editions but the 1st 4^o is,
"Mistress R."

1st 4^o 22, The audience ceased with the same.

- Line
 1. 23, to win *that* Beauty lost. 1. 26, wold needs. 1. 49, *amids* the throng.
 1564 23, to win *that* Beauty lost. 1. 38, which *he* hath. 1. 44, most *accepted* be. 1. 48, hath wonne *the same*.
 1567 23, to win *that* Beauty lost. 1. 38, which *he* hath. 1. 44, most *accepted* be. 1. 48, hath won *the same*.
 1574 23, to win *that* Beauty lost. 1. 38, which *he* hath. 1. 40, praise *aright*. 1. 44, shall most *accepted* be. 1. 48, hath won *the same*. 1. 49, my *Mais-*ters name.

CCXIV. Page 240.

- 1st 4^o 9, Thus kind, *thy* craft.
 2^d 4^o 9, Thus kind *thy* craft. 1. 23, *thy* settled mind.
 3^d 4^o 9, Thus kind *thy* craft. 1. 23, *thy* settled mind.
 1564 17, To *hede* thy wit. 1. 21, *boisterous* blasts.
 1567 2, *The* worthy praise. 1. 17, To *hede* thy wit. 1. 21, *boisterous* blasts.
 1574 2, *The* worthy praise. 1. 7, But *he* hath other *fele*. 1. 14, *the* brain. 1. 17, To *hede* thy wit. 1. 21, *bois-*terous blasts.

CCXV. Page 241.

- 1st 4^o ..Title, "County of Penbroke."
 1564 3, my *pray*. 1. 10, *linked as in chain*. 1. 18, *By* cause the best.
 1567 3, my *pray*. 1. 10, *linked as in chain*.
 1574 3, my *pray*. 1. 10, *linked as in chain*. 1. 14, that willed *here* to use. 1. 19, And *sought* herself.

CCXVI. Page 242.

- 1st 4^o 4, is *sowen* the seed. 1. 16, Where *enmies*.
 1574 2, *thy* harm *doth* feed.

CCXVII. Page 243.

- 1st 4^o 5, that *flieth* on so fast. 1. 19, not make her *knownen*.
 2^d 4^o } 15, The eye to work *that same*.
 3^d 4^o }
 1564 2, *increaseth* her *flight*. 1. 5, that *flieth* so fast. 1. 15, The eye to work. 1. 17, to weet *him* himself. 1. 24, stand *in* wealth.

- Line
 1567 2, *increaseth* her *flight*. 1. 5, that *flieth* so fast. 1. 15, The eye to work.
 1574 ..Title, "Of the choice." 1. 2, *increaseth* her *flight*. 1. 5, that *flyeth* on so fast. 1. 15, eye to work. 1. 17, For ere he wete *him* himself. 1. 24, stand *in* wealth.

CCXVIII. Page 244.

- 1st 4^o 2, as *seemeth* right wondrous strange. 1. 5, *amonges*. 1. 10, *slippry* seats. 1. 51, *spirite*. 1. 72, the sea of worldly *cares*.
 1564 5, *amonges*. 1. 18, dull wits *do* blind. 1. 44, a storm *will* cast them down. 1. 66, our pageant *will* be done.
 1567 5, *amonges*. 1. 18, dull wits *do* blind. 1. 28, and few that *speaks* the truth. 1. 42, *doth* fall away. 1. 44, above the *starre*, a storm *will* cast them down. 1. 55, I *finde*, I see.
 1574 5, *amonges*. 1. 18, dull wits *do* blind. 1. 28, and few that *speaks* the truth. 1. 32, Which *thinke*. 1. 33, that they cannot possess. 1. 42, *doth* fade. 1. 44, above *that starre*, a storm *will* cast them down. 1. 55, I *find* I see. 1. 66, our pageant *will* be done.

CCXIX. Page 247.

- 1st 4^o 7, as I *walked*. 1. 22, that *pierced* my woful heart. 1. 25, why *doest* thou swerve.
 1564 7, as I *walke*. 1. 25, why *doest* thou. 1. 35, lot *assigned* me.
 1567 3, me *thought*. 1. 7, as I *walk*. 1. 25, why *doest* thou. 1. 35, lot *assigned* me.
 1574 3, me *thought*. 1. 5, *Enforce* me. 1. 7, as I *walk*. 1. 25, why *doest* thou. 1. 35, lot *assigned* me.

CCXX. Page 248.

- 1st 4^o 8, with dreadful foot *she* stalketh. 1. 10, That *she* to *sene* him. 1. 21, that may *myne* heart.
 1564 } 3, loving *his* unright. 1. 25, This line
 1567 } wanting.
 1574 }

CCXXI. Page 249.

- 1st 4^o 2, *With* gold and purple, *that* Nature hath drest. 1. 9, As *polished* diamonds,

N^o 1. *When youth had led me halt the race.* p. 4.



N^o 2. *In winter's just return.* p. 29.



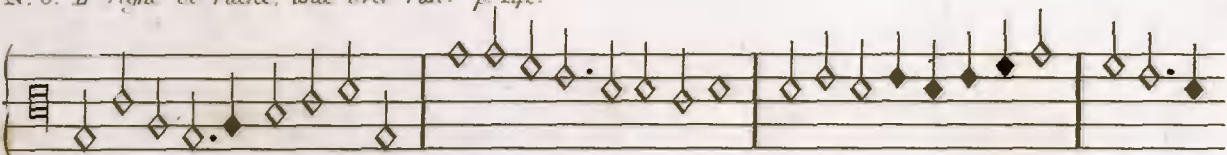
N^o 3. *Martial the things that do attain.* p. 40.



N^o 4. *If ever man might him avaunt.* p. 86.



N^o 5. *If right be racket, and over run.* p. 142.



N^o 6. *By fortune as I lay in bed.* p. 153.



N^o 7. *Phyllida was a fair maid.* p. 155.



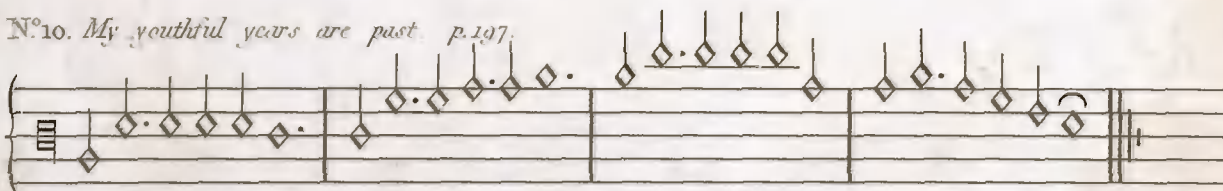
N^o 8. *Phyllida was a fair maid.* It has this further Note, 'And in any tune of the Psalms in metre.'



N^o 9. *When dreadful swelling seas.* p. 183.



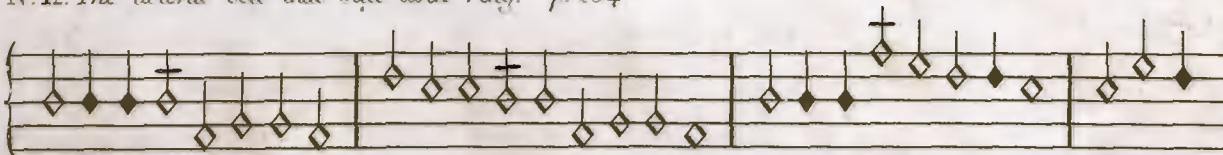
N^o 10. *My youthful years are past.* p. 197.



N^o 11. *I loath that I did love.* p. 204.



N^o 12. *The doleful bell that still doth ring.* p. 234



Nº 1. *Lento.*

When youth had led me half the race, That Cupid's scourge had made me run,

I looked back to mete the place; From whence my wea—ry course be—gan.

Nº 2. *Andante.*

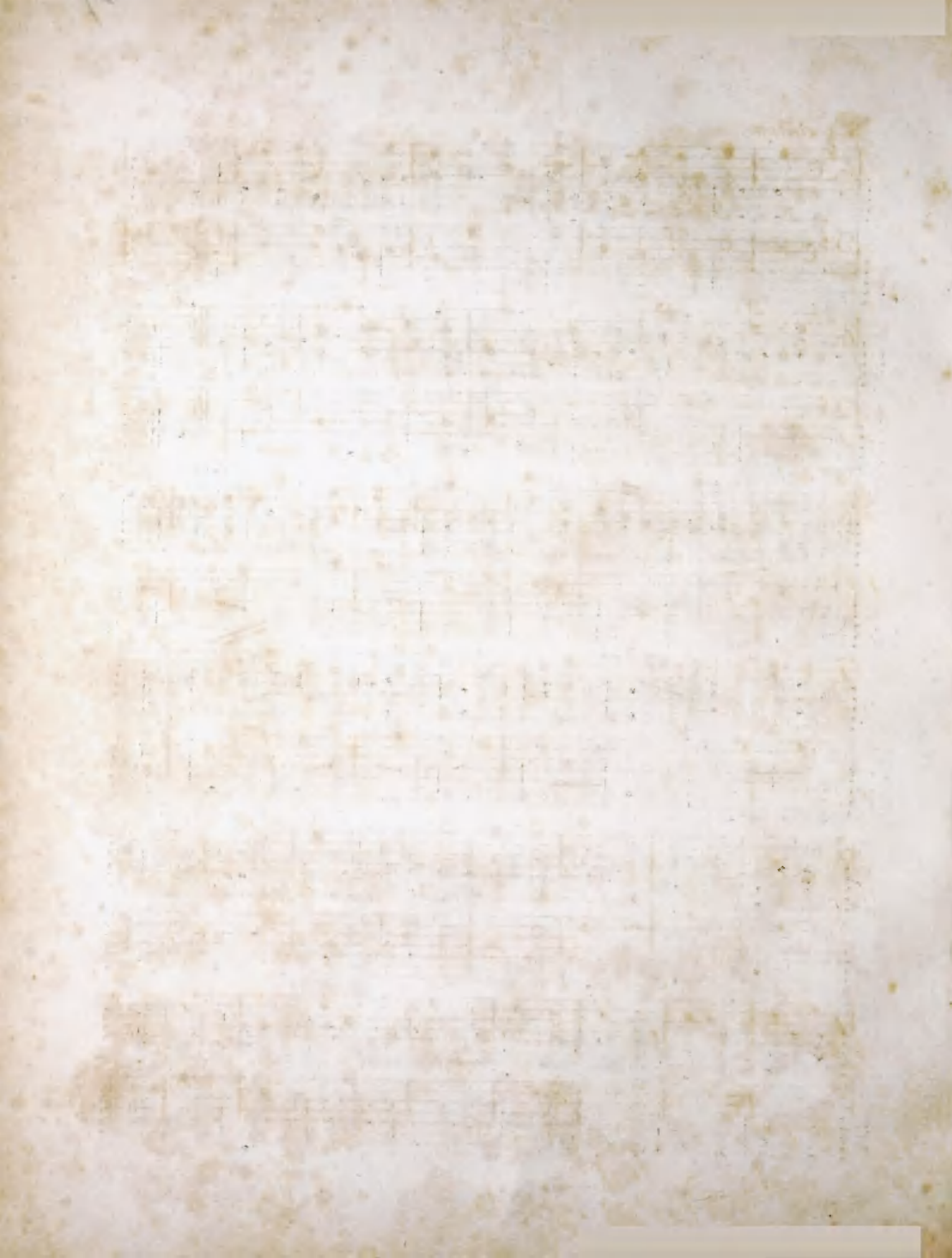
In winter's just re—turn, When Boreas gan his reign,

And every tree un—clothed fast, As Nature taught them plain.

Nº 3. *Andante.*

Martial the things that do at—tain, The hap—py life be these I find

The riches left not got with pain; The fruitful ground the quiet mind.



Nº 4. *Andante.*

It e-ver man might him avaunt, or Fortune's friendly chere, It

was myself I must it grant; for I have bought it dear.

Nº 5. *Moderato.*

If right be rackt and over-rul, and pow'r take part with open wrong.

If fear by force do yield too soon; the lack is like to la-st too long.

Nº 6. *Con moto.*

By fortune as I lay in bed, my fortune was to find.

Such fancies as my careful thought, had brought in-to my mind.

Nº 7. *Andante*

Phil-li-da was a fa-ir maid, As fresh as a-ny flow'r,

Whom Har-pa-lus the herdman pray'd; To be his pa-ra-mour.

Nº 8. *Andante*

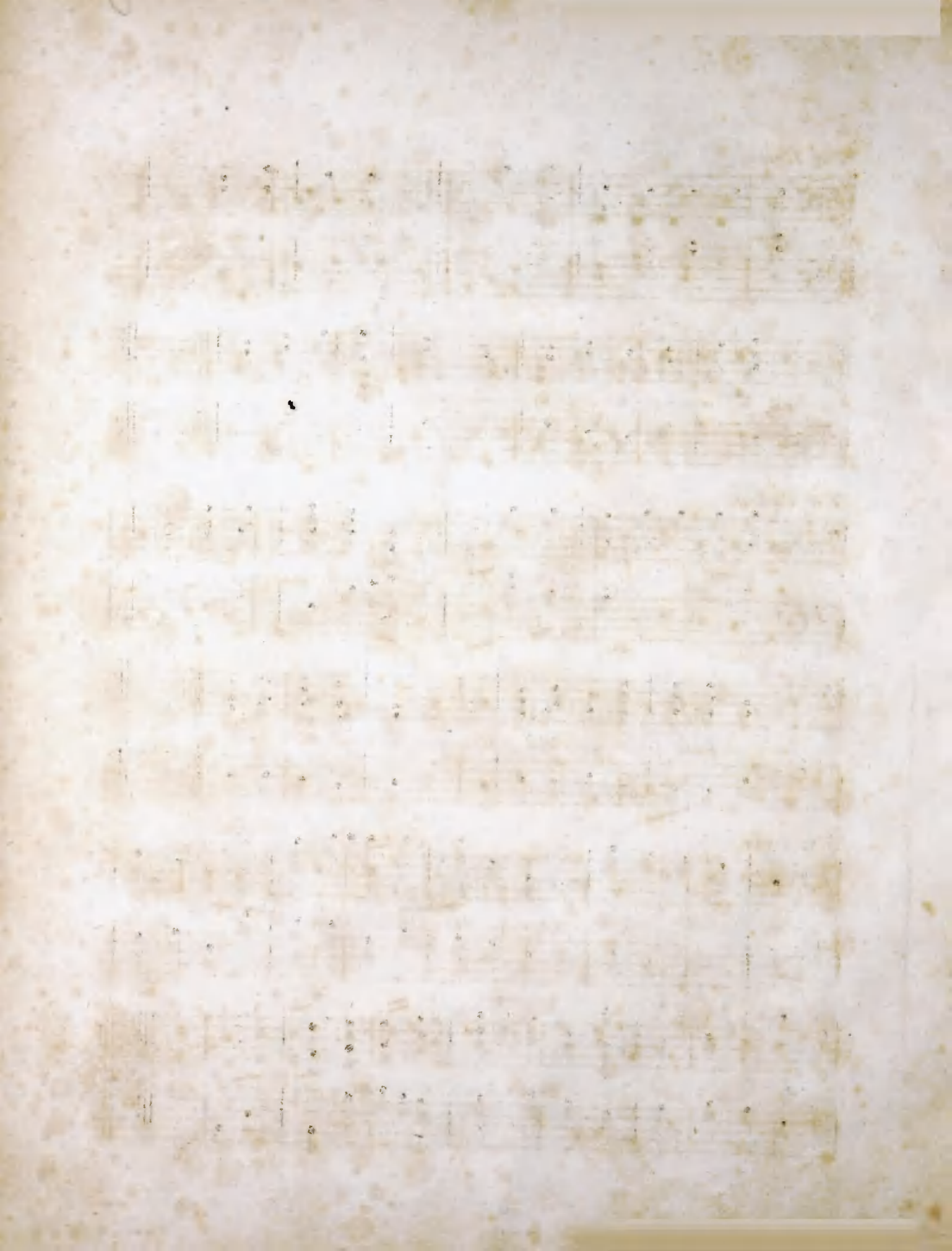
Phil-li-da was a fa-ir maid, As fresh as a-ny flow'r,

Whom Har-pa-lus the herdman pray'd; To be his pa-ra-mour.

Nº 9. *Con spirito*

When dreadful swelling seas, through boi-terous win-dy blasts, So

tofs the Ships that all for nought serves anchor sail and masts.



N^o. 10. *Lento.*

My youthful years are past, My joy—tul days are gone; My

life it may not last, My grave and I are one.

N^o. 11. *Moderato.*

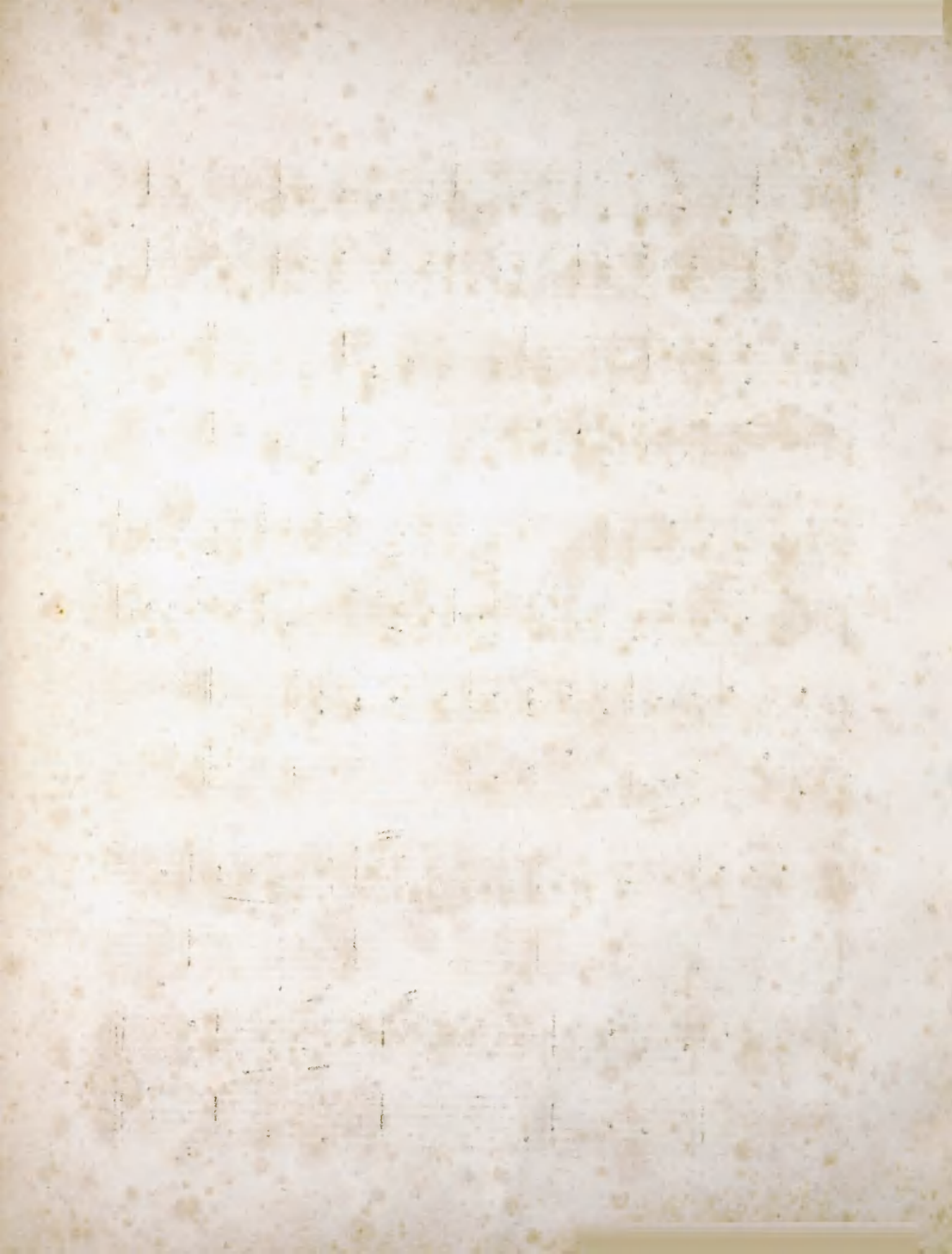
I loath that I did love, In youth that I thought sweet As

time requires for my behove; Me—thinks they are not meet.

N^o. 12. *Lento.*

The doleful bell that still doth ring, The woful knell of all my joys,

The wretched heart doth pierce and wring; And rills my ear with deadly noise.



CUI SI INGRATA DIES ET INELUCTABILE TEMPUS
NON ADEO EXTREMAM COEPTIS SUPERADDERE LIMAM
VITATOSQUE FERE CASUS SUPERARE NEGASSENT,
nescio quid majus vidissent sæcula nostri
temporis

TANTA SUB ARDENTI TENDEBAT PECTORE VIRTUS,
TANTUS ET ILLE FUIT GENEROSI SPIRITUS ORIS,
ET VIGOR APTUS EQUIS, STRUCTO ET CONCURRERE CAMPO.
APTUS ITEM SACRO PARNASSI VERTICE CULTAM
CÆSARIEM VIRIDI CANTANS ORNARE CORYMBO.

CHALONERUS; DE RESTAURANDA ANGLIÆ REPUBLICA.

SURREY.

Nº I.

THOUGH this piece in Mr. Hill's MS. as well as all the printed copies, stands the first of Surrey's poems, we cannot thence conclude, that in point of time it was the first of Surrey's compositions: it must however have been written by him at a very early period. The subject is evidently his unhappy passion for the Fair Geraldine; and he describes himself as having loved her nearly two years: unfortunately there is nothing that ascertains when the attachment began. Some conjecture however may be formed from the date of Surrey's marriage with the Lady Frances Vere. An original instrument in the Duke of Norfolk's possession informs us Surrey was affianced to that Lady Feb. 13, 1532; at which time he could not have been more than fifteen. It is probable, however, the marriage was not solemnized till 1536, or 1537, when he was nineteen, or twenty. As Surrey was of a serious, and religious turn of mind, it is not to be supposed he would have addressed the fair Geraldine in so impassioned a manner, with such "earnest suit to rue on his dying heart," if actually married to another: we may therefore infer, this poem was written by Surrey previous to his union with the Lady Frances Vere; consequently when he was about seventeen or eighteen.

That Surrey at so early an age should have formed a style, both in language and versification, which succeeding writers imitated as their model, and left so little for subsequent improvement, is a circumstance that justly causes admiration of his Taste, and Genius. In some of his later pieces, Surrey's versification is even still more correct and polished than in the present. In this however it is remarkable for its sweetness and variety; and though a few lines are obscure, the lan-

guage in general is elegant and perspicuous. The sentiments are everywhere delicate and natural; justly conceived, and feelingly expressed. The whole is written in imitation of the Italian school, and contains so much of the Italian idiom, we might almost suspect it to be a translation from that language. I apprehend however, that the piece is not a translation, though in writing it, Surrey had evidently in view two poems of Petrarch, the one beginning

A qualunque animal alberga in terra;— *Canz.* 3.

the other,

Di pensier in pensier; di monte in monte. *Canz.* 30.

Yet on comparison it will be found there is not any one line in Surrey's poem that can be considered, strictly speaking, borrowed from Petrarch.

The measure Surrey has chosen is what the Italians call Terza Rima, their favourite measure, of which Dante is considered the inventor. Not only Surrey and Wyatt, but after them, Milton attempted to introduce it into our language, though without success. The piece is now first printed in the form the Terza Rima ought to bear.

This piece occurs entire in Mr. Hill's MS. at p. 115. Only the nine first, and the last fourteen lines of it, are preserved in the Harington MS. the leaf containing the other part of the poem has been cut away. Such variations as are of importance, which are but few, will be found in the notes.

Line 1. *The sun hath twice brought forth his tender green.*

Mr. Hill's MS. as well as the 8^o ed. of 1574, reads the line thus;

The sun hath twice brought forth *the* tender green;

which is certainly preferable. The opening of the poem was probably suggested by the following lines of Chaucer.

The golden tressed Phebus, high on loft

Thrice had allè, with his beamès clear,

The snowès molt; and Zephirus as oft

Y-brought again the tender leavès green

Since that the Son of Hecuba, the Queen,

Began to love her first—

Troilus and Cressida, B. 5, v. 8.

That Surrey should describe minutely the time when his attachment to the fair Geraldine began, was natural. Every lover dwells with delight on

..... il loco, e'l tempo, e l'ora,
Che sì alto miraron gli occhi suoi;

but as in another poem he adverts again to the subject, and tells us with still greater detail, that it was in winter his heart received the wound, from which it "never could recover healthfulness," we may conjecture something had occasioned that circumstance to make a particular impression on Surrey's mind. See the poem, "In Boreas just return," p. 19, and the note upon it.

Line 10. *The frozen heart that mine inflame hath made.*

Mr. Hill's MS. and all the 8^o editions, read, "*inflame*," as one word, for "*inflamed*." Nothing was more frequent among our early poets than this sort of licence. Thus Sackville, in his *Induction*:

The sturdy trees so shatter'd with the showers;
The fields so *fade*, that flourish'd so beforne.

And again:

..... there fell before my face
A piteous wight, whom woe had all *for-wast*:
Forth on her eyes the christal tears out brast,
And sighing sore her hands she wrung, and *fold*.

Mirroure for Magistrates, fol. 206, ed. 1587.

Thus *shake*, *take*, *fall*, perpetually occur for *shaken*, *taken*, *fallen*: with many others. The Italian Poets, in a similar manner, contract their participles a syllable; as, *trapunto*, *cerco*, *tronco*, for *trapuntato*, *cercato*, *troncato*.

Line 15. *In time my harm increaseth more and more.*

The preceding lines seem to require we should read

In time my *hurt* increaseth more and more.

The 8^o editions of 1567 and 1574 support the conjecture. They read, "In time my *hart*;" evidently an error of the press for *hurt*.

Line 16. *And seems to have my cure always in scorn.*

Cure here means, probably, *care*; a sense in which the word was frequently used by Surrey, and the older poets.

And were they not defenced by my *cure*,
Flame had them raught, and en'mies sword ere this.

Surrey's Translat. of 2d Book of Æneid.

The Italian scholar cannot fail of remarking how closely Surrey has followed the Italian idiom, in the verse before us. With hardly any variation it may be rendered thus,

E sembra la mia cura avere in scorno.

Line 18. *At hand to melt, far off in flame to burn.*

A line suggested by the following of Petrarch,

..... da lunge me strugge, e da press' ardo. *Son. 161.*

Line 19, 20. *And like as time, &c.*

The meaning of this passage is; "In the same manner as time refuses to cure my sorrow, each place also refuses to give me consolation."

Line 27.the Sun hath eke the dark opprest.

This is one of the many expressions which Sackville, who seems to have formed his style in studious imitation of Surrey's, has copied in his Induction:

Beholding dark oppressing day so near.

Mirroure for Magistrates, fol. 206, ed. 1587.

Line 30. *For then as one that hath the light in hate.*

Se non alquanti ch' anno in odio il sole. *Petrarch, Canz. 1. p. 24.*

Line 36. *That day that I was tangled in the lace.*

The meaning of this passage is — "In my memory I retrace the past, and call to mind the very spot where I lost my liberty; that day

when I was entangled in the snare (*laccio*), which, though in appearance slack, binds the captive will in fetters that can never be broken."

Lace, in Surrey's time, like the *laccio* of the Italians, was generally used in an elegant and poetic sense.

Tra le chiome dell' or nascose *il laccio*

Al qual mi strinse Amore.

Petrarca, Canz. 14.

..... le chiome bionde, e' l cresco *laccio*

Che sì soavamente lega, e stringe

L'alma *Petrarca, Son. 164.*

The same word in French, spelt indifferently *laqs* and *las*, signified, as it did in English in Chaucer's time, "a braid or cord." See *Cant. Tales*, v. 394. The old chronicle of Raoul de Coucy, and the beautiful Gabrielle, tells us, that "La Dame de Fayel, quand elle sçeut que Raoul s'en devoit aller, fist un *laqs* de soye moult bel et bien fait: el y avoit de ses cheveux ouvrès parmi la soye, dont l'œuvre sembloit moult belle et riche, dont il lioit un bourrelet moult riche par dessus son heaume (*casque à visiere*): et avoit longs pendans par-derriere à gros boutons de perles." It was this "*las* de ses cheveux," as it is afterwards called, that led to the discovery of Gabrielle's attachment, and produced the catastrophe that terminated the romantic story of these celebrated lovers.—See, *Memoires Historiques sur Raoul de Coucy*, vol. 1. p. 104.

The *Bourrelet*, mentioned in the quotation above, was that ligature, of whatever description, which passed under the chin, and kept the hat on the head. The pin that served to fasten the *Bourrelet*, with such as studied dress, was an article of great elegance. Chaucer, describing the Monk, whose character is drawn with strokes of inimitable humour, says,

..... to fasten his hood under his chin,

He had of gold y-wrought a curious pin;

A love-knot in the greater end there was. *Canterbury Tales*, l. 195.

Line 44. *To stand agazed, and sink in more and more.*

Both the Harrington, and Mr. Hill's MS. read

..... my sprites do all resort

To stand *at gaze*, and *suck* in more and more

The deadly harm—

The last of these alterations is essential to the sense. The use of the word "*suck*," which our poetic language can hardly bear, derived authority with Surrey, probably, from Petrarch.

Così gli afflitti, e stanchi spirti miei
A poco a poco consummando *sugge.* *Son.* 218.

Line 51. *Print in your heart some parcel of my tene.*

The word *tene*, though it occur in all the printed copies, is manifestly corrupt, the Terza Rima requiring a word that rhymes with *still*, and *will*. Mr. Hill's MS. supplies the proper reading.

Print in your heart some parcel of my *will*.

"Excite in your bosom some portion of feeling in sympathy with mine." *Parcel*, for, "a small part of any thing," was an expression formerly neither uncommon or inelegant. Turberville, who abounds with imitations of Surrey, uses it in a poem taken in great measure from this before us.

I would thou wist the torment I sustain
For lack of her that should my woe redress,
And that you know some *parcel of my pain*.

*Epitaphs, Epigrams, Songs, and Sonnets, by George Turberville,
Gentleman, 1567, fol. 29.*

Nº II.

This Sonnet has been often quoted, and admired. It is perhaps the most beautiful specimen of descriptive poetry in our language. Warton observes of it, that "only a writer who viewed the beauties of Nature with poetic eyes could have selected the vernal objects of which this exquisite ode, as he calls it, is composed." *Hist. of Eng. Poet.* vol. 3, p. 19. The observation is just: but in omitting to give the concluding lines, Warton has not done the composition justice. Surrey at the beginning of winter had formed an hopeless attachment; every thing around him then wore a gloom, that was in unison with his feelings, and he was not reminded of the wretchedness of his situation. The cheerless season wears away; spring returns; the whole face of nature is changed; every creature seems animated with vernal delight and

joy; every bud and blossom is bursting into a state of beauty and perfection: Surrey turns his eyes on himself, and finds all within him dark and comfortless: no diminution of sorrow that might awaken hope; no hope expanding into enjoyment. How obvious is the comparison: how affecting the simple language in which it is expressed;

And thus I see among these pleasant things
Each care decays; and yet my sorrow springs.

Petrarch has left us a Sonnet, written under circumstances nearly similar; and expressive of the same sentiment.

Zefiro torna, e 'l bel tempo rimena. *Son.* 269.

If Surrey had this sonnet in view, he cannot be denied the praise of having far surpassed his master. In Surrey's poem all is nature; in Petrarch's much is study; and when he describes the return of spring by telling us "Progne is chattering, and Philomela weeping, and that Jove is rejoicing to behold his daughter,"

Giove s' allegra di mirar sua figlia;

he speaks the language of pedantry, rather than of feeling.

Line 5. *Summer is come, for every spray now springs.*

Summer here, as in the Complaint of a Lover, p. 7, means the Spring; this use of the word was formerly by no means uncommon. Thus in an old song among the Harleian MSS. N^o 987.

Summer is a-coming in,
Loud sing cuckow.
Groweth seed,
And bloweth mead,
And springeth the wood new.
Ewe bleateth after lamb,
Loweth after calf cow,
Bullock sterteth,
Buck verteth,
Merry sing cuckow.
Well sing'st thou cuckow,
Ne swik thu, naver nu.

Hawkins's Hist. of Music, vol. II. p. 94. and Ritson's Ant. Songs, p. 8.

It is not displeasing to compare thus rude effort of descriptive poetry with Surrey's more polished composition.

Line 6. *The hart hath hung his old head on the pale.*

Thus Edwards in the *Paradise of Dainty Devices*, ed. 1600, p. 82.

In May the buck his horned tops' doth hang upon the pale.

Edwards's poem is a direct imitation of the sonnet before us; but much inferior to it. Turberville has likewise borrowed the same image.

The buck doth hang his head on pale' to live another day.

Epitaphs and Epigrams, fol. 33. ed. 1567.

Line 10. *The swift swallow pursueth the flies small.*

This word ought to have been spelt "*smale*," as it stands in all the printed copies, to mark that it rhymes with *vale*, *tale*, &c. The licence, if it be one, is authorised by Chaucer; but probably *smale* was the general pronunciation of the times.

Girt with a ceint of silk, with barres *smale*:

Of his array I make no longer tale. *Cant. Tales*, v. 331.

Her owndid hair, that sunnish was of hew,

She rent, and eke her fingers long and *smale*

She wrung full oft, and bade God on her rue,

And with the death to do but on her bale.

Her hew whilom bright, that then was pale,

Bare witness of her woe. *Troil. and Cress. lib. 4. ver. 736.*

Nº III.

This poem occurs in Harington's *Nugæ Antiquæ*, with so many variations, that I give it as there printed. For the reasons assigned in the preface, the pieces to be found in that publication may be considered as having the authority of a MS.

1.

When Youth had led me half the race

That Cupid's scourge *did make* me run,

I looked back to mete the place

From whence my weary course begun.

2.

And then I saw how my desire

By guiding ill had let my way,

*Whose eyes, too greedy of their hire,
Had lost me many a noble prey.*

3.

For when in *sight* I spent the day,
And could not cloke my grief *by* game,
The boiling smoke did still bewray
The *fervent* rage of hidden flame

4.

And when salt tears *did* bain my breast,
Where Loue his pleasant trains *had* sow'n,
The *truit* thereof the fruit opprest,
Or that the blooms were sprung and blow'n.

5.

And *where* mine eyes did still pursue
The flying chase *that was* their quest;
Their greedy looks did oft renew
The hidden wound within my breast.

6.

When every look these cheeks might stain
From deadly pale to *flaming* red;
By outward signs appeared plain
The woe, *wherewith* my heart was fed.

7.

But all too late Loue learneth me
To paint all kind of colours new,
To blind their eyes that else should see,
My *sparkled* cheeks with Cupid's hew

8.

And now the covert breast I claim,
That *worships* Cupid secretly,
And *nourisheth* his sacred flame,
From whence no blazing sparks do fly.

Nugæ Antiquæ, vol. 1, p. 185, ed. 1769.

Line 1. *When youth had led me half the race, &c.*

The opening of this poem bears a strong resemblance to the opening of one attributed to Lord Vaux; but written in reality by John Harington, when confined in the Tower in 1554.

When I look back, and in myself behold
 The wand'ring ways, that youth could not descry;
 And see the fearful course that youth did hold,
 And mete in mind each step I strayed awry,
 My knees I bow, and from my heart I call,
 O Lord! forget youth's faults and follies all.

The piece may be found in the *Paradise of Dainty Devices*, ed. 1600, p. 16, and in the *Nugæ Antiquæ*, though imperfect: the quotation here given is from the *Harington MS.* N^o 2, fol. 26.

Line 11. *The boiling smoke did still bewray.*

To *bewray* is a word of frequent occurrence among our early English poets, and is perfectly distinct from *betray*, with which it is now generally confounded. It means, "to discover any thing unconsciously, or through inadvertence, and without design." By not adverting to this distinction, the beauty of many a passage is lost. Turberville, imitating the line before us, uses the word "*wrie*" in the same sense as *bewray*: though to *wrie* is properly to *conceal*, to *cover*.

At length the coal so fiery red became
 Of him that so did fancy Pyndara;
 That fuming smoke did *wrie* the hidden flame
 To her that far exceeded Helena.

Epitaphs and Epigrams, fol. 3, ed. 1567.

Line 12. *The persant heat of secret flame.*

All the 8^o editions read, "The *present* heat;" which is perhaps preferable. The word *present* occurs in *Tancred and Gismunda*, in the same sense here assigned it by Surrey.

But now this world not seeing in these days
 Such *present* proofs of our all-daring power,
 Disdains our name. *Dodsley's Old Plays, vol. 2. p. 169.*

The reading in the text however may be supported by the following passage from Chaucer.

Till fiery Titan with his *persant* heat
 Had dried up the lusty liquor new. *Complaint of Black Knight, v. 28.*

Line 13.do bain my breast.

The word *bain* was formerly so generally used for *bathe*, that the Knights of the Bath were called "The Knights of the Bayne."

Line 26.Love learneth me
To paint all kind of colours new.

Vedete ben, quanti color depinge
Amor sovente in mezzo del mio volto. *Petrarca, Canz. 18, l. 52.*

Line 28. *My speckled cheeks with Cupid's hue.*

"My cheeks distained with that wan hue, which marks the lover." The *Nugæ Antiquæ* reads "*sparkled*," which is perhaps the true reading. To *sparkle* is to scatter, or to sprinkle. Warton has very properly remarked, that the involution of this sentence is not unfrequent with Surrey. Thus, in p. 15, "The clothed holts with green;" *i. e.* the holts, or high lands clothed with green. *Hist. of Eng. Poet. v. 3, p. 14.*

N° IV. Page 5.

This piece seems to have been suggested by the following lines of Ariosto.

Ingiustissimo Amor, perchè si raro
Correspondenti fai nostri desiri?
Onde, perfido avien che t'è sì caro
Il discorde voler, ch' in due cor miri?
Ir non mi lasci al facil guado e chiaro,
E nel piu cieco, e maggior fondo tiri:
Da chi desia il mio amor tu mi richiami;
E chi m' ha in odio, vuoi ch' adori, ed ami. *Orlan. Fur. Can. 2, st. 1.*

Though in point of merit this piece does not rank among the first of Surrey's compositions, it nevertheless contains many natural sentiments, and many happy expressions.

..... I know
How soon a look will print a thought" that never may remove,
is a line of singular beauty. The subject of the piece is evidently

Surrey's unsuccessful attachment to the fair Geraldine. In addition to general complaints of ill-requited love, it contains evident allusions to advantageous offers refused, and sacrifices made in the hope of obtaining the favour of one, whom "he had long besought of grace" in vain. See l. 11, 12, 13, 14. On the supposition that Surrey became enamoured of the fair Geraldine about the time he was affianced to the Lady Frances Vere, the expressions referred to may be considered as explaining why the marriage, which was to have taken place immediately after Easter 1532, was so long delayed. An alliance with the Vere family was one of the most advantageous that could have been proposed to Surrey; but he would have renounced it for Geraldine, who at that time was by no means a suitable match for him; her family being not only in disgrace, but in danger of becoming even extinct: for her elder brother, and five of her uncles, had just perished by the hand of the executioner, and her only surviving brother, a child, was wandering about a fugitive and exile on the continent. Probably it was not until Surrey had lost all hope of obtaining Geraldine, that he could bring his mind to marry the Lady Frances.

This piece occurs in the Harington MS. N° 2, fol. 50, but without any variations of importance.

Line 5. *He causeth th' one to rage'' with golden burning dart.*

The double arrow of Cupid is constantly alluded to by the poets of Surrey's age, and those who preceded. Whether Surrey borrowed the idea from them, or the more classical authority of Ovid, is uncertain: his attainments in learning make the latter probable.

Dixit; et eliso percussis aëre pennis
 Impiger umbrosâ Parnassi constitit arce;
 Eque sagittiferâ promsit duo tela pharetrâ,
 Diversorum operum: fugat hoc, facit illud amorem.
 Quod facit auratum est, et cuspide fulget acutâ:
 Quod fugat obtusum est, et habet sub arundine plumbum.

Metamorphoseon, lib. 1. lin. 466.

Line 10. *into a dark deep hell.*

Piu cieco, e maggior fondo. Hence it is evident the word *hell* in

Surrey's time had not received an exclusive meaning, but signified generally, "a deep pit; or any hidden place of darkness." The Harington MS. reads, "into the dark deep well."

Line 15. *So by this means I know," how soon a heart may turn.*

The Harington MS. reads

Lo ! by these rules I know," how soon a heart can turn.

Line 18. *Of little stuff unto myself" to weave a web of trust.*

The metaphor of "weaving a web," for framing any hope, or undertaking any project, might have been derived from the Greek and Latin Authors, with whom it is common: but it is probable Surrey took it from Petrarch.

S' Amore, o Morte non dà qualche stroppio

Alla tela novella, ch' ora ordisco. Son. 32.

And again,

Per accorciar del mio viver la tela. Son. 194.

The expression has received the sanction of a Royal pen. Queen Elizabeth employed it in a copy of verses "which my Lady Willoughby did covertly get of her Majesty's tablets, and had much hazard in doing: for the Queen did find out the thief, and chid for spreading evil bruit of her writing such toys when other matters did so occupy her employment at that time, and was fearful of being thought too light-some for so doing." The verses begin thus;

The dread of future foes," exiles my present joy,

And wit me warns to shun such snares" as threaten mine annoy.

For falsehood now doth flow" and subject's faith doth ebb,

Which should not be of reason ruled" and *Wisdom wove the web, &c.*

Nugæ Antiq. Vol. I. p. 58. Ed. 1767.

They are to be found in the Harington MS. N° 2. fol. 164. and among the Rawlinson MSS. in the Bodleian Library.

Line 20. *When in my face my painted thoughts" would outwardly appear.*

This and the two following lines remind us of the 6th and 7th stanzas of the poem preceding. Surrey's frequent allusions to Petrarch

give him the appearance sometimes of repeating his own thoughts. The line cited is an instance of that involution, which Surrey often affected; "when the thoughts (*conceived in my mind*) would (*otherwise*) appear outwardly painted in my face."—

Line 24. *The hammer of the restless forge" I wote eke how it works.*

By this metaphor Surrey means to describe the never-ceasing action of the Lover's Fancy, perpetually busied in framing fears, doubts, and apprehensions.

Line 36. *And live, alas! who would believe," with sprite from life remov'd.*

This conceit, derived from the Platonic School, is borrowed from Petrarch. On the point of quitting Laura he says—

Talhor m' assale, in mezzo a' tristi pianti
Un dubbio; "Come posson queste membra
"Dallo spirito lor viver lontani?"
Ma rispondemi Amor; "Non ti rimembra,
"Che questo è privilegio degli amanti,
"Sciolti da tutte qualità umane." *Son. 13. Parte Prima, p. 10.*

Line 40. *And how the lion chastised is," by beating of the whelp.*

This seems to have been a proverbial expression. We find it in Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*:

And for to make others beware by me,
As by the whelp chastised is the lion.

It is probable, however, that Surrey when he used the phrase referred to some particular circumstance of his life, now lost. In more than one instance he characterizes himself as a Lion, in allusion to his Armorial Bearings. See note on N° XXIX. p. 35.

Line 41. *In standing near my fire," I know that how I freeze;
Far off I burn.*

From Petrarch. *Son. 188.*

. . . . Arder da lunge, ed agghiacciar da presso.

Several other expressions in this poem might be traced to the same source.

Nº V. Page 7.

There is a poem in the Harington MS. Nº II. fol. 188, evidently formed on this of Surrey's.

When Winter with his shivering blasts" the Summer 'gan assail
With force of might, and rigour great," his pleasant time to quail;
And when the lusty green had left" each holt and hill so high,
And every pleasant place appear'd" full pale and wan to eye, &c.

The piece is imperfect, and not of sufficient merit to be printed. It adds, however, one to the many instances which might be adduced to prove that Surrey's compositions became, immediately on being known, objects of general imitation.

Line 5. *And when he clothed fair the earth.*

Surrey has used this expression before, p. 3. It is an expression of much beauty, as well as propriety, and occurs in all our best Poets. Surrey, however, cannot claim the merit of introducing it into our language: he probably adopted it from Chaucer.

And every plain *was clothed fair*
With new green. *Flower and Leaf, v. 7.*

In this simple form the use of the metaphor is just, and elegant. It is unnaturally strained in the subsequent verse, where it is said, "the trees were *new garmented*." When a metaphor describes one object by some quality or mode of action in another, in points where there exists a general resemblance founded on the nature of things, or on analogy; it adds much to force, and beauty. But when it represents as common to both the objects, some particular modification of action peculiar to one of them alone, a modification resulting perhaps either from custom, fashion, or local circumstances, it never fails of exciting a ludicrous, or an unpleasing idea. For this reason it is objectionable to say, as we find in another passage, "that Nature taught the trees to *unclothe themselves*." See Nº XVIII. l. 2. Surrey was probably

betrayed into this expression by the use of the word *spogliare*, among the Italians.*

Line 6. *that kept within the durre.*

This orthography is preserved from the 8vo. editions of 1567 and 1574, to mark how the word *door* ought to be pronounced to rhyme with *stir*, which in some editions is spelt *stur*, or *sturre*. The custom of altering the spelling to accommodate the word to the rhyme, was general in Surrey's age. Puttenham has a chapter expressly to reprobate the

* *Note.* That the metaphor in question was used by Petrarch, and the Italian poets whom Surrey studied, requires no citations to prove. It will, however, be pardoned me, I hope, if I adduce one instance from Molza, and transcribe the whole sonnet in which it is contained. In the present age which seems so much disposed to appreciate justly the beauties of Italian literature, and acknowledge our obligations to it, few readers will be displeased to see a sonnet which, though not much known, is esteemed one of the most pleasing in the Italian language.

*Vestiva i colli, e le campagne intorno
 La Primavera di novelli onori;
 E spirava soavi arabi odori,
 Cinta d'erbe, e di fiori il crine adorno.
 Quando Licori, a l' apparir del giorno
 Cogliendo di sua man purpurei fiori,
 Mi disse; " In guiderdon di tanti ardori
 " A te gli colgo, ed, ecco! i' te ne adorno."
 Così le chiome mie soavamente
 Parlando cinse, e in sì dolci legami
 Mi strinse il cor, ch' altro piacer non sente.
 Onde non fia giammai, ch' i più non l' ami
 Degli occhi miei, nè fia che la mia mente
 Altra sospiri desiando, o chiami.*

Opere di Molza, Vol. II. p. 104. Ed. 1750.

Molza was born at Modena 1489, and died there 1544. He is justly considered one of the most elegant of the Italian poets, and is supposed by some to have been the real author of the translation of the 2d Book of the *Æneid* into blank verse, generally attributed to the Cardinal Ippolito de' Medici. Whichsoever were the translator, we probably owe him the obligation of having led Surrey to make his version of the 2d and 4th Books of the *Æneid*: the first regular attempt at heroic blank verse in our language.

practice. That chapter is curious, as it marks in many instances the change which has taken place in our national pronunciation. Of the word in question, Puttenham says that the true orthography is "doore;" that it properly ought to rhyme with "poor;" and cannot, consistently with good spelling, or natural sound, be made to rhyme with "restore." *Art of English Poesie, Book II. ch. viii.*

Line 39.mine error all, and some.

Defective rhymes are frequent in Surrey and Wyatt. With them it is very common to join words, of which the last consonant is *m*, to such as terminate with *n*; as in the present instance. The fault gradually corrected itself with the improvement of our language: but it is curious to observe how long the *m* and *n* were used as conveying corresponding sounds. Denham so employs them.

From thence a thousand lesser poets *sprung*,
Like petty princes from the fall of *Rome*.

The most striking instance of this licence in the present work is at p. 98, where *seldom* is changed to *sildam*, to rhyme with *than*, which is itself a licentious mode of writing the adverb *then*.

Line 41. *And all that was no more" but mine expressed mind.*

Selden proposes to read "but mine *oppressed* mind," which gives, at least, a more obvious meaning. "The whole was an illusion, arising from the various feelings that oppressed my mind."

Line 44. . . .he *aggrieved* was right sore" with me for my rebel.

A mode of speech evidently taken from the Italian, in which the infinitive of a verb is put in place of a substantive; "per il mio *ribellare*."

N° VI. Page 9.

This Sonnet is translated from Petrarch.

Amor, che nel pensier mio vive e regna,
 E 'l suo seggio maggior nel mio cor tene,
 Talor' armato nella fronte vene :
 Ivi si loca, ed ivi pon sua insegna.
 Quella ch' amare, e soffèrir ne 'nsegna,
 E vuol che 'l gran desio, l' accesa spene,
 Ragion, vergogna, e reverenza affrene,
 Di nostro ardir fra se stessa si sdegna :
 Onde Amor paventoso fugge al core
 Lassando ogni sua impresa ; e piagne, e trema :
 Ivi s' asconde, e non appar più fore.
 Che poss' io far, temendo il mio signore,
 Se non star seco infin all' ora estrema ?
 Che bel fin fa chi ben' amando more. *Son. 109. Parte prima.*

Wyatt has left a translation of the same piece ; (see Page 51). On comparison it will be found that Wyatt has rendered each particular line more faithfully than Surrey, but that he is less elegant in his language, less fluent and harmonious in his versification. The concluding line in Surrey's translation is superior to the original.

Sweet is his death that takes his end by love.—

It is to be lamented a better subject was not chosen.

Line 10 *Taketh his flight whereas he lurks, and plains.*

Whereas, as an adverb of place, meaning, *where, in which spot*, is of constant recurrence in these poems. So, in the piece next following,

In Cyprus springs, *whereas* Dame Venus dwelt.

N° VII. Page 9.

This Sonnet bears the appearance of being a translation: if it is not one, Surrey must be allowed to have very successfully imitated

the Italian manner. The two fountains in Cyprus, were probably suggested by the two fountains in the forest of Ardenne, so famous in Ariosto as the cause of suffering alternately to the brave Rinaldo, and the beautiful but capricious Angelica.

E questo hanno causato due fontane,
 Che di diverso effetto hanno liquore;
 Ambe in Ardenna, e non sono lontane.
 D'amoroso desio l'una empie il core;
 Chi bee de l'altra senza amor rimane,
 E volge tutto in ghiaccio il primo ardore.
 Rinaldo gustò d'una, e amor lo strugge;
 Angelica de l'altra, e l'odia e fugge.

Orlando Furioso, Canto 1, st. 78.

See also Canto 42, *st. 35 to 38*, and *62 to 65*. Of this romantic fiction Boyardo is considered the inventor: he thus describes a similar fountain, and the manner in which it became enchanted. See his *Orlando Innamorato, lib. 1. can. 3.*

Stanza 32.

Questa fontana tutta è lavorata
 D'un alabastro candido e polito
 E d' or sì riccamente era adornata
 Che rendea lume nel prato fiorito.
 Merlin fu quel che l' ebbe edificata
 Perchè Tristano, il Cavalier ardito
 Bevendo a quella lasci la Regina
 Che fu cagion' al fin di sua roina.

33.

Tristano isventurato per sciagura
 A quella fonte mai non è arrivato;
 Ben che piu volte andasse a la ventura,
 E quel paese tutt' habbia cercato.
 Questa fontana avea cotal natura,
 Che ciascun cavaliere innamorato
 Bevendo a quella, amor da se cacciava
 Havendo in odio quella ch' egli amava.

Whether Boyardo took his idea from some older romance, or from pagan mythology, is uncertain; probably from the latter. The Greeks fan-

cifully attributed the two contrary affections of Love and Hatred to the operation of a twofold deity; Cupid, or Eros; and Anteros. See Tully, *de Natura Deorum*, lib. iii. sec. 23. This might have formed the groundwork of the fiction. The idea of the fountains might have been suggested by the fabulous account of the river Selepnus, said to have the power of curing such as bathed in it, of love: or that spring in Cilicia, which produced a similar effect in those who drank its waters. See Porcacchi's Annot. on Ariosto, at the passages referred to; and the *Varie Lectiones of Cælius Rhodiginus*, lib. xvi. cap. 25.

Line 2. *A well so hot is, that who tastes the same.*

The reading of this line, given in the 1st and 4th quartos, in which they are followed by all the 8^o editions, is far preferable to that in the text.

In Cyprus springs, whereas Dame Venus dwelt,
A well so hot, that whoso tastes the same,
 Where he of stone, &c.

Without this alteration the passage is hardly intelligible. The whole sentence is somewhat involved. "In Cyprus, whereas (*where*) Dame Venus dwelt, springs a well (*a fountain*) so hot, that whoso tastes the same," &c.

Line 12. *And with the spot of change infects the mind.*

This thought occurs with little variation in a subsequent sonnet.

Nor change of minds let not thy mind infect. *Page 14.*

N^o VIII. Page 10.

This sonnet is well known, having been noticed, at considerable length, by Warton in his *History of Eng. Poetry*, Vol. III. p. 4; where he adopts the interpretation given of it by Walpole in his *Royal and Noble Authors*. See *Park's ed. Vol. I. p. 262*. It contains an enigmatical description of the name, the family, and person of the lady, to whom Surrey was attached, as well as the leading circumstances respecting

the growth of his romantic passion. The substance of Walpole's conjectures is this.

Walpole considers the lady to have been the Lady Elizabeth Fitzgerald; called Geraldine in allusion to the name of Gerald, a noble Tuscan family, from which hers was lineally descended. She was the daughter of Gerald Fitz Gerald, ninth Earl of Kildare: and thus "*her Sire was an Earl.*" Her mother was Margaret, daughter of Thomas Grey, Marquis of Dorset, son to the Lady Elizabeth Grey, Queen to Edward IV. and daughter of the Duchess of Bedford, of the house of Luxembourg; consequently "*of Prince's blood.*" She was born in Ireland, "*whose pleasant shore doth face Wild Camber's (Cambria's) cliffs;*" and nursed there in her infancy, consequently was "*foster'd with milk of Irish breast.*" Walpole supposes she was brought over early into England, and is therefore described as "*resting in Britain from her tender years;*" and that she afterwards was educated with the Princesses Mary, and Elizabeth, her second cousins, at Hunsdon-house in Hertfordshire; which is described by "*her tasting costly food with a King's child.*" It was there, according to Walpole's conjecture, that Surrey, on some occasional visit with the young Duke of Richmond, first became acquainted with the fair Geraldine; and therefore Hunsdon is said "*to have first presented her to his eyes.*" But as Surrey was obliged to return to Windsor, where Walpole says he lived as the friend and companion of the Duke of Richmond, and as he consequently then lost the opportunity of seeing his mistress, Windsor is on that account said to "*chase him from her sight.*"

Such are Walpole's conjectures. Warton praises them as forming "*a most happy instance of sagacity;*" a commendation far greater than deserved. The leading circumstances had been long before pointed out by Drayton, in his notes to his Heroical Epistles. Of the circumstances added by Walpole some will be found erroneous, and some not sufficiently supported by proof.

Walpole says the fair Geraldine was educated with the Princesses Mary and Elizabeth at Hunsdon. This is impossible. Those Princesses were not of an age to have been educated together. Mary was born Feb. 18, 1518. Elizabeth not till Sept. 7, 1533. Mary was consequently 15 years old, and her education must have been nearly completed before her sister was in existence.

This is so obvious, that the mention of the "*two Princesses*" may be considered as inadvertence on the part of Walpole; and we may suppose he intended to speak of one only. Surrey himself speaks of no more: his words are; "with a King's *child*." It is unfortunate that Walpole did not tell us plainly which was the Princess he referred to; there are difficulties on either side

The precise age of the fair Geraldine has not as yet been ascertained: we collect it from conjecture only. Her brother Thomas, who seems always mentioned as the eldest of the family, was born Feb. 25, 1525. Her sister Margaret was older than herself; and her brother Edward was born in Jan. 1528. (*See Collins' Peerage, Vol. VI. p. 167 & 183.*) Now, on the supposition that Geraldine was older than her brother Edward, she must have been born in 1527, consequently must have been nine years younger than the Princess Mary. With so great a disproportion of years, those Ladies could not well have been educated together. But if Geraldine was younger than her brother Edward, which must have been the case, if it be true, as is asserted, that she was the *fourth child*, the difficulty is considerably increased; for then Geraldine could not have been born till 1529, which would make her eleven years younger than the Princess Mary.*

* *Note.* Mr. Chalmers, in his *Life of Surrey*, in the last edition of the *British Poets, Vol. II. p. 319*, points out the disparity of years between Surrey and the fair Geraldine; and seems disposed to infer, that Surrey's passion was fictitious; and that the verses addressed to Geraldine were nothing more than a playful gallantry of the nursery. Certainly there is great difficulty in reconciling the event with dates. Nor is the difficulty diminished by saying Laura was only thirteen, when Petrarch became enamoured of her. This was Laura's age when Petrarch first saw her; whereas, if Geraldine was born in 1527, the earliest date assigned, she could have been only seven or eight years old, when Surrey is represented as earnestly soliciting her hand in marriage. I was once almost tempted to think Surrey's passion for Geraldine might have been a fiction of fancy; but Churchyard's testimony, which will be adduced presently, is positive, and leaves no room to doubt the reality of the attachment. The whole difficulty might be removed by supposing that Geraldine, instead of being the fourth, was the second child. Her father married Margaret, daughter of the Marquis of Dorset, in 1519. Margaret, confessedly the eldest daughter, might have been born therefore in 1520; and Elizabeth in 1521. On this supposition, Geraldine would be only three years younger than the Princess Mary, and but four years younger

Line 1. *From Tuscan came my lady's noble race.*

Drayton begins the Epistle of Surrey to the Lady Geraldine thus :

From learned Florence, long since rich in fame,
From whence thy race, thy noble grand-sires came;
To famous England, that kind nurse of mine,
Thy Surrey sends to heavenly Geraldine.

To which he subjoins the following note.

" Florence, a city of Tuscany, standing upon the river Arnus, celebrated by Dante, Petrarch, and others, the most noble wits of Italy, was the original of the family out of which this Geraldine did spring; as Ireland the place of her birth, which is intimated by these verses of the Earl of Surrey."

From Tuscan came, &c. Drayton's Works, p. 127. fol. edit. 1748.

The Fitz-Geralds, Earls of Kildare, are most commonly said to be lineally descended from Otho, or Other, who was of the family of the Geraldî Dukes of Tuscany. This Otho coming from Florence into Normandy, passed thence into England before the Conquest, and obtained large possessions from Royal favour. At the Conquest Walter Fitz-Other was found seized of many considerable Lordships in different counties; was Warden of all the forests in Berkshire, and Castellán of Windsor. From William de Windsor, eldest son of this Walter, is descended the family of the Earls of Plymouth; and from Gerald the younger son, that of the Fitz-Geralds, who went in the reign of Henry the Second into Ireland, and in reward for their signal services in the conquest of that kingdom were made Earls of Kildare.

There is another account given of the origin of this illustrious family, now Dukes of Leinster, equally antient, and perhaps more honourable than the preceding: it is as follows.

Drayton, in a note on Geraldine's Epistle in reply to Surrey, tells us on the authority of Francis Thynne, one of our ablest antiquaries, " that the family of the Fitz-Geralds, of whence Geraldine was lineally descended, was in original English." If so, they sprung not from the Tuscan Otho, but Othoere, or Othere, a rich and enterprising nobleman of Norway, who came into England in the reign of Alfred, recommended to that wise Monarch, by his skill in navigation. Alfred has preserved in his Version of Osorius, a minute account of

Othere's voyage to the North Cape, round which it is evident he sailed some centuries before that Cape is generally supposed to have been discovered. The undertaking was one that marks an eminent degree of courage and ability; especially if we consider how little the art of navigation was understood in those days, and how inadequate the means of discovery were, which Othere possessed. Alfred, to engage a person of so great merit to settle in England, made him no doubt large grants of land, and placed him in employments of trust and honour: which satisfactorily accounts for the wealth, and distinguished situation his descendant Walter Fitz-Othere held at the conquest. The description Othere gave Alfred of the possessions he had in his native country, is curious. He told the King "he had six hundred rein-deer, all tamed by himself, and not purchased; of which six were stale-deer, or decoy deer, highly valued by the Finlanders, because they catch the wild deer with them." He said that though he was one of the "first men of the land, he had not more than twenty red cattle, twenty sheep, and twenty swine: and that what little he plowed was with horses." See *Ingram's inaugural Anglo-Saxon Lecture, Oxford, 1807, p. 76.*

It is in allusion to this descent that Drayton makes Geraldine say;

My house from Florence I do not pretend,
Nor from *those Gerald's* claim I to descend;
Nor hold those honours insufficient are
That I receive from Desmond, or Kildare;
Nor better air will ever claim to breath
Than that of Leinster, Munster, or of Meath;
Nor claim I other, foreign, far, allies
Than Windsor's, or Fitz-Gerald's families:
It is enough to leave unto my heirs,
If they but please to acknowledge me for theirs.

Drayton's Works, p. 131.

Surrey probably was aware of this descent of his mistress's family; but we may suppose he adopted that which the bent of his studies led him to prefer, and he judged most capable of poetic ornament.

Line 8. *With a king's child, who tasteth ghostly food.*

This line in the greatest number of editions is read thus :

With King's child, where she tasteth costly food.

The reading given in the text seems preferable. "To taste *costly* food," is an idea too general for the occasion; "to taste *ghostly* food," is more descriptive of education; especially if religious education be intended.

Line 9. *Hunsdon did first present her to mine eyen.*

This line has been considered in the preliminary observations.

The house of the Duke of Norfolk, there alluded to, was built in the reign of Henry VI. by Sir William Oldhall, at the expence of 7000 marks, 8s. 2d. The description of it given by William of Worcester, in his Itinerary, is curious, as it exhibits a picture of the architecture, and taste of those times.

"Manerium de Hownesdon, Wilelmi Oldhall, chevalier; primum edificari incipit circa xxviii^m annum Regis Henrici VI.

"Turris manerii de Howndesdon per iiii miliaria de Waar villa, cum aliis edificationibus ac cum stabulis de *bryke* factis, longitudinis circa lxxx *steppys*, sive gradibus meis mensuratis, per relacionem Humfridi Parys de officio *garderobe* Wilelmi Oldhale, Chevalier, constabat in edificatione vii. M. marcarum, viiis. iid. ob.—

"Item, latitudo cujuslibet lateris dictæ turris lxxx pedes.

"Item, in quolibet latere dictæ turris sunt vii. *botrasses*, magnæ latitudinis.

"Item, altitudo dictæ turris cum le *ovyrstorye* vocat: *an oryel*, cum fenestris et *vany*s deauratis, est, ut dicitur, à fundamento dictæ turris ultra c. pedes.

"Item, longitudo aulæ principalis dictæ turris continet lxxx pedes.

"Item, continet in latitudine xxiii. pedes."

Itinerarium; sive liber rerum memorabilium Willelmi Botoner dict. de Worcestre; published by J. Nasmith, Cambridge, 1788, p 88.

Line 12. *And Windsor, alas! doth chase me from her sight.*

There is no reason why this passage should be referred, exclusively, to Surrey's residence at Windsor. The words may as well allude to Geraldine's being there, in waiting on the Court, while her lover was absent at some other place. Drayton seems to have understood the

line in this sense; though he is evidently mistaken, in saying that Queen Katharine was the person on whom Geraldine was attendant. Geraldine was too young to have served Katharine of Arragon; and Surrey was married, and a father, before Katharine Howard was Queen. But whether it were Surrey, or Geraldine, that was resident at Windsor, is immaterial to the story: in either case, Windsor was the cause why Surrey did not see his mistress. This is all affirmed.

Line 13. *Her beauty of Kind; her virtues from above.*

The meaning of the line is: "Geraldine received the beauties of her person from Nature: the virtues of her mind were an endowment from above."

Kind, signified Nature. The word, long after Surrey's time, continued to be used in that sense. It will be found of frequent occurrence in these poems, and in all our early writers.

Thus Alanus's book, "*de planctu Naturæ*," is translated by Chaucer "*The Complaint of Kind*." *Complaint of Fowles*, v. 316. But a much more striking use of the word may be found in *Pierce Plowman's Visions*.

Hearing it mentioned that *KIND* should come, or send and save the "*Lady Anima*" for ever, *Pierce Plowman* immediately asks,

"What kin's thing is *Kind*? canst thou me tell?"

To which Wit, or Understanding, answers;

KIND, is a Creator, of all kinnis things;

FATHER and FORMER of all that was ever maked,

And that is the GREAT GOD, that ginning had never,

LORD OF LIGHT AND OF LIFE. *Passus Nonus, Ed. 1561.*

In this passage the word "*KIND*" represents the Almighty as the Author of Nature, the Father and Creator of all things. In another part of the poem *Pierce Plowman* uses the same word to describe the Supreme Being under his still more awful character of Governor and Judge of the Universe. The whole passage is conceived with great strength of thought, and wants only the proper ornaments of style to be strikingly sublime.

The Almighty is represented as sending forth his plagues at the solicitation of Conscience, to scourge impenitent sinners.—

KIND, Conscience then heard, and came out of the planets,
And sent forth his forayers, fevers, and fluxes,
Coughs and cardiacles, cramps——
Boils, and botches, and burning agues,
Phrenesis, and foul evil, foragers of KIND.——

There was ; “ Haro! and help! here cometh KIND,
“ With death that is dreadful, to undone us all.—
Age the hoar, he was in the vaw-ward
And bare the banner before Death, by right he it claimed.
KIND came after with many keen sores,
As “ plagues,” and pestilences; and much people shent—
Death came driving after, and all to dust pashed
Kings, and Kayzers.——

All creatures sink in dismay beneath the fury of Divine Wrath:
upon which Conscience beseeches KIND

To cease, and suffer and see wher’ they would
Leave pride, and be perfect Christian.
And KIND ceased so —— *Passus Vicessimus.*

The use of the word, however, in this sense is not frequent; its most common acceptation is, “ Nature.” Thus Turberville: “ So great is the courtesy of *Kind*, as she ever seeketh to recompense any defect of hers, with some other better benefit.” *Book of Falconry*, p. 127, Ed. 1575. The adjectives *kind* and *unkind*, with the adverbs *kindly* and *unkindly*, were also used for *natural*, and *unnatural*; *naturally*, and *unnaturally*. In this sense these words are still frequently employed.

Nº VIII. Page 10.

This sonnet occurs in the Harington MS. Nº 2, fol. 212, where it bears the signature of Lord Vaux. The language, the style of thought, and expression, are so little in Surrey’s manner, we may readily believe the piece not to be his. The circumstance of the double rhymes strengthens this opinion. Surrey studiously avoided them. His na-

tural good taste made him perceive that double rhymes were calculated for light or ludicrous compositions alone; and that in serious poems they almost always produced a bad effect, by taking from the gravity of the versification, and by throwing over the idea expressed, an air of lightness and familiarity. If this piece be Surrey's, it is the only one in which double rhymes occur.

Puttenham, in his *Art of English Poesie*, p. 102, introduces an imitation of this sonnet, written by himself, he says, "to daunt the insolence of a beautiful woman."

Brittle beauty, blossom daily fading;
 Morn, noon, and eve, in age, and eke in eld
 Dangerous, disdainful, pleasantly persuading,
 Easy to gripe, but cumbrous to wield;
 For slender bottom, hard and heavy lading;
 Gay for a while, but little while durable;
 Suspicious, uncertain, irrevocable:
 O! since thou art by trial not to trust,
 Wisdom it is, and it is also just,
 To sound the stem, before the tree be fell'd:
 That is, since death will drive us all to dust,
 To leave thy love, ere that we be compell'd.

Puttenham then adds the following observations: "In these lines ye have your first verse all of bisyllables, and of the foot *trochæus*; the second all of monosyllables, and all of the foot *iambus*; the third all of trissyllables, and all of the foot *dactylus*; your fourth of one bisyllable, and two monosyllables interlarded; the fifth of one monosyllable, and two bisyllables interlaced; and the rest of other sorts and situations, some by degrees increasing, some diminishing. Which example I have set down, to let you perceive what pleasant numerosity in the measure and disposition of your words in a metre, may be contrived by curious wits; and these, with otherlike, were the observations of the Greek and Latin versifiers."

This instance may serve, as one among many, to prove that our antient poets did not always construct their verses, as we do now, by attending to the number of the syllables, but the number of the feet: somewhat in the same manner, though by no means so artificially, as the Greeks formed their iambic verse. They considered that two short

syllables in point of time were equal to one long; a dactyl, therefore, or an anapæst, was admitted as equal in value to a foot of two long syllables: and thus lines consisting of a greater number of syllables than they ought to have, were made in recitation to appear of the same length with those that had no more than their just and proper number.

Line 6. *Past not worth two peason.*

Peason, as the plural of "pea," is, I believe, still preserved in many parts of England. It was familiar with the writers of Queen Elizabeth's age. So Puttenham, quoting the verses of "that merry Greek," Democritus:

Omnia sunt risus, sunt pulvis, et omnia nil sunt:
Res hominum cunctæ nam ratione carent.

Englished them thus:

All is but a jest, all dust, all not worth *two peason*:
For why? in man's matters is neither rhyme nor reason.

Art of Eng. Poesie, p. 85.

I know not from what book Puttenham quoted, or whether he might not have quoted from memory; the original Greek Epigram, of which the Latin lines are in part a version, is given, I believe, uniformly to Glycon. See *Brunk's Analecta, Vol. II. p. 278.*

Line 8. *Hard to attain, once gotten not geason.*

Of the word "*geason*" I know not the derivation. Its meaning may be collected from its use: this is not uniform. Sometimes it seems to signify "that which is rare, or uncommon." Spenser so employs it.

Deprived of sense, and ordinary reason
That it to leaches seemed strange and *geason*.

Mother Hubbard's Tale, vers. 11.

The Lady heark'ning to his senseful speech
Found nothing that he said unmeet, *nor geason*,
Having oft seen it tried, as he did teach.

Fairy Queen, Book VI. Can. iv. st. 37.

At other times it occurs as a "thing of no worth,"* as in the following very pleasing lines.

And though in place where you do spend your days
 There be, that think that friendly faith is *geason*;
 No force for that; hold you those pleasant ways
 Which guide you strait, all void of guile and treason.
 O happy mind! that so lieth down and sleeps,
 When Envy wails, and Malice sits and weeps.

Harington MS. No. 2. fol. 215.

This seems to be the meaning of the word as it stands in the text.

Line 10. *False and untrue; enticed oft to treason.*

This and the twelfth line are wanting in the Harington MS.

N° X Page 11.

This piece is an imitation, rather than a translation, of the following sonnet of Petrarch.

Or, che 'l ciel' e la terra', e 'l vento tace,
 F le fere e gli augelli il sonno affrena,
 Notte 'l carro stellato in giro mena,
 E nel suo letto il mar senz' onda giace;
 Vegghio, penso, ardo, piango; e chi mi sface
 Sempre m' è innanzi, per mia dolce pena:
 Guerra è 'l mio stato, d' ira, e di duol piena;
 E sol di lei pensando ho qualche pace.
 Così sol d' una chiara fonte viva
 Move 'l dolce e l' amaro, ond' io mi pasco:
 Una man sola mi risana, e punge:
 E perchè 'l mio martir non giunga a riva,
 Mille volte il dì moro, e mille nasco;
 Tanto dalla salute mia son lunge.

Parte Prima, Son. 131.

Surrey, in this sonnet, surpasses his master. The abrupt beginning,
 Alas! so all things now do hold their peace!

is far more expressive of passion than the plain narrative style of the original. The fourth line contains an elegant addition of thought to the "*stellato carro*" of the Italian; as likewise does the fifth. "The sea is calm" comprehends the whole of

E nel suo letto il mar senz' onda giace.

What follows, "the waves work less and less," is a circumstance none but an accurate observer of nature could have added; imagination alone could not have supplied it. He only who had been accustomed, at the close of day, to wander along the sea shore, could have spoke of the gradual manner in which the waves of the sea subside, "working less and less," until the whole mass of waters seems to sink into sleep. In that moment sorrow must have taken a deep possession indeed, if it prevents a corresponding stillness of thought from stealing insensibly over the mind.

In the conclusion of the sonnet, Surrey again departs from the original, but it is to improve upon it.

Mille volte il dì moro, e mille nasco,

is a cold and puerile conceit.

Line 1. *Alas! so all things now do hold their peace, &c.*

The opening of this Sonnet is imitated by Sackville in the following stanza, from his Complaint of the Duke of Buckingham.

Midnight was come, when every vital thing
 With sweet sound sleep their weary limbs did rest,
 The beasts were still; the little birds that sing
 Now sweetly slept beside their mother's breast:
 The old, and all were shrowded in their nest.
 The waters calm, the cruel seas did cease;
 The woods, the fields, and all things held their peace.

Mirror for Mag. fol. 221. Ed. 1587.

Line 2. *Heaven and earth disturbed in nothing.*

The modern pronunciation of the word "*nothing*" has made it necessary to put a grave accent on the last syllable. In Surrey's time,

and long after, what we now read as one word, was pronounced as two.

No image carved with cunning hand," no cloth of purple dye,
 No precious weight of metal bright," no silver plate give I.
 Such gear allures not heavenly hearts;" such gifts, no grace they bring;
 I lo! that know your mind, will send" none such. What then? *no thing.*
Grimoald to his familiar Friend. See Appendix, p. 354.

Line 3. *The beasts, the air, the birds their song do cease.*

This line is, probably, corrupt. It cannot be said of the beasts and the air, that like the birds they "*cease their song*;" and yet, as the passage now stands, there is nothing else with which those nominatives can agree. The original is,

..... le fere, e gli augelli il sonno affrena.

This would be naturally rendered,

The beasts *do sleep*, the birds their song do cease.

The stillness of the air, "*il vento tace*," has been already translated in the first line.

Line 4. *The Nightès car the sturs about doth bring.*

This is imitated by Sackville in his Induction:

When sparkling stars, amid the heaven's face,
 With twinkling light shone on the earth apace,
 That while *they brought about the nightès chare*,
 The dark had dim'd the day ere I was ware.

Mirror for Magistrates, fol. 206. 1587.

Which passage proves the word *nightès* was by Surrey used as a dissyllable; and ascertains also, that he meant to describe the "*stars as bringing about the chariot of night*" (the real appearance in Nature, the book Surrey studied), and not the reverse; as the verb *doth*, in the singular, might at first sight lead us to suppose. The ambiguity would be avoided by reading

The *nightès car* the stars about *do* bring.

But we are not authorized to make the alteration. In Surrey's time, and even long after, there was great irregularity in the inflexions of our

verbs. Sometimes the terminations of the singular number served for those of the plural; and sometimes the first person singular was continued throughout the whole tense, without variation. This fault was corrected but by slow degrees. It is yet retained in conversation, not only among the common people, but in some provinces among those of an higher order.

Ibid. *The night's car.*

I am not certain whether a greater liberty has not been taken with the orthography of the word *car*, in this line, than may be thought allowable. In all the printed editions it is spelt *chare*; and perhaps means, not "chariot, or car," but, "seat, or throne." In which case it ought to have been printed "chair." Thus Chaucer:

When that Phœbus his *chair* of gold so high
Had whirled up the starry sky aloft. *Flower and Leaf, ver. 1.*

and in like manner Skelton;

..... Apollo that whirled up his *chare*. *Crown of Laurel.*

When *car*, the *currus* of the Latin, was intended, the orthography seems to have been *char*. So Chaucer in his *Canterb. Tales, ver. 2139*.

And as the guise was in his country,
Full high upon a *char* of gold stood he
With four white bullen in the trais (*traces, harness*).

In another place, Chaucer speaks of the "rosy cart" of day, instead of *chariot*. *Troil. & Cress. B. V. ver. 278*. The word *cart* has undergone so great a change of meaning, that the effect produced now, is, to our apprehension, ludicrous. The same observation applies to the word *waggon*, which is used for *car*, or *chariot*, by Spenser in one of the sublimest passages in his *Faery Queen*.

Then to her iron *waggon* she betakes,
And with her bears, &c. *Book I. Can. V. st. 28.*

It is afterwards called the "mournful *chariot*." *St. 32.*

In dismissing this sonnet I cannot forbear giving from a very scarce publication, a Latin version of the original Italian by Watson, a poet of considerable merit in Elizabeth's time, who formed the design of

translating Petrarch into Latin. The translation never appeared: perhaps it never was completed. In the volume from which this is taken, translations of three other Sonnets are preserved, the 102d, 312th, and 313th. The work was published at London without date; but was entered at Stationers' Hall, 1581.

Dum cœlum, dum terra tacet, ventusque silescit,
 Dumque feras volucresque quies complectitur alta,
 Noxque agit in gyrum stellantes sydere currus,
 Inque suo lecto recubat sine flumine pontus,
 Multa ego contemplor; studeo; conflagro; gemisco.
 Et, mea quæ dulcis pœna est, mihi semper oberrat.
 In me bella gero plenusque doloris et iræ,
 Paxque mihi modica est Lauræ solius in umbrâ.
 Oritur ex uno claro mihi fonte, et acerbum,
 Et quod dulce sapit; quorum depascor utrôque;
 Unica meque manus lædit, læsoque medetur.
 Martyriumque meum nullo quia limite clausum est,
 Mille neces patior, vitas totidemque resumo
 Quôque die; superestque mihi spes nulla salutis.
Ecatompathia, or Passionate Century of Love, Son. 66.

Nº XI. Page 12.

I apprehend this Sonnet to have been written by Surrey soon after his liberation from that state of confinement at Windsor, which led him to write the celebrated Elegy;

So cruel prison, how could betide alas!
 As proud Windsor. *No. XV. p. 14.*

The strain of thought in both the poems is similar; they seem both alike to have been suggested by a painful recollection of former enjoyment, recalled to the mind by seeing the scenes that had witnessed it; scenes which then tended only to provoke a melancholy comparison between past happiness and present sorrow.

The opening of the Sonnet, which places Surrey before us, his head supported by his hand, immersed in thought, and looking pensively from the wall of his prison on the surrounding prospect, offers one of

those simple, but pleasing pictures which, like all drawn by Surrey's pen, are faithful and elegant representations of genuine feeling and Nature.

Line 7. *The jolly woes, the hateless short debate.*

"*The hateless short debate*," means, friendly emulation in those war-like sports and exercises, which were considered formerly, an essential part in the education of the children of our nobility. The same thought occurs detailed more at length in a subsequent poem. See N° XV. line 18, *et seq.*

The "jolly woes" Surrey speaks of, are "those amatory sorrows, which, however a subject of complaint, are in reality a source of enjoyment." The expression, like the "*dolci guai*," the "*fera dolcezza*," of the Italians, is in false taste. All such combinations of the extremes of opposite feelings, or qualities, may for a moment amuse the fancy, but can never interest the feelings.

Chaucer had good sense enough to disapprove the expression, for he puts it into the mouth of Pandarus, evidently to ridicule it, with other similar conceits. Troilus having written a letter to Cressida, entrusts it to Pandarus, who in giving it to his Niece,

..... gan to jape, and said, "I wis mine heart,
 " So fresh it is, although it sore smart,
 " I may not sleep never a Mayès morrow;
 " I have a jolly woe, a lusty sorrow."

Troil. & Cress. B. II. ver. 1096.

Line 8. *The rakehell life, that longs to love's disport.*

Rakehell, or, as it is sometimes spelt, *rakil*, a *rakle*, means, "rash, inconsiderate, careless." It seems synonymous with *reckless*. Thus Troilus, making his love for Cressida an incitement to virtue,

..... in himself with manhood gan restrain
 Each *rakill* deed, and each unbridled chere.

Troi. and Cress. Book III. ver. 420.

Where Urry tells us one MS. reads,

Each *reckless* deed.

So in another passage in the same poem,

For every wight that hath an house to found,
He runneth not the work for to begin,
With *rakil* hand. *Book I. ver. 1066.*

Rakehell is still employed as a substantive to describe a person of a careless and disorderly life.

Longs stands for *belongs*, an ellipsis frequent with our early poets, who used indiscriminately '*stroyed*', '*proach*', '*lieve*'; for *destroyed*, *approach*, *believe*, &c. The meaning of the whole line is, "such a careless and inconsiderate mode of life, as belongs to lovers."

Line 9, 10. *the heavy charge of care*
Heapt in my breast, breaks forth. ...

The thought in these lines is borrowed from Chaucer. *Troilus*, about to lose *Cressida*, is thus described:

..... this woeful man
Upon his beddès side adown him set,
Full like a dead image, both pale and wan,
And in his breast *the heaped woe* began.
Out burst *Troil. & Cress. B. IV. l. 233.*

Sackville has adopted the idea, in his *Complaint of the Duke of Buckingham*.

Such heaps of harms upharbour'd in his breast. *Mir. for Magis. fo. 219.*

Line 11. *In smoky sighs that over-cast the air.*

The expression in this line is inelegant, and the hyperbole extravagant. Surrey suffered himself to be betrayed into the use of the latter by his partiality to his master Petrarch;

I' ho pien di sospir quest' aer tutto. *Son. 247, Parte 2^a p. 208.*

In like manner Sackville was led to copy Surrey.

With smoke of sighs sometime I might behold
The place all dim'd, like to the morning mist.
Compl. of D. of Buckingham. Mir. for Magis. fol. 222.

In a subsequent passage he borrows the very expression.

So strove he thus awhile as with the death,
Now pale as lead, and cold as any stone;
Now still as calm, now storming forth a breath
Of smoky sighs. *Ibid. fol. 224.*

Line 12. *My vapour'd eyes such dreary tears distil.*

By *vapour'd eyes*, Surrey probably meant to describe that sort of misty appearance which dims the eye, after long weeping. The thought is given more at length in a Sonnet imitated from Petrarch, and printed in the *Nugæ Antiquæ, Vol. I. p. 194, Ed. 1767.* The lover upbraiding his eyes as the cause of his sorrow says,

Wet shall ye be, ye shall it not withstand,
With weeping tears that shall make dim your sight;
And misty clouds shall hang still in your light.

Though the expression is one certainly of no particular elegance or propriety, Surrey uses it again in his Sonnet on the death of Wyatt, *p. 42. l. 13.* and it has found an imitator, not only in Turberville, but in Sackville, who describing the Duke of Buckingham in his Induction says, that he

Oft spread his arms, stretch'd hands he joins as fast,
With rueful chere, and vapoured eyes upcast. *Mir. for Magis. fol. 213.*

Line 13. *The tender spring which quicken where they fall.*

Are we to understand that Surrey's tears added freshness to the verdure of the Spring; or, quickened the flowing of the streams into which they fell? *Dreary tears*, in the line preceding, is a combination of thought neither to be approved nor imitated. The whole passage is overstrained, and altogether unworthy Surrey's chaste and simple pen.

Nº XII. Page 12.

Puttenham ascribes this Sonnet to Wyatt, *Art of Eng. Poesie*, p. 186, but does not mention any authority for doing so. It is a translation of one by Petrarch.

Pommi ove 'l Sol occide i fiori e l' erba ;
 O dove vince lui 'l ghiaccio e la neve :
 Pommi ov' è 'l carro suo temprato e leve ;
 Ed ov' è chi cel rende, o chi cel serba :
 Pomm' in umil fortuna, od in superba ;
 Al dolce aere sereno, al fosco e greve :
 Pommi alla notte ; al dì lungo, ed al breve ;
 Alla matura etate, od all' acerba :
 Pomm' in cielo, od in terra, od in abisso,
 In alto poggio, in valle ima e palustre :
 Libero spirto, od a' suoi membri affisso :
 Pommi con fama oscura, o con illustre,
 Sarò qual fui : vivrò com' io son visso,
 Continuando il mio sospir trillustre, *Parte Prima, Son. 113.*

Petrarch borrowed his idea from these lines of Horace.

Pone me, pigris ubi nulla campis
 Arbor æstivâ recreatur aurâ :
 Quod latus mundi, nebulæ, malusque
 Jupiter urget :
 Pone sub curru nimium propinqui
 Solis, in terrâ domibus negatâ :
 Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,
 Dulce loquentem. *Lib. I. Ode 22.*

Line 3. *In temperate heat, where he is felt and seen.*

The most obvious meaning of these words is, "In those temperate climates, where the warmth of the sun is felt, but the fervor of his heat is not such as prevents his been looked upon." But it may be said, that the sun is in no climate an object the eye can endure to look at. Perhaps therefore the sense may be ; "Where not only the influence of the sun is felt, but his glorious orb beheld ; *i. e.* in a clear unclouded atmosphere." To this interpretation it might be objected, that the same idea is repeated in the seventh verse. Probably the ambiguity of the passage arises from the ambiguity of the word *seen* ; the uncertain use of which has occasioned trouble to commentators. See note on Amiens' Song in *As you like It, Act II. sc. 7.*

I apprehend the word *seen* was employed formerly to denote the perception of objects generally, and not solely that perception of them which is obtained through the medium of sight; the sense to which it is now restricted. Thus in the song in *Love's Labour's Lost*,

Through the velvet leaves the wind,
All *unseen* 'gan passage find. *Act IV. sc. 3.*

Where the meaning of the word evidently is "unperceived, imperceptibly." Yet this hardly affords any solution to the difficulty before us. "Felt, and perceived," is a tautology, not to be tolerated, even in a writer less elegant and correct than Surrey.

Line 4. *In presence prest of people mad, or wise.*

As the meaning of "*prest*" is, I believe, uniformly, "ready, prompt," I know not how to understand the expression "*presence prest*." It can hardly be made to signify "a thick throng:" if it could, the sense of the passage would be obvious. Perhaps the line is corrupt: there is nothing in the original that corresponds to it. The line in Petrarch is,

Ed ov' è chi cel rende, o chi cel serba.

i. e. "Either in the West, where the sun on quitting us is lodged; or in the East, from whence he is restored to us again."

Line 6. *In longest day or in the shortest night.*

Selden proposes to read:

In longest day or in the *longest* night.

The reason for making the alteration is obvious. Surrey means to say: "Whether in Summer, or in Winter." But the longest day and the shortest night, instead of marking two distinct seasons, mark one and the same. The repetition of the word "*longest*," is however harsh and inelegant. It might be easily avoided, as thus:

In longest day or in the *darkest* night.

The Italian expresses more than the translation.

By night; or day, whether it be long, or short.

Line 13, 14. *Hers will I be, &c.*

Surrey in these concluding lines departs, for manifest reasons, from the original. Petrarch's reference to a passion of fifteen years duration would not have been applicable to Surrey's case. From these variations we collect for certain, that Surrey's translations from Petrarch were not poetic exercises for the improvement of style. They originated in the genuine impulse of feeling, and are descriptive of a real passion.

N° XIII. Page 13.

This sonnet is imitated from the following little ode of Petrarch, wherein he expostulates with Laura for constantly wearing a veil, which deprived him of the pleasure of contemplating her beauty.

Lassare il velo o per sole, o per ombra,
 Donna, non vi vid' io,
 Poi che'n me conosceste il gran desio
 Ch' ogni altra voglia dentr' al cor mi sgombra.
 Mentr' io portava i be' pensier celati,
 C' hanno la mente desiando morta,
 Vidivi di pietate ornare il volto:
 Ma poi, ch' Amor di me vi fece accorta,
 Fur' i biondi capelli allor velati,
 E l' amoroso sguardo in sè raccolto.
 Quel che più desiava in voi' m' è tolto;
 Sì mi governa il velo,
 Che per mia morte ed al caldo, ed al gielo,
 De' be' vostr' occhi il dolce lume adombra. *Canz. I. p. 8.*

Surrey's imitation is much inferior to the original: it is indeed one of his worst productions: the versification is harsh; the language inelegant, and so obscure, that I apprehend some lines must be corrupt. Whereas, Petrarch's ode ranks among his best performances.

Ma poi ch' Amor di me vi fece accorta,
 Fur' i biondi capelli allor velati
 E l' amoroso sguardo in sè raccolto,

is a passage containing such a nice selection and arrangement of words,

united such a delicate flow of harmony, as it is not possible to translate without injury.

Line 2. *Her cornet black.*

It is difficult to say what was the precise form of the head-dress here mentioned. From Ducange we learn, that the cornet was of great antiquity; that it was used by men, as well as women; and had more than once attracted the censures of the church, when worn by ecclesiastics; who, it seems, were fond of wearing it, that they might appear more like "*seculares et gallardi, quam presbyteri seu clerici.*" See *Ducange* on the word "*Corneta.*" The name was derived from the *horns* or points into which this head-dress was cut.

Mr. Douce, whose readiness to communicate the various information he possesses every one that knows him must admire, has suggested, that the Cornet alluded to by Surrey may be derived from *couronne*, or *coronette*, and consequently may mean any head-dress whatever, with a hood or veil, or *wimple*, depending. He tells me Sir Thomas Eliot mentions the "Cornet" as that, which "gentlewomen use on their heads:" but says that no further information is to be gained concerning it, either in the passage quoted, or the glossaries of the times. Mr. Douce adds, that the head-dress itself, called *Cornet*, is distinct from those ends of any hat or cap whatever, called equally *cornets*, which hung down on each side, for the purpose of fastening under the chin. In a whimsical book, entitled the Fop's Dictionary, 4° 1690, these cornets are said to be "the upper pinner dangling about the cheeks, like hounds ears."

Line 12. *So does this cornet govern me.*

This use of the word *govern* is inadmissible in our language. Surrey attempted to introduce it from the Italian, where it means *conciar male*, *to evil entreat*, as our old phrase expresses it.

E chi de' nostri Duci, che' n duro astro
Passar l' Euphrate, fece 'l mal governo.

Petrarca Trionfo de la Fama, cap. 2, l. 127.

“ And him, who so *evilly entreated* our leaders, who under an inauspicious star, crossed the Euphrates.”

In like manner Dante!

Tu te ne porti di costui l' eterno,

Per una lagrimetta, che 'l mi toglie:

Ma i' farò dell' altro, altro governo. *Purgat. Canto 5, ver. 106.*

“ Do thou,” says the Angel of Darkness, contending with a good Angel for the body of Jacobo del Cassero, “ Do thou take his eternal part, his soul, which the tear of penitence he shed deprives me of: his other part, his body, shall receive from me a different sort of treatment.”

Nº XIV. Page 14.

The 2^d and 3^d quartos alone preserve the name of the person to whom this sonnet was addressed. All the other editions, instead of “ Now, certes! *Garret*,” (line 9) read “ Now, certes! *Lady*.”

The importance of the reading given in the text has been noticed in the observations prefixed to Poem, Nº VIII. at page 23. It was there shewn, that the usual way in which the Fitz-Gerald family wrote their name was *Garret*; and that the Fair Geraldine's sister was called the Lady Margaret Garret. However strange therefore it may appear to us, that the Lady Elizabeth Fitz-Gerald, from her extreme youth, should have been an object of serious attachment to Surrey; this sonnet addressed by name to her, for to no one else of her family could it have been addressed, establishes the fact itself beyond the possibility of doubt.

Line 4. *How thou art made to shew her greatest skill.*

This thought, though sufficiently obvious, might have been suggested by the following passage from Petrarch:

Chi vuol veder quantunque può Natura

E 'l Ciel tra noi, venga a mirar costei. *Son. 210. Parte Prima.*

Or perhaps by this, in which the same idea is given with greater detail.

In qual parte del Ciel', in quale idea
 Era l' esempio onde Natura tolse
 Quel bel viso leggiadro, in ch' ella volse
 Mostrar quaggiù, quanto lassù potea. Son. 126. Parte Prima.

Line 4, &c. *Whose hidden virtues are not so unknown,
 But lively domes might gather, &c.*

Dome, or *doom*, constantly occurs among our early writers for "judgment," meaning equally a decision made, and the operation of the mind that makes it.

"There is, to my *dome*, no man but that he may, by reading of this work, get right great knowledge." *Preface to Gower's Confessio Amantis*, ed. 1582. And thus in Chaucer:

In termès had he case, and domès all,
 That fro' the time of King Wil. weren fall. *Cant. Tales*, ver. 325.

The expression, *lively domes*, therefore signifies, "persons of quick and accurate judgment." The meaning of the passage is this: "From your external beauty, that golden gift given you by Nature, every one who sees you is enabled to form a just judgment what ought to be the moral graces of your disposition: for where beauty is perfect in the outward appearance, the soul is ever found to correspond in all the loveliness of virtue."

This idea, pleasing, but, alas! how fallacious, is borrowed from the Platonic school. The doctrines of that school, on the subject of Love and Beauty, were derived to us from the Italian writers. The general outline of those doctrines is given nowhere more elegantly than in the conclusion of Castiglione's *Courtier*; (a work justly considered, in its kind, the most perfect and pleasing ever written) where the subject of Love being to be treated of with seriousness and dignity, the discourse with great propriety is put into the mouth of Bembo. He thus delivers himself on the point in question. "Dico che da Dio nasce la bellezza, ed è come circolo di cui la bontà è il centro; e però, come non può esser circolo senza centro, non può esser bellezza senza bontà. Onde rare volte mala anima habita bel corpo; e perciò la bellezza estrinseca è vero segno della bontà intrinseca; e nei corpi è impressa quella grazia più e meno, quasi per un carattere dell' anima per lo

quale essa estrinsecamente è conosciuta," &c. *Il Cortegiano, Lib. IV. Fol. II. p. 186, ed. di Milano 1803.*

But it may be justly thought superfluous to refer to Italian writers for information. We shall find the whole system explained with all the perspicuity so wild a speculation will admit, and adorned with all the charms of poetry in Spenser's four Hymns on Love and Beauty. See *Todd's Ed. Vol. VIII. p. 213 to 270.* On the subject immediately under consideration, Spenser says,

..... every Spirit, as it is most pure,
And hath in it the more of heavenly light;
So it the fairer body doth procure
To habit in; and it more fairly *dight**
With chearful grace, and amiable sight.
For of the soul, the body form doth take;
For soul is form, and doth the body make.

Therefore, where-ever that thou dost behold
A comely corpse, with beauty fair endued,
Know this for certain, that the same doth hold
A beauteous Soul, with fair conditions *thewed*,†
Fit to receive the seed of Virtue strewed.

For all that fair is, is by nature good:
That is a sign to know the gentle blood.

Hymn in Honour of Beauty.

The twelfth of these lines bears so much resemblance to this of Surrey's, "*Where Beauty so her perfect seed hath sown*," we might be tempted to suspect Spenser had it in view. That these hymns of Spenser, than which our language contains nothing more truly poetical, or more deserving admiration, should be so little read, and so seldom noticed, forms one of those many instances of neglect, for which no adequate reason can be assigned; and has at all times been to writers of genius a cause of melancholy animadversion and complaint.

* And doth so much the more fairly clothe it.

† Endued with virtuous dispositions. The substantive *thews*, whence the verb is formed, means, "the natural disposition of the mind;" always, I believe, in a good sense, when taken by itself.

O!—if that any buds of Poesy,
 Yet of the old stock gin to shoot again;
 Or, it men's follies *shall enforce* to feign,
 And roll with rest in rhymes of ribaldry,
 Or, as it spring, it wither must again——
 Tom Piper makes us better melody.

Line 13. *But mercy him thy friend that doth thee serve.*

Mercy is here used as a verb: it means, “to have mercy on.” Our poets, previous to Surrey’s time, and even long after, were fond of forming verbs from substantives and adjectives. So Wyatt:

That *bolded* straight the way then seek I how. p. 54.
 This so *darks*
 In Philoten all graceful marks
 That Cleon’s wife, &c. *Pericles Pr. of Tyre, Act V.*

The use of this last word is sanctioned by Milton.

Th’ earth cumber’d, and the wing’d air *dark’d* with plumes. *Comus, v. 730.*

Often no variation whatever was made in the original word.

Patient, your Grace; perhaps he liveth yet.
Ferrex & Porrex, Act IV. sc. ii.

And knows full well life doth but *length* his pain.

Sackville’s Induction.

The following verbs occur in Chaucer: to night, *Troil. & Cres. B. V. v. 515*; to cold, *ibid. v. 535*; to fast, (to fasten) *ibid. v. 373*; to false, *ibid. B. III. v. 785*; to new, *ibid. v. 356*. Most of the verbs of this sort have been deservedly abandoned: some few remain sanctioned by custom. It is hoped that love of novelty, and what is hardly less fatal to languages, carelessness in composition, may not lead to attempt the introduction of more.

N° XV. Page 14.

The generally received opinion concerning this Poem is, that it was written by Surrey during his confinement in February, or March 1543, at Windsor, where he had been committed prisoner for having eaten flesh in Lent, contrary to a Royal proclamation of the year preceding.

This account of Surrey's imprisonment at Windsor, rests on the authority of Wood, *Athenæ. Oxon. Vol. I. p. 68.* With him it was, I believe, solely a conjecture built on a passage in Herbert's Life of Henry the Eighth, p. 561; but the conjecture offering a plausible solution of what was otherwise a difficulty, it was naturally adopted by subsequent Commentators.

That Surrey was brought before the Privy Council for having eaten flesh in Lent, in 1543, is true: and equally so, that he was then committed by order of the same Council to close confinement; but the offence that occasioned his commitment was not the eating flesh, as is alleged, (for he shewed he had a licence for so doing) but an offence of a very different nature. The time also of his commitment was April, not February, or March; and the place not Windsor castle, but the Fleet. All these points will be clearly proved by the following extract I have been permitted to make from the Privy Council Order Book.

“ At St. James, the first day of April 1543.

“ The Earl of Surrey being sent for to appear before the Council,
 “ was charged by the said presence, as well of eating flesh, as of a lewd,
 “ and unseemly manner of walking in the night about the streets, and
 “ breaking with stone-bows of certain windows. And touching the
 “ eating of flesh, he alleged a licence, albeit he had not so secretly
 “ used the same as appertained. And touching the stone-bows he
 “ could not deny but he had very evil doings therein; submitting
 “ himself therefore to such punishment, as should to them be thought
 “ good. Whereupon he was committed to the Fleet.”

As no subsequent order of Council appears for Surrey's removal to Windsor, we must conclude that the Fleet was the sole place of his confinement at that time, and for the offence then specified.

The real time and occasion of Surrey's being a prisoner at Windsor seems to be clearly ascertained by the following orders of Council.

“ At Asher the 13th of July 1541-2.

“ A letter was sent to the Warden of the Fleet, for to receive the
 “ Earl of Surrey; to remain there prisoner during the King's pleasure;
 “ having two of his servants to attend upon him, and to suffer none to
 “ resort to banquet with him.”

On the first of the next month the ensuing Order occurs.

“ A letter was sent to the Warden of the Fleet to repair to the Court on Saturday next ensuing the date hereof, and to bring with him the Earl of Surrey.

“ At Windsor the first of August.”

Immediately after we meet the following entry.

“ Henricus Comes de Surrey.....Domino Regi x Mill. Marc :
“ solvend: Domino Regi, &c.

“ The condition of this recognisance is such, as if the above bounden Earl of Surrey do, neither by himself, his servants, or any other at his procurement, any bodily displeasure, either by word or deed, to John à Leigh, Esquire, or to any other of his, this, &c.—or else, &c.

“ At Windsor the 5th of August.”

What the cause of this quarrel between Surrey and John à Leigh was, whether it arose from personal insult, or antient rivalry, no tradition is preserved that will enable us to conjecture. We should even be ignorant who this John à Leigh was, did not an Order in the Council Book of Edward the VIth inform us, that he was a gentleman of Stockwell, in Middlesex: that he had been committed to the Fleet for some misdemeanor, and was liberated only on finding bail for £2,000; and binding himself for a certain period not to quit the kingdom. The Order is dated July 20, 1547.

From the above extracts, therefore, it seems clear that the date usually assigned the poem before us cannot be correct; and that it must have been written, not in 1543, but 1541.

If it be objected that, according to this statement, Surrey could not have been confined at Windsor more than two or three days, which hardly leaves sufficient time for the writing the poem, I would suggest, there is nothing in the poem that requires it to have been the result of study and reflection; nothing which the first sight of the surrounding objects might not have suggested. Surrey at all times wrote with rapidity; and in this instance he may be supposed to have finished at leisure, what had been only roughly sketched at first, on the impulse of the moment. *See Note, line 1, p. 67.*

Surrey's commitment to the Fleet for "breaking windows with a stone-bow," i. e. a cross-bow, having been accidentally mentioned, it will be proper to add, that the offence did not originate, as might be supposed, in childish levity of disposition, or disorderly habits; but in feelings that mark in the strongest manner Surrey's seriousness in points of religion, and the romantic turn of his mind.

Surrey had been long disgusted at the vices, and pride of the London citizens, and had reproved them, probably in those pieces, which now unfortunately are lost, entitled, "Exhortations to the Citizens of London." Perceiving his remonstrances to be of no avail, Surrey's lively fancy suggested the singular expedient in question; intending to remind the careless citizens, that the punishment denounced against sin, though long delayed, shall finally be executed; that it cometh "suddenly, like a thief in the night:" and that it will find the offender though concealed in the "secret recesses of the chamber." All this we learn from a curious little poem written by Surrey at the time, in which having declared that his sole object was to mark his hatred of the corruptions he witnessed, he adds;

In secret silence of the night,
This made me with a reckless breast
To wake thy sluggards with my bow;
A figure of the Lord's behest,
Whose scourge for sin the Scriptures shew.
That as the fearful thunder clap
By sudden flame at hand we know;
Of pebble-stones the *sound-less** rap,
The dreadful plague might make thee see
Of God's wrath, that doth thee enwrap.

From the Harington MS. No. 2. fol. 49.

Young Wyatt assisted Surrey in this singular attempt to enforce reformation. He was punished for it by being committed first to the Counter, and afterwards to the Tower.

A copy of the Poem before us will be found in the *Nugæ Antiquæ*, Vol. I. p. 189. Ed. 1769. It contains but few varying readings.

* Probably, "sounding." The piece is printed in Park's Ed. of the *Nugæ Antiquæ*, Vol. II. p. 336,

Line 1. *So cruel prison how could betide, alas!
As proud Windsor.....*

The supposition that Surrey was, in the strict meaning of the words, imprisoned at Windsor, is attended with many difficulties; one of which arises from the circumstance of his having entered into recognizance there; for I believe recognizances to keep the peace are never taken but at the liberation of a prisoner. We may suppose, therefore, that Surrey, though freed from close confinement, was nevertheless ordered to remain a certain time at Windsor in a state of restraint, forbidden to go beyond the walls of the Castle, and prohibited the Royal Presence.

This conjecture seems confirmed by a letter of Surrey's preserved among the Harleian MSS. N^o 78; in which he addresses the Lords of the Privy Council, on the subject of his being "committed to a noisome prison, whose pestilent airs were not unlikely to bring some alteration of health." His offence he specifies to be, the having, in the thoughtlessness of youth, "rashly adventured his simple body in the revenge of a *private* quarrel:" and in conclusion he says, "May it please your good Lordships, to be suitors to the King's Majesty on my behalf, as well for his favour, as my liberty; or else at the least (if his pleasure be to punish this over-sight with the forbearing of his presence, (which) unto every loving subject, specially unto me,..... cannot be less counted than a living death), yet it would please him to command me into the country, to some place of open air, with like restraint of liberty, there to abide his Grace's pleasure."

The letter will be found entire in *Park's Ed. of Royal & Nob. Auth. Vol. I. p. 275*. The title indeed purports it to have been written from the Tower; which refers us to the time of Surrey's imprisonment, previous to his execution in 1546. But I am disposed to think, from internal evidence, that the letter ought to be referred to the occasion before us. This admitted, all difficulties are removed. Surrey is committed in the first instance to the Fleet: he petitioned to be removed thence into some place of milder confinement in the country: he is removed to Windsor, and ordered to remain in a state of restraint, though not of positive imprisonment. But an unexpected circumstance renders Windsor more insupportable, even than the Fleet. The

well-known scene reminds him of past happiness, disappointed hopes, and a departed friend. These recollections are so painful, that he forgets the miseries of the dungeon from which he had been liberated, and giving way to the impulse of feeling, exclaims, "What prison could have been devised so cruel as this!"

Line 3. *With a King's son my childish years did pass.*

These words probably gave rise to the opinion that Surrey was educated at Windsor with the Duke of Richmond. That this opinion is erroneous, has been shewn above. I would remark, however, on the passage before us, that it is much too general to authorise the inference drawn from it. The expressions used do not imply that Surrey passed all the years of his childhood at Windsor, but part of them, occasionally, and such parts as were given to amusement, and holiday. Had he been really educated at Windsor, is it probable that Surrey, who was an elegant scholar and delighted in learning, would have omitted all reference to what must have formed the leading circumstance of his residence there, and have endeared it to him? But Surrey does not in the most distant manner allude to objects of literary pursuit. The only reference he makes is to time spent in feasts, and amusements; and those too, such as belonged to a more advanced period than that of childhood. In childhood, Surrey cannot, with any propriety at least, be supposed to have taken his part in jousts on the "*gravel ground*," with his "*Mistress's sleeve tied on his helm*;" much less to have been occupied in endeavouring to obtain the favour of "*Ladies bright of hue*," 'mid *stately seats, and dances, with words and looks* that might have softened even tigers; neither could he then have known any thing of "*those easy sighs, such as folks draw in love*;" or of tender confidences made in secret groves, "*resounding with his pleasant plaint*," and his Mistress' praise. These are neither the occupations, the pleasures, nor the reminiscences of childhood; but they are precisely those of one whose "*tender limbs were yet shooting up in length*;" that is, of one nearly attaining to manhood; the period when I suppose Surrey's intimacy was greatest with the Duke of Richmond, the friend of his youth; namely, from 1534 until 1536, the time of the Duke of Richmond's death. Richmond then was entering his eighteenth and Surrey his nineteenth year.

Should it be thought that the expression "*childish years*," militates against the foregoing conjecture; I would suggest, that as the word "Child" was used to describe, not solely a child, merely such in point of years; but any young person of noble birth professing arms; so the adjective, *childish*, might have a larger meaning formerly than is now given it, and be applicable not only to the period immediately consequent on childhood, but the whole interval up to manhood.

The use of the substantive Child in the above sense is very common. It frequently occurs in Spenser, and in our ancient Romances and Ballads. Child Waters, and the Child of Elle, will instantly present themselves to the Reader's recollection. See *Note at p. 54, Vol. III. of Rel. of Anc. Poet.*—I believe, however, that the definition there given of the word Child, as designating "a person of noble birth, who had not attained to knighthood, but was candidate for that honour," is inaccurate.

The names which designated the candidates for knighthood were Valet, Escuier, Damoiseau, and Bachelor. The two last marked, if I mistake not, some gradation, and gave a proportionate degree of rank among the Valets. Neither of the above titles, however, was to be assumed, until the probationary, whatever were his rank or birth, had served as Page. The laws of knighthood required that every candidate should serve seven years a Page, and seven more as a Valet.

As for the term Child, in Latin *Infans* and *Puer*, this was employed to describe those noblemen, who, either from being minors, or for some other cause, had not become actual possessors of their fiefs. Thus Frederick, son to the Emperor Henry the Second, who was to succeed to the kingdom of Apulia and Sicily, in right of his mother, was called "*the Child of Apulia*." And thus, Henry the Third is called by Guillelmus Brito "*the Child of England*;" because, though actually seated on the throne, and about the age of eighteen or nineteen, he had not been declared formally out of his minority.

"Suffer not thyself to taste repose," says Brito, addressing Louis the Eighth, in the conclusion of his poem, "*until the Child of England yield to thee those dominions, he has no right to retain.*"

Non tibi des requiem, donec *Puer Anglicus* armis

Victa, quibus nil juris habet. tibi sceptrum resignet.

Philip. Lib. XII. apud Du Chesne Script. Hist. Fran. Vol. V. p. 255.

Instances no doubt might be adduced, in which the word would appear used not in the precise sense assigned above. Perhaps this seeming inaccuracy arises from our ignorance of distinctions that were once familiar. Be this as it may, though the title "Child," should sometimes be found applied indiscriminately to such as had received knighthood, I believe it is never used to describe those who were only Valets, or candidates for knighthood. See *Ducange's Glossary*, on the words *Infans*, and *Valeti*: *Roquefort's Glossaire de la Langue Romaine*; and *De la Palaye, Hist. de la Chevalerie, Vol. I. Part I.*

It may seem almost superfluous to observe, that the term Infant is still employed to denote the heir apparent to the throne in Spain.

Line 6. *The large green courts where we were wont to hove.*

To hove, signifies to linger about a place in expectation, or hope. When Cressida was about to depart for the Grecian camp, Troilus

... at the gate *thereas* she should outride

With certain folk he *hoved* her to abide. *Book V. ver. 33.*

The word occurs used in precisely the same sense by Gower. Alexander seeing Diogenes sitting in his tub:

..... what it meant

He would witte, and thither sent

A Knight by whom he might it know,

And he himself that *ilke throwe* *

Abode, and *hoveth* there still. *Confessio Amantis, Book III.*

The following passage from *Pierce Plowman* will prove that the act of hovering, or lingering about the courts, in the expectation, or the hope of a fee, was not unknown to the lawyers of former days.

Yet *hoved* there an hundred in † hownes of silk;

Serjeants it beseemed, that serven at the bar,

Pleyten ‡ for penies, and pounds the law;

And not for the love of our Lord, unclosen their lips once.

Pierce Plowman's Vision, Ed. 1561.

* The same term,

† Perhaps, "gownes."

‡ Plead.

Line 7. *With eyes cast up into the maiden's tower.*

The Nugæ Antiquæ reads

..... "unto the maiden's tower."

By the maiden's tower we are to understand not the keep, or donjon of the Castle, frequently called the Maiden-tower, but that part of the Castle where the ladies of the Court had their apartments.

Line 8. *And easy sighs, such as folk draw in love.*

This is a very elegant and happy expression, but it is borrowed from Chaucer. Troilus, fully assured of Cressida's attachment, is thus described :

..... full an hundred times gan he sike (*sigh*)

Not such sorrowful sighs as men make

For woe, or elles when that folk be sike (*sick*;))

But *easy sighs*, such as been to like. *Troil. & Cress. B. III. v. 1366.*

That is, "Such enviable sighs as come lightly from the heart, not labouring under the pressure of sorrow ; but swelling with hope and tenderness, and every gentle feeling."

Line 13. *The palme-play, where despoiled for the game, &c.*

The *palme-play*, is the Jeu de Paume, or Tennis ; sometimes called Tennis-play. The "*leads above*," may mean the leads on the top of the Castle, from which the ladies beheld the game, and might therefore be said to "*keep*:" for, though tennis is usually played in covered courts, there is a sort of tennis played in the open air. If, however, the word "*leads*," could be understood of that gallery, or open chamber, raised to a sufficient height at one end of the court, where spectators, and particularly ladies, might see the game played in safety, the meaning of the passage would be more obvious. At all events, the picture Surrey gives us of himself, despoiled (*spogliato*) stript for the game, looking at his Mistress with dazed eyes, and in his anxiety to steal a glimpse of her face missing the ball he ought to return, is highly pleasing, and drawn with those little touches of nature which always characterize the writings of a true poet.

Line 17. *The gravel ground, with sleeves tied on the helm.*

The *gravel ground* is the space enclosed within the lists, made perfectly level, and strewed with fine gravel or earth for the tilting; like the arena of the antients. The "*sleeve tied to the helm*" alludes to the well-known practice among knights of old, of tying to their helmets a sleeve, or glove, or any favour received from their mistresses, which they wore, not only in tilts and tournaments, but even in battle. Instances of the custom will be found cited in the notes on Shakespear's *Troilus and Cressida*, *Act V. sc. 2.*

The reason why favours of this nature were so anxiously sought for, and so highly prized, is obvious. They gave the "*servant d'amour*," as the lover was in consequence termed, an opportunity of announcing triumphantly to the whole world, that his mistress had approved his passion. But why a sleeve should be of all other favours that particularly coveted, it is difficult to say: the choice however once established, became general.

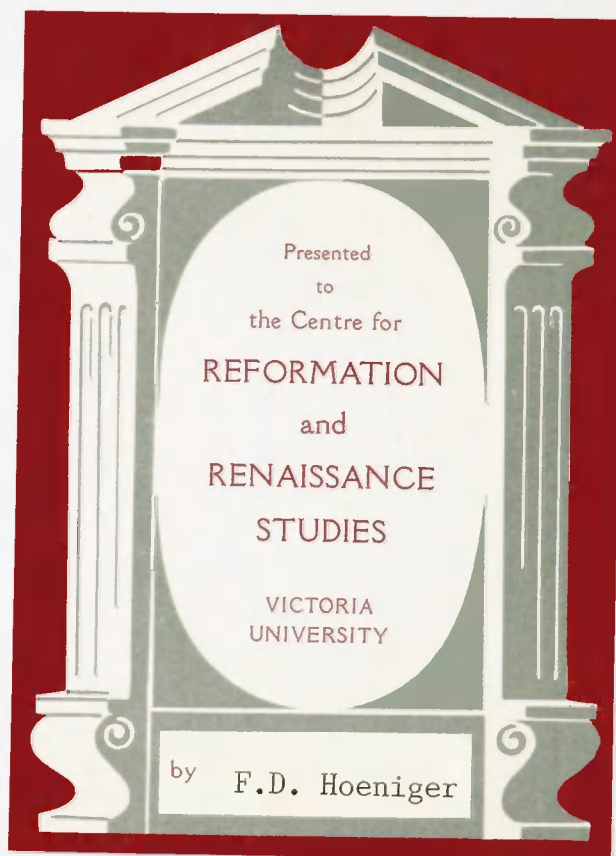
Raoul de Coucy having obtained an avowal of affection from the beautiful Gabrielle, and a promise of any pledge he would ask in proof of her attachment, requested one of her sleeves, "that he might adorn his arm with it at a Tournay the Sire de Coucy, his relation, intended to hold between La Fere and Vendreul." *Memoires sur Raoul de Coucy*, *Vol. I. p. 92.*

A lady's sleeve worn on these occasions was considered to be so powerful a charm, that the courteous Knight regarded it, if he obtained the prize, as the sole cause of his success. Bayard, the famous Chevalier "*sans peur, et sans reproche*," once held a tournament at Carignan in Piemont, in honour of La Dame de Fluxas, who had given him one of her sleeves to wear. Bayard was declared unanimously to have won the prize: but he modestly declined taking it, alleging; "that the victory was owing solely to the virtue of the Lady's Sleeve." The sleeve was consequently restored to La Dame de Fluxas, who took from it a ruby, valued at an hundred ducats, and with her husband's permission gave it to le Seigneur de Mondragon, the person who had distinguished himself next after Bayard. "*A l'egard du manchon*," she continued, "*puisque' ainsi est que Monsieur de Bayard me fait ce bien de dire que mon manchon lui a fait gagner le prix, je le garde*"



GretagMacbeth™ ColorChecker Color Rendition Chart





A little research by F.D. Haeniger:

Earl of Surrey volume

Rebound in C20

No title page; also at least one leaf lacking at end.

This book was owned by Rev. G. F. Nott of Winchester who was the editor of Wyatt + Surrey's works together in 2 vols, 1815, 1816.

The 3 engraved portraits are from 1809
The leaf, pp 179-80, bears the watermark of 1807

In this volume, the music pages are not page numbered + bear no signatures. After the music pages comes a Vol. 2.

Consisting of a leaf with a poem from Chaucer followed by notes on Surrey.

The main text is a modernized version of the poems in the 2nd edition (July 31, 1857) of Tottel's Miscellany.